

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

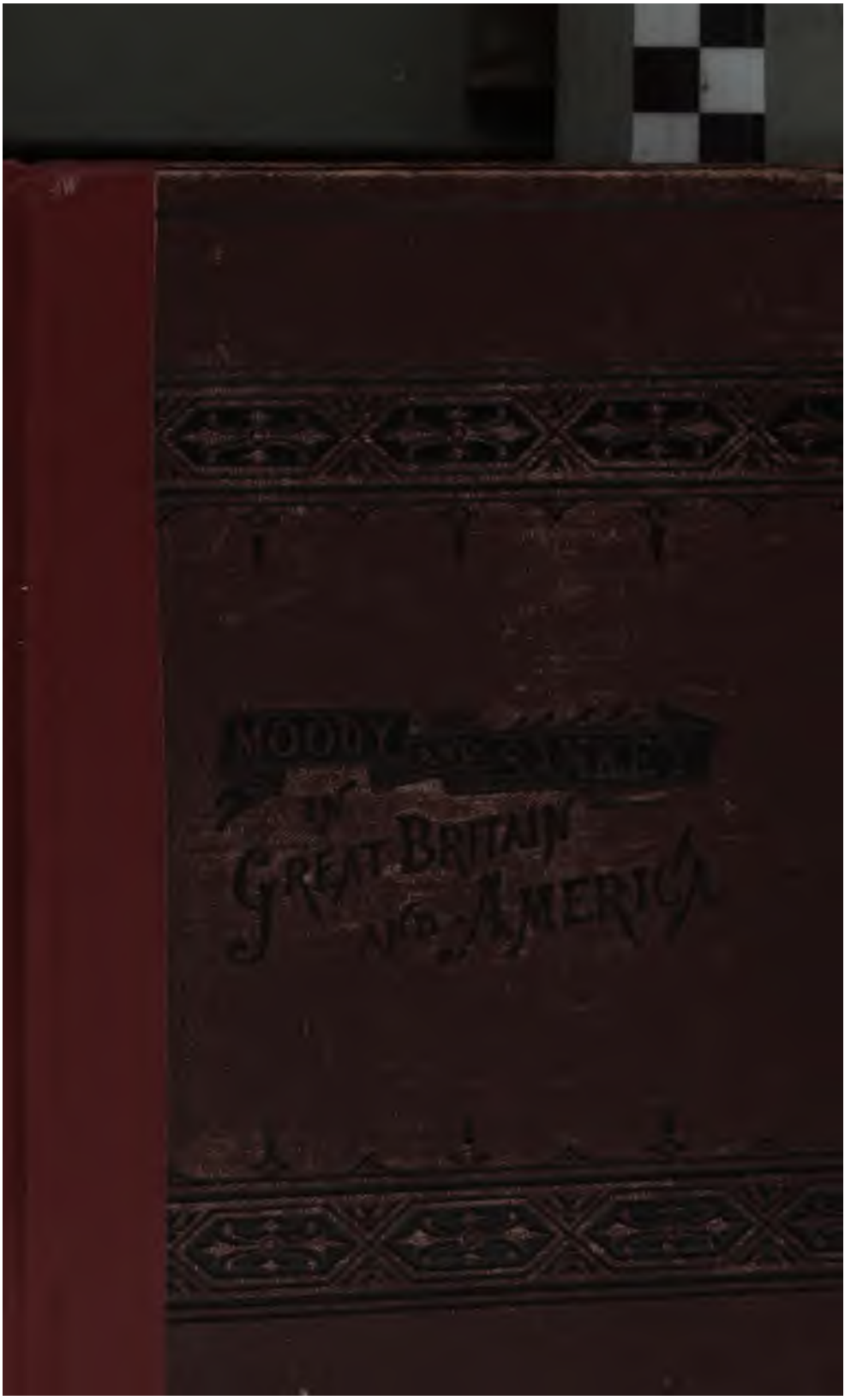
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

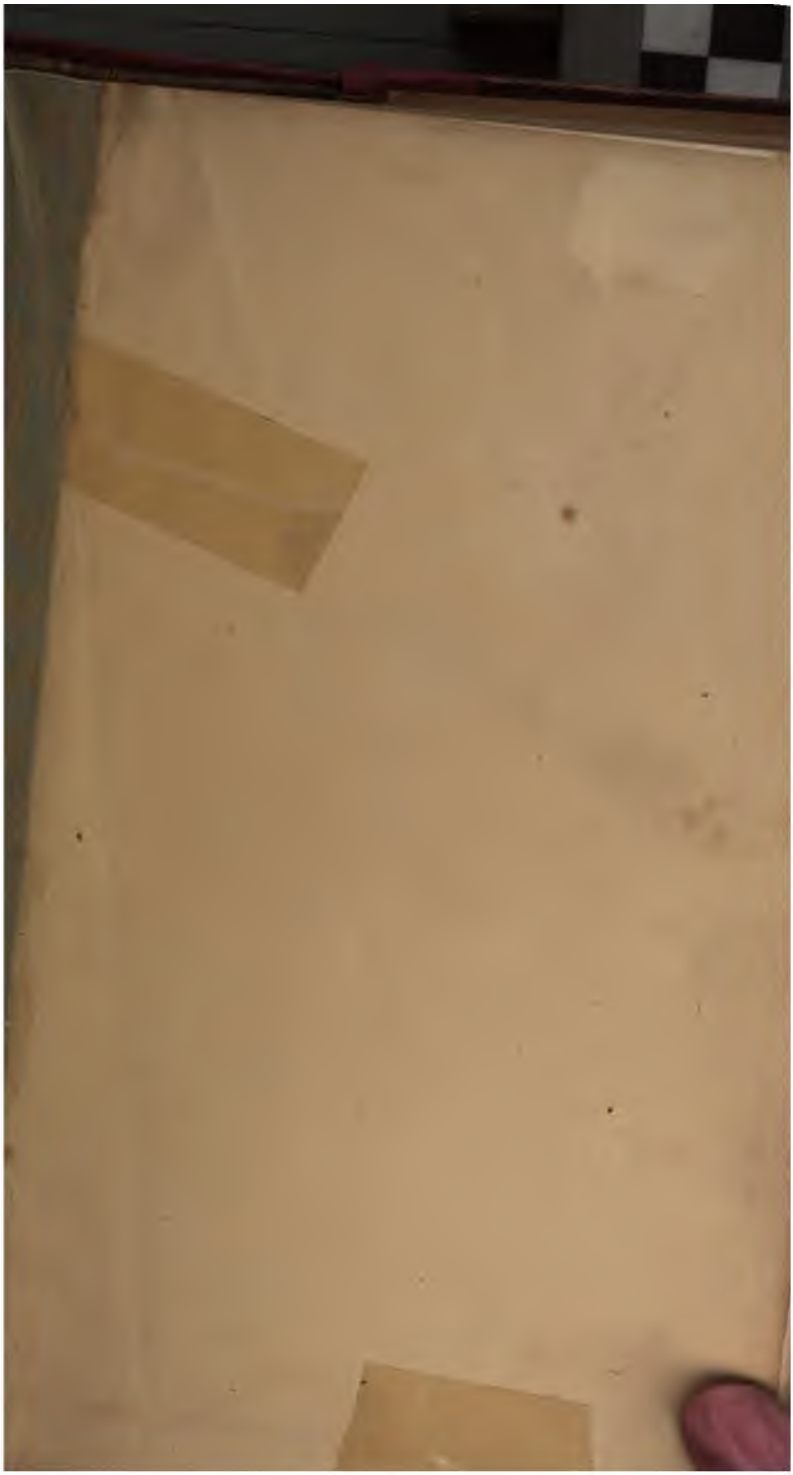
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


MOODY
IN
GREAT BRITAIN
AND AMERICA

B893


LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES







DWIGHT L. MOODY.

A FULL HISTORY

OF THE

WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

EMBRACING, ALSO, MR. MOODY'S SERMONS, AS PREACHED IN THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD, MR. SANKEY'S SONGS, AND EVERYTHING OF INTEREST CONNECTED WITH THE WORK.

BY REV. E. J. GOODSPEED, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JESUS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE," ETC., ETC. EDITOR OF "COBBIN'S COMMENTARY."

ILLUSTRATED WITH

STEEL PLATE PORTRAIT OF MR. MOODY,

AND

TWELVE OTHER ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

LONDON, ONTARIO:
JOHN O. ROBINSON, PUBLISHER.

H.O.

BV3785
M7G6

Copyright, 1876,
Edgar J. Goodspeed.

INTRODUCTION.

CIRCUMSTANCES make men, and men shape circumstances. There is a reciprocal influence between the times and the leaders. In the course of events certain conditions arise, of which persons take advantage to make themselves useful and famous. There was a "fulness of the time" when Jesus Christ made His advent upon earth. The world was ripe for it.

"No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around."

In the Lord's kingdom law prevails, and men know how to labor effectively; but there are also set times to favor Zion, critical epochs, a combination of occurrences which the right men see and take advantage of, always under the guidance of Divine Providence and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and thus bring to pass notable results which fill the world with wonder, and extend the Redeemer's sway over human hearts. In the case of Mr. Moody there existed an opportunity in the new city of Chicago, and among the neglected foreigners and abandoned classes, where he began his mission enterprise; a necessity for such service as he was able to render and procure. He saw and seized the opportunity, and achieved a magnificent triumph, and a preparation for higher and wider fields. Thus God emphasizes again the importance of doing well the duty that lies next to one's hand, if a call is expected to loftier heights and more conspicuous victories.

When the Y. M. Christian Association's position began to be assured, and Moody linked his fortunes with it, and used all his energies in its promotion, there was in the churches and society a yearning after some common ground of action—some opportunity to express the feeling of essential brotherhood that was growing. The iron was hot, and the valiant young enthusiast

smote it with telling effect, and welded the hearts of thousands into an effective instrument for the Lord's work.

Again, when he and his singing co-laborer went abroad, there was a lack of such music as Mr. Sankey furnished. The people were eager for the rich and soul-subduing melodies which he poured out upon them in floods. His soul inundated his words with pathos and fire, and these elements reached a multitude who were weary of the stupid, drawling hymns and tunes so common before the evangelists appeared on British soil. The formal style of preaching, and the neglect of the masses, made a sort of readiness for the zealous, business-like, soul-stirring, direct, and simple gospeling which has rolled a wave of salvation over England, Ireland, and Scotland. Even the educated shared in the gracious movement equally with the common masses.

In our own land, the brethren found a depressed state of feeling, the result of commercial disaster and universal "hard times," together with a want of provision for the non-church-going multitude. They at once met with enthusiastic greetings, and felt themselves to be supplying a lack of that which is ever most vital to man as related to God and eternity. Accordingly, they have carried along a series of meetings more vast and effective than any ever before held in this country. They have apparently created little prejudice, have won the good wishes of all classes, and knit the sects into closer unity as brethren. The interest has increased the longer they have tarried in a town, and we may reasonably hope that still greater blessings are in store for our people through their gospel-preaching and singing.

We cannot but record with gratitude and surprise the amazing unanimity of the secular press in favoring and promoting their evangelical labors. It is a good omen for our country when these organs publish such full and able reports of these monster-meetings, and spread broadcast the truths or germs of doctrine which are proclaimed in sermon and song. These we gather, arrange, and condense, that what otherwise may be ephemeral shall become the property of the people for use and reference, not only to-day, but when the evangelists are looking upon the unveiled glories of the Lord they love.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION, ... 3
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS, ... 7

PART I.

THE EARLY LIFE OF DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

CHAPTER.
I. OLD PATHS AND NEW CONVERGE, ... 11
II. THE BOY AT HOME, ... 13
III. OUT IN THE WORLD, ... 18
IV. MISSION WORK, ... 22
V. THE FIELD WIDENS, ... 28
VI. DAILY BREAD, ... 31
VII. PERSONAL GROWTH, ... 34

THE EARLY LIFE OF IRA DAVID SANKEY.

VIII. THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN, ... 45
IX. IN TRAINING FOR HIS WORK, ... 49
X. TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE, ... 52

PART II.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

XI. BEGINNING ABROAD, ... 60
XII. THE WORD IN EDINBURGH, ... 73
XIII. ON TO GLASGOW, ... 100
XIV. THE EVANGELISTS IN IRELAND, ... 121
XV. THE GLORY OF GOD IN DUBLIN, ... 132
XVI. THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND 141
XVII. TIMES OF BLESSING IN SHEFFIELD, ... 153
XVIII. "THE TOY SHOP OF THE WORLD" WELCOMES THEM, 163
XIX. LIVERPOOL'S MONTH OF MERCY, ... 172
XX. MIGHTY LONDON IS BLESSED, ... 182
XXI. FAREWELL IN LIVERPOOL, ... 214

PART III.

THE EVANGELISTS IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
XXII.	MOODY AND SANKEY IN BROOKLYN,	227
XXIII.	THE WORK IN PHILADELPHIA,	261
XXIV.	THE PRINCETON REVIVAL,	377
XXV.	THE WORK OF GRACE AT THE HIPPODROME IN NEW YORK,	386
XXVI.	MR. MOODY IN THE SOUTH AND WEST. CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN,	519
XXVII.	THE GOSPEL IN CHICAGO,	529
XXVIII	BOSTON AT THE FEET OF JESUS,	625 to 744

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE. STEEL PLATE PORTRAIT OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASS., . 12

MR. MOODY'S NEW CHURCH AT CHICAGO, . . . 32

PORTRAIT OF IRA D. SANKEY, ... 44

INTERIOR VIEW OF FARWELL HALL AT CHICAGO, . 120

THE OPENING SERVICES AT THE BROOKLYN RINK, . 240

MR. MOODY'S FIRST SUNDAY AT THE DEPOT CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, ... 266

MR. MOODY PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE IN THE "HIPPODROME," 386

MR. MOODY LABORING IN THE INQUIRY-ROOM AT THE "HIPPODROME," 456

INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE FOR THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS, CHICAGO, . . . 529

PORTRAIT OF P. P. BLISS, ... 612

EXTERIOR OF THE BOSTON TABERNACLE, . . . 625

INTERIOR OF THE BOSTON TABERNACLE, . . . 672



PART I.

MOODY AND SANKEY:

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIFE.

PART II.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN

GREAT BRITAIN.



PART III.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

CAREER AND WORK

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN AMERICA.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY

IN

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE EARLY LIFE OF D. L. MOODY.

CHAPTER I.

OLD PATHS AND NEW CONVERGE.

THE Lord Jesus, when He sent out the seventy to propagate the new faith, sent them two by two. There was in all His actions a Divine wisdom: and so in this arrangement there was some wise purpose which we do not now seek to fathom. We read that Paul the Great Apostle to the Gentiles associated a brother with him in his missionary journeys. At one time Barnabas was his companion, at another Mark attended him. We have no reason to believe that one cause for this lay in Paul's lack of ability to sing, or in his associates' musical talents. And yet we cannot be sure that some division of service may not have been secured by this habit of going out in pairs to evangelize. Doubtless there were some things which one could do better than the other, and a twofold evangelism was found advantageous. At all events, we find in our own time and under our eyes a repetition of this primitive order blessed with glorious success.

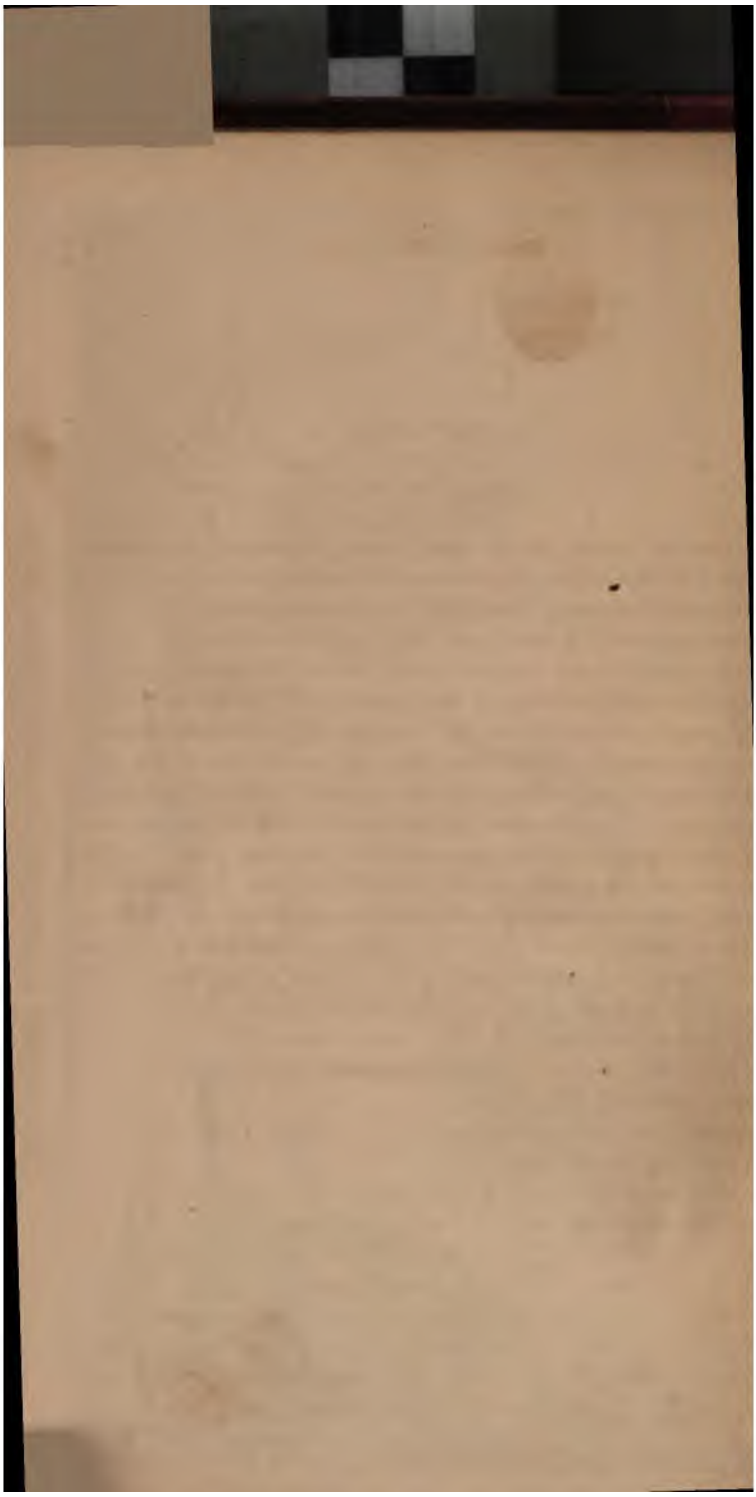
They heralded Paul and his attendant as they entered one of the ancient cities, with the *extravagant* remark "these fellows



that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." And subsequent events justified the alarm and excitement caused by their coming. Two Americans, now famous the world over as evangelists, have created a tremendous interest in behalf of religion, and the promise of their continued power is as fair as anything human can be. It is natural to ask who these men are, and how they came into this mighty work. Is their gift a genius, a rare marvellous talent, or are they common men with no special endowments? How then were they trained and prepared for the exercise of such influence for good? We want to know somewhat of their early life, that we may learn the secret of their power. Did they grow into their present agency from humble beginnings, and by the use of common opportunities, or is there a miracle about their history and career? What qualities have they in their constitution that have made them capable of extraordinary achievements and what advantages have they possessed superior to those of other men? From the facts that have crept out here and there from the obscurity that envelopes their lives, we gather enough to show us all we need to know for the answer of our inquiries and the settlement of every problem presented by their wonderful career of evangelism.



THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.



CHAPTER II.

THE BOY AT HOME.

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, Feb. 5th, 1837. These rugged hills and plains have borne many noble men and nourished in them a vigorous life, whose forces have been given to the world in vast streams of usefulness. And this lad, born in a lowly spot, of humble parentage, will rank as a harvester of souls, among the names that men will not let die, and God will wreathe with everlasting honor. It was apparently a misfortune that the father should die, and leave the widow to struggle against poverty with her brood of youngsters. But He who sitteth on the circle of the heavens ordered a great blessing to spring out of apparent ruin. It was needful for every member of the family to bear the yoke, and to feel the necessity of personal self-denial and exertion. They were living on a farm which was mortgaged, and had to toil for bread in a land where nature yields scanty nourishment even to hard workers. But on her rugged breast she nurtures strength and self-reliance. The boy Dwight there learned how to labor with his body, obtained physical vigor, and stored up nervous energy, which have served him well in the gigantic labors he has since performed, and is now cheerfully sustaining in his evangelistic enterprises.

He was not deprived of opportunities for schooling, but his intense activity of body led him to seek out-of-door employments and sports rather than the privileges and pleasures of study in the school-room. This was not an unmixed evil, because it assured his corporal vigor which makes his present work possible. But it caused him bitter mortification and many poignant regrets, when he came upon the stage of life, and discovered his great deficiencies. These he has faithfully sought to remove

by constant reading, observation, and self-improvement. There is also an indirect advantage in this want of culture which is not to be overlooked. Many an educated man is timid by reason of his knowledge, while ignorance is bold. "They that know nothing fear nothing." "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." A mistake in grammar or rhetoric, in chronology or exegesis would crush a sensitive scholar; while the ignorant man may go on over a thousand of "the king's English" slain and be confident and unconscious, and hence strong and victorious. Too much knowledge or education may be as fatal as too little. Self-made men often owe their success to their ignorance, and reach their goal because they pay no attention to the old beaten paths, but mark out a course for themselves more direct and practical than that which others pursue because it is respectable and ancient. To Mr. Moody blunders are nothing, provided he gains the end of his ministry and wins souls. Efficiency is the only thing he cares about. Let others make fine finished sentences to tickle men's ears and satisfy the learned, he hurls plain truths in strong simple forms at men to hit them, casts his net to catch their souls, and stops not to amuse them, but with tears seeks to save the lost. His want of learning and culture has given him boldness and effectiveness, while his strong sense and native refinement save him from vulgarity or fatal mistakes.

It sometimes happens that rich men's sons are put at a disadvantage in the race of life by the clogs and fetters of riches. They are too heavily weighted to run well. One of these young men who feels this, wrote his mother earnestly as follows: "How about those 'friends' I spoke of? they probably think themselves very kind but the ones you name are the very 'friends' who would have seen me stagnate, or petrify, without doing a thing to prevent it. I was A. B. there with a fortune left me and therefore bound to go to the devil; and if I had not determined to go west instead they would only have sighed over my sad fate and said, 'I told you so.' The most unfortunate man in the world is one whom everybody considers 'provided *for.*' *A poor* boy is encouraged, praised, helped. One who

has money or a prospect of any must shift for himself, and although he needs assistance and encouragement as much as anyone, although he is exposed to temptations which the poorer fellow knows nothing about, although he is exposed above all to the temptation of idleness, *he* has nothing but his own manliness to pull him through. Lucky for him, if he has some manliness left. But this is not a sermon, though I should like to preach one from this text."

Such a sigh from the depths of a boy's heart is a revelation of things unseen, which is full of instruction. It ought to stop the growling and murmuring of those who are born in poverty or amidst lowly conditions, and teach them that those whom they envy are by no means as happy and fortunate in their own eyes as they seem to be. The great principle of compensation appears in all the relations and situations of human life, balancing circumstances that are not under our control and giving us all equal chances in the conflict.

Now young Moody on the bleak hills of Northfield, in the farm-house of a widowed mother, and destitute of learning, seems not to have been, humanly speaking, well situated to carve out a useful and wide-reaching destiny. But the very meagreness of opportunities there, and the necessities of struggle urged him out of the home-nest, and made him stretch his wings for a higher flight. He has no reason to quarrel with the ways of Providence. God was girding him when he knew it not. An elder son left home, and was not heard of for many years. Perhaps this made the lad at home restless and uneasy.

Did it not nourish the pathetic element, so strong in his nature, to see his mother suffering under the double bereavement, and mourning over her dead husband and her absent boy? How tenderly he tells the sad story of his brother's departure, long silence, and final return in manhood. He stands at his mother's door unknown, and is invited to come in by her while he says, "No, not till my mother forgives me." When she hears these words, she melts and with tears and caresses forgives and *welcomes the prodigal*. And thus, he tells

the sinner, does God forgive and receive those who seek Him. The domestic affections are strong and susceptible in him, and they afford him powerful sources of appeal. He was a kind and loving son, and amidst all his wild boisterous plays, and his passionate outbreaks, his fondness for his mother acted as a conservative influence. She was a Unitarian in doctrine, and reared her children to fear the Lord. Dwight was not specially religious in his youth. He had a will that did not easily yield, and a nature that did not express dependence. In a hard place at one time, he used every means in his power to extricate himself, and when no one would hear, he thought of asking God, and no sooner had he made one prayer, something like Peter's "Lord save or I perish," than he felt new energy throbbing in his whole frame and he lifted the burden and was free. How often since has he been pressed almost to death, and obtained help from God by prayer!

Take a single example. In the great convention at the Hippodrome in New York, where several thousand ministers were present, "the topic," says a leading editor, "was how to reach the non-churchgoers. Heart-stirring words had been spoken by several ministers and laymen, when Mr. Moody felt constrained, against all his habits, to communicate a personal experience he had passed through about four years before. He had been preaching day after day, and the fruits were small and few. In his distress he walked the streets of a great city by night, and the cry of his soul was for the anointing of the Spirit. God heard his cry, and gave him then and there what he had begged for. Words could not express its influence upon him. He had been trying to pump water out of a well that seemed dry. He had pumped with all his might, and little water came. Now it seemed that God had made his soul like an artesian well, that could never fail of water. He preached again. The power of the Spirit was upon him and the people. Many were converted. He then, with a tenderness begotten of God, urged upon every Christian the present duty of being himself as a never-failing artesian well—always filled with the Spirit. Those who earnestly desired to be thus filled were re-

quested to arise. The whole vast congregation seemed to do so. Now stand, said Mr. Moody, while we pray. He prayed, but his feelings were too profound for anything but broken utterances. Every heart was deeply moved, and when the prayer ended, the Hippodrome was literally a place of tears. It was an hour never to be forgotten."

His prayers are always the pleadings of a man in earnest, and while he prays for himself and others as if he were engaged in no make-believe performance, he also loves to enlist others in prayer for him and his work. It was the grand hero of faith and works, the chief champion of Christianity, Paul the great apostle, who said, "Brethren, pray for us." And so Mr. Moody feels strong only when he knows that the prayers of godly people are sustaining his labors. He has the boldness of simplicity, sincerity, and conscious need. When he called on the Roman Catholic bishop of Chicago to request him to prevent the children from breaking th[illegible]ows of his mission school, he asked the aged prelate to pra[illegible]r him. And when he had done so, Mr. Moody, before they rose, prayed for the bishop. There was friendship between them and no more damage was done nor hindrance to his work from that quarter.

CHAPTER III.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

THE vitality that wrought in the boy's being and made him sturdy, eager, and a leader in his little circle, pushed him out into the great world where he might win fortune like other men. He had uncles in Boston who were merchants, and who could help him make a start if they would. Hither unheralded he went with a settled purpose to become connected with some house where he might learn business and acquire the means of success. Too proud to ask his relatives to aid him at first, he soon however availed himself of their kind offices, and entered into his uncle's employ. This man was an orthodox christian, a member of the Mt. Vernon church, of the Congregationalist order, and his pastor was Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., a man after God's own heart. To this place of worship young Moody was, as it were, indentured, by his employer, and its services he was obligated to attend—a circumstance of great importance and value to the country boy.

It was remarked, at a meeting in New York held in honor of one of its leading merchants, by the gentleman thus complimented, that when he came to the city he at once was offered a seat in church by a wealthy man, which he accepted. He also made it a rule from the beginning not to have any associate who would do him any harm, or of whom he would be likely to be ashamed. The two points thus established were cardinal—they determined his course and gave him standing and influence as a young man. The church was a source of cultivation, and its associations were ennobling, while he allowed no evil companion to undo the good work there wrought in him or drag him down to infamy. At the age of seventeen this new force began to operate upon the intellect and conscience, and

to form the character of young Moody. It was a hard trial for him to mingle with persons more refined and better educated than himself, but he bravely persisted in his attendance at church and the Bible Class. His teacher, Mr. Kimball, labored for him assiduously and patiently, and lodged the truth so effectually in his heart that he became a believer; but such was his dulness and ignorance of truth that the church felt constrained to keep him as a learner outside the fold for many months, till he could give an intelligent account of his new life of faith. There was no precocity of any sort, nothing startling or promising in his early course. He had a courage that carried him forward in spite of his defects, and an aspiration that led him to rise above circumstances and strive after excellence. He seldom spoke in the meetings, and his zeal lay as a smouldering fire within him. The revival-spirit of this church and its earnest pastor was infused into his veins; and he was receiving an education that influenced his whole career. No work was laid out for him into which he could throw his rugged energies, and he was not contented. Meanwhile he had continued his business life with characteristic spirit, and he sighed for a broader field and grander opportunities. Chicago was the star in the West which led thousands of aspiring and ambitious youth to forsake the old fields overcrowded and less promising, for the broad and boundless land of the setting sun. Eager for work, and ready for anything that offered honorable success, the Yankee boy, now nearly twenty years old, in September, 1856, lands in the metropolis of the Northwest. That city, like all large towns, has absorbed vast numbers of young men, some of whom have found a short road to ruin, and others have gallantly earned victory and its rewards. The majority thus cast into the whirlpool are drawn into its fatal depths beyond the reach of light and hope. Our hero had two safeguards, a recommendation to an honorable house where he was employed for several years, and a church letter which at once opened to him an acquaintance with christian people and opportunities for doing good. In his secular business he proved himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and in religious work he con-

secrated his energies, doing with his might whatsoever his hand found to do. When he could not be and do what he desired in one church, he allied his fortunes with another; and reaching forth with the cry of Xavier, "Yet more, oh my God! yet more," he plunged into the dark places, heathenish regions such as all cities contain, and there literally fought his way through with all-conquering persistence, till he saw them renovated by the Gospel of the grace of God.

There were others doing the same kind of work, and gradually these congenial spirits clustered under Moody in a mission in the North Market Hall, which proved a vast power for good. To this mighty undertaking he pushed, through countless obstacles, with no church to back him. The ignorant rude boy had developed into manhood and found use for every idea he had ever got, and every pound of physical strength he had accumulated; because the audiences he addressed, whether small or large, were in great need of enlightenment, and some of them resisted instruction even unto blood. In other words he had literally to subdue with blows the precious pupils who came under his tuition, and he seemed to enjoy it. He was pleased with the results of his efforts; for these conquered boys often proved his true friends and helpers, and were sometimes led thus to submit to a higher will and become servants of God. What he underwent can never be fitly told except by him, and he only now and then ventures on the narration of his exploits. The following incident is characteristic. Mr. Moody was illustrating the way to get people to work for the souls of others when he said: The most precious hours I ever spent were employed going from house to house preaching Christ. There is plenty of work, the fields are already white for the harvest. I remember one time in Chicago I was asked to take an interest in the children of a saloon-keeper who was a notorious infidel. I took the man's address. I went down and found the old fellow behind the bar. I told him my errand, but I had to get out a good deal quicker than I got in. I thought I would try him the second time, when he would be a little less under the influence of drink, but he made me get out again. I went back then the

third time. "Well," said he, "look here, young man, you were talking about the Bible: I will read the New Testament if you will read Paine's "Age of Reason." "Agreed," said I, but he had the best of the bargain. (Laughter.) I had a hard job to read it through. I went down to the saloon to find out how he was getting on. All the time he would talk about Paine's "Age of Reason." One Saturday I tried to get him to go to church Sunday. "Now," he says, "if you want church, you must have it in my saloon. This is as good a church as any in Chicago. You can have preaching here if you want to." "Well," says I, "to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock I'll be here." "Look here, young man, I want to do part of it myself." I said, "Now let us distinctly understand how much you and I will have. Now suppose you and your friends take the first forty-five minutes and I take the last fifteen." He agreed to this. That Sunday morning I took a little boy with me that God had taught how to pray. That is some years ago and I remember how weak I felt as I went down to that infidel saloon. I found when I got around he had gone to a neighboring saloon where he engaged two rooms with folding doors, and had them filled with infidels and deists and all shades of belief. They first began to ask me questions, but I said: "Now you go on for your forty-five minutes and I shall listen." So they got to wrangling among themselves. (Laughter.) Some thought there was a Jesus and some not. When the time was up, I said: "Now look here, my friends, your time is up; we always open our meetings with prayer." After I had prayed, the little boy cried to God to have mercy on these men. They got up one by one, one going out by this door and one by another. They were all gone very soon. The old infidel put his hand on my shoulder, and said I might have his children. He has since been one of the best friends I had in Chicago. So you see it must be personal work with us all.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION WORK.

His work for Christ, special religious duty and service, after he came to Chicago, was begun almost simultaneously with his secular business. He had to gain a foothold for personal support, and then he struck out for work for the Master. Says one of his biographers:

"On Sunday he sought out a Mission Sunday-school, and offered his services as a teacher. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class, he might occupy a seat in the school-room. The next Sabbath he appeared with *eighteen boys*, and a place was assigned him for his new and rough recruits. This was the beginning of his mission to 'the masses.' On that day he unfolded his theory of how 'to reach the masses'—'Go for them.'

"Soon after, he commenced the 'North Market Hall Mission-school.' The old market hall was used on Saturday nights for dancing; and after the motley crowd had dispersed, Mr. Moody and his associates spent the late hours of Saturday night and the early hours of Sunday morning in removing the sawdust and filth, cleansing the floor, and putting the room in order for their Christian work. The repetition of this kind of labor week after week was obviously not very agreeable; but it was cheerfully rendered by a young man who lived for one object—the salvation of souls. In this hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members. Many were brought to Jesus; and the work was carried forward amidst marked encouragements and discouragements.

"Finding it extremely difficult to hold prayer-meetings or Sabbath-evening services in this hall, Mr. Moody rented a

saloon that would accommodate about two hundred persons. He boarded up the side windows, and furnished it with unpainted pine-board seats. It was a dismal, unventilated place, and during service it was necessary to have policemen to guard the door and building. Here he collected the poor and the vicious; and sought, by melting appeals and fervent prayers, to lead hardened sinners to abandon their evil courses, and accept the offers of salvation."

Says another: "The man who may be called, *par excellence*, the Lightning Christian of the Lightning City is Mr. Moody, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high-pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steamboats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that every body was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

"As soon as the classes had been going on for a specific number of minutes, he mounted a platform, rang a bell, and addressed the children. He is a keen, dark-eyed man, with a somewhat shrill voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few, but pointed and full of interrogation, keeping the children on their mettle. It is one of his first principles, never, in any of the religious exercises, to allow the interest or attention of the audience to flag for an instant. At a great religious convention held at Chicago to which five hundred delegates came from all parts of the United States, he got a resolution passed that no one should be allowed more than three minutes for his speech. The result was that an immense number got an opportunity for speaking, and an admirable check was put on the American tendency to copious flowery oratory. Every man had to dash in *medias res*, at once, say what he had to say without loss of words, and leave out all minor *points to get time for* the points of most im-

portance. One or two of Moody's remarks were, 'Services are not made interesting enough, so as to get unconverted people to come. They are not expected to come, and people would be mortified if they did come. Don't get into a rut. I abominate ruts. There are few things that I dread more.'

"Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious conversation, Moody has no patience with mere cant, and wants every body to prove his sincerity by his acts. At a meeting in behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious professions, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the sum required. Mr. Moody rose, and said that all the charity wanted was only two thousand dollars, and that he considered it absurd for a man with half a million to get up and ask the Lord to do any thing in the matter, when he could himself, with a mere stroke of his pen, do all that was needed, and ten times more, and never feel the difference.

"The first thing Mr. Moody does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influences is, to turn them to account in pushing on the good work. He considers no place too bad, no class too hardened, to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of young people, well trained in singing, to the low drinking saloons, to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion, which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said, 'Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?' No objection was offered, and the children sung a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moody then had a hymn sung by them, and meanwhile went round giving tracts to those present. When the hymn was over he said, 'We shall now have a word of prayer.' 'No, no,' cried several in alarm, 'no prayer here.' 'Oh yes, we'll have a few words of prayer. Quiet for a minute, gentlemen,' he said, and proceeded to offer up a few earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched; and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more about salvation, half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible,

Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week." Mr. Reynolds of Peoria said recently, as if in illustration of this last remark:

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him: and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland.

"The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.'"

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," says one; "for he was the means of leading me to Christ. I was in a railway train one day, when a stout, cheery-looking stranger came in and sat down in the seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention saying,—

"'Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?'

"I made some indifferent answer; upon which he earnestly inquired,—

"'Are you a Christian?'

"I answered, 'No.'

"'Then,' said he, 'you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down, right here, I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the station, and he had only time to get off before it started again.

"Suddenly coming to myself out of what seemed more like a dream than a reality, I rushed out on the car platform, and shouted after him, 'Tell me who you are!'

"He replied, 'My name is Moody.'

"I never could shake off the conviction which then took hold upon me, until the strange man was answered, and I had become a Christian man."

Thus he wrought with men wherever he could find open ears to hear the message of salvation, whether in the saloon, the railway car, the mission building or the sanctuary.

His soul being intent on saving men, he knew that by joining others in his Christian enterprises he would thus vastly multiply his usefulness. He accordingly made himself a recruiting agent for his school, and brought the neglected multitudes of the North side into classes taught by such helpers as he could yoke up with himself. The population of his district was largely made up of Germans and other foreigners, who are accustomed to a Sabbath not of the Puritanic but rather the Satanic sort.

With wonted shrewdness, he took advantage of the love of music, and got a singer to entertain those who gathered. His great object was never for a moment forgotten, and soon there were converts, and prayer meetings, and all the materials for a church, which was duly formed and folded and shepherded by "Deacon Moody" as he is familiarly called by the young people, who are very fond of him. This was the natural order of extraordinary devotion and ability on the part of him who was the soul of the enterprise. For years he let no day pass without speaking to some one personally about the welfare of his soul. He also addressed large numbers of people, old and

young, and always pressed them with Bible truth. He could not but see fruit from such whole-hearted consecration and scriptural methods. Fruit he would have. The same eagerness throbbed in his soul, which John Knox felt, when he said: "Give me Scotland or I die." He had a mission, and it was no dreamer's idle wish, but God's call to the salvation of lost men. So he toiled on with his Bible, with inquirers, with the hardened, desperate and wretched, whom he followed to their dens, garrets, cellars, homes, places of amusement and labor, ever holding forth the word of life as a light in a dark place.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIELD WIDENS.

Mr. Moody early became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and punctually attended the daily noon meetings. Nor did he feel it to be his duty to come alone or keep silent. He worked valiantly to engage others in the labors of the association, to draw in people to the meetings, and to give attractiveness to the exercises. His zeal flamed up and was fanned into a consuming fire, which burned the cords that bound him to business and made him a holocaust on God's altar. He gave himself wholly to work for the Lord Jesus Christ, and was greatly honored by Him. For he was chosen president of the association after holding other offices, and obtained the means necessary to build a hall, which was named from the chief contributor to the building fund "Farwell Hall." This became the centre of attraction for public gatherings, but was burned, not in the great fire that desolated the city in October 1871, but in the winter of 1868. A second edifice was projected and completed under the practical leadership of Moody, which stood longer than the first, and was a glorious arena for the servants of Christ. These were triumphs of sagacity and perseverance which might well have exacted the whole time and care of the young apostle. But he was carrying on during these years his own vast mission and church work, besides giving much time to conventions and evangelizing tours, and to the service of the Christian Commission. Such was the largeness of his heart, and his evident sincerity, that he could share with any true Christian in the work of the Lord, and not provoke jealousy or create a breach of confidence. Men of all sects and churches honored and trusted him, and were ready to do his bidding. He had one controlling purpose

In common with all believers who were aggressive, and he was so thoroughly independent that nobody claimed him. He labored for the benefit of the church universal, and men gave him credit for unselfishness, and a single eye.

In all these dark days of war, he threw himself into the camps near home, and there preached the Gospel and won souls. He was president of the Chicago branch of the Christian Commission of which George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was president in chief, and whose name is fragrant in all lands. He went out half a score of times to the front, with supplies and with the healing mercies of the blessed Gospel.

When the confederate prisoners were in Camp Douglas, near Chicago, Mr. Moody visited them with all the tender love of a brother, and under his preaching large numbers were converted and confirmed in the faith, and they hailed his coming to cheer and comfort, to instruct and evangelize them, with unspeakable delight. Afterward when he had opportunities to minister to them as they lay on the gory and stricken fields, where their bodies were commingled with the federal soldiers, he showed himself the friend of all alike as men having souls equally dear to Jesus, and suffering pains that the friend of humanity should strive to assuage.

In his sermons he occasionally draws on his army experience for illustrations. On one occasion, describing the office of Jesus as a Deliverer of captives, he said:

It was my privilege to go into Richmond with General Grant's army. There I saw the captives who were in Libby prison. Many a time I wept for hours to hear what they endured. Sometimes they got letters or messages that loved ones were dying, and of course they could not go home to see them in their dying hour. There they were in the prison one beautiful day in spring; the news had been kept from them; they hadn't heard what was going on around Richmond. One says while they were listening, "I hear a band of music; they are playing the old battle tune of the Republic; I think I hear the 'Star Spangled Banner.' I say, boys, I believe Richmond is taken." By-and-by they all listen and say, "It is so." Soon

the Northern army unlocked the gates and these thousand men are set free. Was not that good news? they were free men and could now go to their wives and their children and their homes. Oh, my friends, you could not find happier men than these were. They had liberty; then the captives were set free. That is what Christ has come to do.

Such was not his usual experience on the trips he made among the soldiers. There were darker days, and sadder hours, when his heart was torn, and his eyes were weary, and his hands heavy, and his whole frame worn out with the vast and terrible labors incident to the hospital, the battle-field, and the camp. All this time he was not in the pay of any person, nor supported by any society. He was fed by ravens. Many hardships he endured in his lonely situation, but God gave him friends who apprehended his needs, and supplied them as the Spirit moved. Railroad men furnished passes for free travel, merchants quietly paid his board, friends saw that his wardrobe was kept intact, although he never solicited a dollar for himself. It was Müller's Life of Trust over again.



CHAPTER VI.

DAILY BREAD.

WHEN Mr. Moody threw up his situation as a salesman, he had a little means which his economical habits had enabled him to accumulate. He was exceedingly temperate and puritanical in his ideas of a mode of life suited to a Christian. The vain and frivolous pleasures, as well as the more costly and extravagant amusements, which absorb the energies and funds of multitudes of young men, he conscientiously avoided. He knew not the name of a card, drank no spirits or beer, visited no theatres or operas, nor smoked away his money and health. He thus kept health, piety, and his earnings, except what was given to the Lord's work. Soon after he left all secular pursuits, he became really needy, and almost suffered. Certain events in God's providence confirmed his waning confidence, and help came through various friends; and he has always been made comfortable, though he has had no salary in any department of his service. He has maintained a conscience void of offence towards God and man as respects money. He has no itching palm. Nobody ever made any accusation stick to him respecting the love of money. He is an honest man.

He has been peculiarly favored by reason of the friendship of able men and large-hearted associates. In all his stupendous labors in the army work he received no pay. It was as free as air. His services he lavishly gave to his fellow men in camp, and hospital, by flood and field. All his convention work has been unpaid, except by the unsolicited gifts of any who felt disposed to private liberality. He uses no artifices to get money for himself, although he knows well how to raise funds for great public enterprises. After his marriage, he was made the occupant of an elegant home near the scenes of his

hard efforts to get dominion over ignorance and wickedness. It was a surprise to himself and his excellent wife to be led into this home all furnished and prepared for their use and shown a perpetual lease conveyed to them by appreciative friends. It was a noble deed kindly done, and the worthy couple were only made stronger for their holy mission.

Mr. Moody's confidence in God led him to seek alliance with the amiable lady to whom he was married on the 28th of August, 1862. He believed they would be provided for, and she shared his faith. Miss Emma C. Revell is of a sterling Baptist family of English extraction. She is lovely in person and manners and decidedly christian. Her influence over Mr. Moody has been of the most helpful kind, and a happier family than this father and mother, son and daughter, can nowhere be found. She is a capital worker in the inquiry meeting, and hardly inferior to the evangelist himself. It is probably owing to her English relationships that he was early inclined to visit the mother country, where he has gained so much power and left so great a blessing. They were happy in their lowly cottage, but gracefully assumed the proprietorship of their beautiful house where they entertained strangers from abroad with true western hospitality.

But as the terrible fire which devastated Chicago burned thousands of homes, it also swept away their nest, and drove them out into the company of the homeless. This occurred October 9th, 1871. The ruin was complete, scarcely anything was saved.

Mr. Moody's financial condition after the Great Fire was well shown by an incident that occurred the following Sunday night. He had been invited by Mr. Goodspeed, the pastor of the Second Baptist church, to preach for him. This invitation was conveyed to him by his brother-in-law, W. H. Holden Esq., Superintendent of the S. S. of the Second church, and accepted. After sermon, the pastor offered him ten dollars, with the remark, "this is all I have." "Then," said Mr. Moody, "I won't take but half of it, though I have not one cent." An immense congregation greeted the preacher, and Dr. Robert



MR. MOODY'S NEW CHURCH AT CHICAGO.



Patterson, who was present, remarked that there was more Gospel in that sermon than in half a dozen ordinary ones. His Bible, which he had snatched from the flames, he left on the desk, and the pastor finding it there, examined it with care, and observed with wonder how thoroughly and faithfully it had been studied, as was shown by the ink marks it bore on almost every page. He had been wont to rise before day, and give himself with absolute devotion to the prayerful, conscientious study of that Divine Manual of instruction for the preacher's work. Going forth clad in the panoply of God, he has filled the world with his fame as a herald of Christ, who has honored him with power over men for salvation such as few of the world's heroes and saints have ever had.

In all his evangelizing abroad he has not sought filthy lucre, but repelled every suggestion of money-making. Nor has he used the splendid gifts pressed upon him as others have done. He has requested the donors to apply them to other uses, lest they might become a snare to him. His hands must be clean, and his motives seem as pure as they really are. His mighty work he will not defile nor belittle by selfishness and greed.

When about to go to England the last time, he knew not where he should get money to pay his passage, but trusted in God and made ready. The evening before his departure, a princely supporter and fellow-laborer, hearing of his journey, placed in his hands the sum of five hundred dollars, saying that he would probably need something after he got to England. Thus he has been fed and nourished by God's people in marvellous ways. In this country no collections are ever taken for him or his associate, Mr. Sankey, and they discourage public presentations. Their object is not to get gain. In this respect they follow Paul, the great apostle, as he followed the Divine Exemplar. They know they are serving for One who is rich.



CHAPTER VII.

PERSONAL GROWTH.

THE Scriptures frequently employ the charming figure of a growing tree to represent the progress of the servant of God. "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be like a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out its roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." The grace of God in the heart usually creates mental hunger and intellectual thirst. It stimulates the whole man to newness of life. A youth converted at sixteen, an apprentice to a shoemaker, very poor and ignorant, felt the stimulus of regeneration in a desire to know more. He was not content with the ignorance he had groped in so long, and began a course of private study in connection with his work. Among other means of self-culture he used a spelling book and dictionary in the following manner,—When men came into the shop and uttered words he did not know the meaning of, he noted them in his memory, and after they had gone out he drew forth his books and studied them till he had mastered their orthography and significance. He became a leading merchant in a large city and the founder of a seminary for the education of ministers. And when he died thousands mourned and followed him to his burial.

Mr. Moody, as we have seen, early felt the aspiration for knowledge that he might serve Christ better; but his intense activity led him out of the seclusion of schools and libraries, and compelled him to depend on his powers of observation as a man among men. He was rough, unskilful, and ignorant, and naturally gathered the same class about him. But he would

mingle with the best workers and draw from them all the material he could. Spurgeon once said to a friend who apologized for calling and taking up his time; "Never mind, I shall suck a sermon out of you before you get away." This sponge process was exceedingly useful to Mr. Moody, and Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were a great delight and arsenal to the young preacher, who needed ideas and illustrations. He appropriated and adopted from every side, and so frequently employed certain powerful truths and anecdotes, that he could launch them with ease and effectiveness. His friends often suggested courses of study, and certain books, which he might profitably read, but before he could really get at it, he was hurried away by the urgency of work in his own field, by Association business, by conventions, by evangelizing trips into the country or to distant cities, or by the necessities and horrors of the war. He could not do his work in which he was yoked up, and be a student of many books. His position and wide-spread service gave him the acquaintance of men highly educated, and this he made the utmost possible use of to store and cultivate his mind.

But as his outside cares increased it became needful to study the Bible alone. This he could carry with him everywhere and read at any time, and it was really the source of his doctrine. He however was taught to value the Book by a young Englishman, Harry Moorhouse, of Manchester, who had been a prize-fighter till God conquered his rebellious heart by love. He came to Chicago, preached for Moody, of whom he had heard in England, and led the American evangelist to adopt his methods of Bible study, to carry on Bible readings, and especially to dwell greatly on the love of Christ.

The Great Fire that made two hundred thousand people homeless was itself a school for Mr. Moody, because he reared a humble shed or tabernacle on the ruins of his mission, and there gathered the scattered flock, fed and clothed and comforted them and all who came, and held constant religious services in connection with his benevolent work. He and Mr. Sankey were there trained and educated for their future success. He had previously discovered the sweet singer's power

and drawn him into their holy partnership which has proved under God so great a blessing to the world. It was heaven and hell side by side in that tabernacle, among the ruins. The cries and sighs of the hungry and wretched were only curtained off from the prayers and songs of those godly men, who made many souls taste of Jesus' love and clothed them with sacred garments. His school and church needed permanent premises, and these were provided for in part when Mr. Moody resolved on his third visit to England. He had gone the last time to learn more of the Bible from men who had made its study the one business of their lives. Henry Varley, the butcher preacher, a power in London, and Harry Moorhouse, were chosen friends, and they welcomed him to their own country with hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Varley relates that:

"On visiting at a friend's house with Mr. Moody in England some years ago, I said to him, 'It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ. Mr. Moody soon returned to America, but those words clung to him with such power that he was induced to return to England, and commenced that wonderful series of labors in Scotland and England in which he is still engaged. Mr. Moody said to me, on returning to England, 'Those were the words of the Lord, through your lips, to my soul.'"

Mr. Moody also passed through some marvellous religious experiences that roused him to attempt great things for God, so that when asked why he was going to England a third time, he answered "to win ten thousand souls for Christ."

Thus his whole nature was constantly expanding under a variety of influences, and the incessant study of One Book enlarged his views and fortified his will. He was eager to do the Lord's will and to be greatly useful at any cost of personal effort and sacrifice. Thus he grew under all circumstances, extracted sources of power from all experiences and associations, till the boy that could only bring in mission scholars came to be in demand in the best circles in America, and was able to gain unequaled ascendency among the best people in Europe. This personal growth is one of the most interesting

and charming of all phenomena, and thus invests life with perpetual fascination.

His whole manhood has risen up into symmetrical proportions, and grace has permeated the character with sweetness and light. His marvellous success hereafter to be related does not seem to have puffed him up with vanity and pride. He has acquired a habit of trusting God, but he does not fail in any case to prepare the way of the Lord just as carefully as if all depended on himself and his co-laborer. The grand organizing faculty he possesses has been developed into a tremendous force, and by means of this he unites the sects and combines the energies of all the live christians he can enlist in every church. Men bow humbly and cheerfully to his leadership, and throw the whole weight of their influence and personal strength into his movement.

This was not like Jonah in Nineveh, who stood alone for God with a terrible message that set the king and all his subjects trembling before him. Paul had no such resource at first, because he had to build his own foundation and make a foothold for himself. Those were days of miracle. But now the freshness is gone, and all the organized energies of the churches can scarcely rouse slumbering sinners or dead professors. Hence the wisdom of Mr. Moody. It is not necessary for him to bear the exhausting labors of preparing new discourses, since he has new hearers all the time, to whom his old utterances are fresh as a new-blown rose. There is also something in what has been written about his ability to work:

It has pleased God to give Mr. Moody a grand body; and he has been wise enough to take good care of it. He is a standing protest against those ministers who knock their nerves into a cocked hat by smoking and chewing, who sit up half the night, and all of Saturday night, who are Mondayish and Tuesdayish, who have neither stomach nor liver, and who are old at fifty No less he is a protest against those men who, without a vice or a fault, yet from mistaken notions of duty, allow the body to be run down by want of exercise, want of recreation, want of sleep, want of suitable, nourishing, digestible, palatable

food. A large heart, a generous soul, a gigantic mind in a frail body, is like a powerful engine in a crank, shattered hull. The body is not to be despised or ignored. Mr. Moody owes everything to the grace of God ; but that grace was shown in part in giving him a broad chest, sound lungs, a good digestion.

Nor must we forget that he speaks in a *natural* tone. He has no *holy tone.* True, he has to speak loud, and strain his voice, in order to reach so large a number. But apart from this, his voice is natural. He talks about religion as he would talk about temperance, or politics, or railroads. And as the result he speaks twice a day on five days in a week, and three times on the Sabbath, with less fatigue than many of our ministers experience from a couple of sermons and a prayer-meeting weekly. If the voice is kept all the time on one key, and that an unnatural one, it must give way like a violin played ceaselessly on one string.

Nor must we lose sight of an humble, often ignored, quality, that uncommon thing, *common sense.* His common sense amounts to genius. It is shown in a thousand ways ; it appears in the uniform *brevity* of his sermons and prayers ; in the freedom from all bombast or pretence ; in the avoidance of needless offence to those from whom he most differs in doctrine ; he says nothing that would close the heart of Catholic or Unitarian against him. It appears no less in the absence of all peculiarities of doctrine. He preaches the gospel, clearly, broadly, pointedly ; but there is no Moody type of doctrine, except in so far as the attentive and loving study of the Bible is a Moodyism.

We earnestly pray, and we are sure that thousands will unite in the prayer, that the good Master will continue richly to endow Brother Moody with bodily health, with common sense, and with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

The following brief mention of some of his points is also practical: It is evident that Brother Moody is a shrewd and practical man ; that he is an extraordinary worker ; that he is a skilful organizer ; that he knows how to control and affect multitudes of people ; that he is very much in earnest ; that he confines himself to a few of the leading ideas of Christianity ;

that he understands the art of putting his religion into plain language for the common mind; and that he fully appreciates the value of his co-laborer Brother Sankey. Again: Nothing is more remarkable in Moody's discourses than the simple directness with which he brings his hearers face to face with the central truths. Being without any noticeable peculiarities of manner, making nothing of the way in which to say what needs to be said, he gives no one chance to regard anything but the truth spoken. As an object of the hearer's attention his personality is out of view. He might be "a wandering voice" for any appearance of himself between his audience and the truth he wishes them to look at. But as a force to be felt, the speaker's personality is not absent. The words that are heard are the utterance of an earnest, praying, believing soul, intent on one object. In proportion as Christians generally can gain for themselves that undistracted view of the gospel, and with a self-emptying earnestness pray for and labor with their fellowmen, they will find themselves blessed, and a blessing to others. Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., one of the first of living theologians and preachers, thus describes him:

1. Mr. Moody sweeps away the conventionalities which have cobwebbed themselves around our public worship and our preaching. Some of us have long been striving to do this, to bring eternal things and gospel truths right home to people as naked reality, but we could not go beyond a certain point without shocking the sense of propriety in many hearers. But here comes one from whom the fastidious cannot demand "ministerial dignity," for he is a layman, a business man, and he can tell about religion right straight along, can modernize the Scripture narratives, and speak of things unseen as real and near, and mightily wake up the people from that slumberous decorum with which they usually attend upon preaching. No daintiness here. A spade is a spade. You are going to hell, but Jesus Christ can save you right now. Cut loose from your sins, and come to him this very night. For this directness, and homeliness, and realness, we are heartily thankful. What though Mr. Moody sometimes mispronounces a word, or gets a singular

verb for a plural nominative, if he makes men feel that *religion is business?*

2. He preaches the doctrines of grace, the old-fashioned gospel, square, without rounding the corners. In salvation by grace there is real power, and nowhere else. And we rejoice to see a man who can gather vast thousands to hear this old, old story. A few years ago we remember to have come home from New York and Brooklyn with the painful impression that some young ministers of various denominations there were being led by the specious plausibilities and apparent *success* of a celebrated Brooklyn pastor, to think that the old gospel is antiquated, and that the men of to-day must needs preach humanitarianism, semi-universalism, rose-water doctrine in every respect. All the world knows the strange and sad way in which the hurtful influence of that preacher has been checked; for if he be deemed a man innocent of grave crimes, he can no longer be reckoned an example of that *manhood* which had become the central idea of his ministry. But the Providence that so often and wonderfully brings good out of evil, has not stopped with the destruction of his supremacy. Here comes a man who gives the prestige of immense attendance and great success to the old gospel. This will affect the minds of thousands, restraining them from the notion that new doctrine is necessary for our age. Not generals alone, as poor Sidney Johnson remarked, are popularly judged by their success; but preachers and doctrines are so judged by the unreflecting masses.

3. Mr. Moody has great force of character, invincible determination, and *means* to influence people. What a difference between men who go into battle intending to conquer if they can, and those who go into battle intending to conquer! Now few can equal him in native endowment as to *will*, and the power of impressing himself upon others; but all may be benefited by observing the value of this. At the same time he simply, humbly leans upon God's support and blessing. This combination of strong self-reliance and humble reliance on God, makes a great Christian worker, whether in preaching or in other religious work.

4. He applies practical sense and business-like skill and tact to the management of religious services. Many good people sadly neglect this. They arrange nothing, or with little care and no tact, as to drawing people together, and as to order, comfort, and the opportunity of undisturbed attention. But it is pleasant to see a number of leading business men bringing to bear their native and practical administrative powers upon the organization and conduct of a grand series of religious meetings. Then the exercises of the inquiry-room are conducted with great system and good sense. Workers specially suited to this delicate and difficult task of conversing with inquirers have been selected beforehand from many churches, with the aid of the pastors, and a certain group are to be there on an appointed evening. All of them have been gathered by Mr. Moody in a private meeting, and received from him suggestions marked (as repeated to us) by a singular good sense, knowledge of human nature, and Christian simplicity. When inquirers enter the room, persons quietly take down the name and address of each one, and the church he commonly attends. The next morning every pastor concerned in New York and Brooklyn receives a notice that such a person of his congregation (address given, etc.) attended the inquiry-meeting the evening before, and an earnest request to visit that person immediately. Ours is the day of organization, of combined and systematic exertion; let us have more of it in religious work.

The question is often asked, What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? They are certainly not his natural gifts. They flow directly from Christ. Filled with the Spirit, he seems to lose sight of every thing but the message of his Master to perishing sinners; and he cannot rest until they are rescued from peril. His Heavenly Father is around him and within him, pressing him every moment to serve him, and to think of nothing else. The love of the Saviour pervades and quickens all his sensibilities, and is the atmosphere through which he sees his fellow-men. He can say with the apostle Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Dr. Van Doren, of Chicago, says, "An incident, some twelve

years ago, occurred at the city of ——, where the pastors and friends of a revival sought were assembled. Mr. Moody, as his manner *then* was, laid the blame of spiritual coldness on the church, and of course the several ministers present felt the strokes.

"One arose and brought down the lash on what he called the Pharisaic display, etc., and repelled the charge. Poor Marsyas did not come out of the hands of Apollo more thoroughly flayed alive than did Brother Moody from the hands of that trenchant speaker. Instead of resenting it, he arose, and trembling with emotion said, 'I, from my heart, thank that brother. I deserved it;' and then asked that brother who held the rod '*to pray for him.*' Every heart was melted; and when that prayer was ended, not one, we believe, in that vast audience but was willing to welcome and embrace Brother Moody from that moment to this.

"Secondly: Our Brother Moody is a man of inextinguishable zeal. In our city of 400,000 people all the boys of this wicked city know him and respect him too. A short time since, while distributing tracts, I rebuked some boys kindly for profanity. 'Say, mister, do you belong to Brother Moody?' At one time walking in the crowded South Water street with a friend, he met a knot of worldly acquaintances. Pausing a moment—'Friends, we may never meet again. Here is an alcove. Let us have a prayer.' Love like that drew them aside, and he led, all standing. Waving his hand, and with an eye beaming with tears, he passed on in silence.

"Brother Moody is a firm believer in God's words. It is a marvel to all our ministers, that while so many educated clergymen in the Evangelical Church treat the Bible as Homer or Plato, he practically writes over every verse, '*Thus saith the Lord.*' Hence he has avoided all those *crotchets* that weaken and deform the influence of many good preachers. His profound, adoring love of the Scriptures has led some to think that he reads nothing else. But like Dr. Johnson, who was said 'to take the heart out of a book,' he grasps an author's plan and illustrations with an intuitive glance.

"Thirdly: He is a man of prayer. This, I hold, includes faith. We know that Luther spent half the night in prayer, at times.

"When President Edwards preached that memorable sermon, 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,' at Enfield, New England, and a glorious revival began, it was discovered by chance, that the elders of the church had *spent the whole previous night in prayer* for a descent of the Holy Ghost.

"What is remarkable with Brother Moody is that the Holy Ghost seems actually to *precede* him as the cloudy pillar did Israel; and when he comes, his announcement of the terms of mercy falls on open ears and hearts."

"Mr. Moody is a good talker, has great executive ability; has power to move masses of people, is a great general to direct and control them. He is an intensely earnest, practical worker. His prompt, earnest, systematic management of affairs impresses you, not that he is a contemplative devotee, but that he is a thorough business man in matters of religion. His forces are thoroughly organized, and he has them under perfect control. Everything is done decently and in order, and with great propriety, and in good taste; but it is business, emphatically. There is nothing pretentious about him, nothing arrogant or boastful. His plain, earnest Bible talks go right to the hearts and consciences of all classes. It is interesting to notice how his associates fall into line at his word of command. Venerable doctors of divinity, sedate professors, pulpit orators,—who have a leadership of their own,—all obey Mr. Moody, when he tells them to pray, or speak, and how much time to occupy. He has the power to control men, effectually, but not offensively."

These estimates may be fitly closed with this eloquent thought: When Mr. Moody speaks, it is not himself alone to whom the audience listens, but the whole voice and power of Christianity itself behind him, offering the hope whose beauty time never obscures, the forgiveness which humanity never ceases to desire, the ideals of moral and religious life whose force and excellence the succession of ages only strengthens.

It is not so much what the preacher says, as what the audience feels. The people lose sight of the plain speaker, and even of his conceptions, and hear the echo of the voice, still sounding through the centuries, of Him who spake as never man spoke. Under that voice they rise to a new life.

Before we accompany this beloved brother to England, we must give some account of his famous coadjutor, the sweet singer, IRA D. SANKEY.


IRA D SANKEY



THE EARLY LIFE OF IRA DAVID SANKEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

He was born and reared amidst surroundings quite unlike Mr. Moody's. His father and mother were natives of Mercer county, Penn., now Lawrence county, where the famous gospel singer also first saw the light, on the 28th of August, 1840. This event has made the town of Edenburg famous, and millions will hear of it, because of their interest in him as Mr. Moody's associate whose songs of grace and salvation are ringing round the world.

Mr. Sankey's father was a man of considerable importance in the place where he lived, having held offices of trust and honor for many years. He was in good circumstances, and gave his son ample opportunities to obtain education. He knew little of the severe trials of poverty and was not compelled to endure any of its hardships, although he was by no means brought up in luxury.

His parents were Methodists, who knew how to make home happy for their children, and also to seek their highest welfare as immortal beings. There was a Scotchman named Fraser, who used to lead the children to Sunday school while they were yet very young.

In a speech at a children's meeting, Mr. Sankey says of this good man Fraser, "The very first recollections I have of anything pertaining to a religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand along with his own boys to the S. S.,—that old place which I will remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great warm heart, and the

children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young from that man."

This is a beautiful and suggestive tribute to the kind layman, who followed the Great Teacher in taking in his arms little children to bless them. There is no age too early for the inculcation of spiritual truth into the hearts and minds of the young. And when we consider an instance like this, we readily perceive how wide a field may be under cultivation by a humble person, who is only conscious of doing the duty that lies next to him. Thus from the beginning he was in a religious atmosphere, while Mr. Moody had no instruction in religion till he grew up to the age of seventeen years. The testimony of his teacher is of great interest, and he writes as follows:

I can truly say (and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon Mr. Moody) that I have seen few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday school class, and I think the committee of the Mt. Vernon Church seldom met an applicant for membership who seemed more unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of gospel truth, still less to fill any sphere of public or extended usefulness. Mr. Moody remained in my class nearly two years till he bade me "good-bye," on leaving Boston for Chicago.

No weak and hesitating young Sabbath-school teacher can call upon a more unpromising scholar than was Dwight L. Moody, to tell of a Saviour's love; and I can only say with humility and gratitude, as I think of my humble, ignorant Sabbath-school scholar of twenty years ago, "What hath God wrought!"

Conscientious work done for the young is bread cast upon the waters, sure to return in blessing, but how vast the blessing God only can tell. In these instances it is too large to be accurately measured. Eternity alone will reveal the immensity of the sacred influence of Edward Kimball, and Mr. Fraser, in consequence of their fidelity to the youth they instructed. He who labors to mould children for God, is engaged with material more enduring than brass or marble.

The boy David had a happy home, and this gave him a cheerful spirit, which he now pours forth in songs of the heart, and hymns of love and praise. The bright, genial boy is developed into the joyous magnetic man. He who was known among his playmates and in his home, as a truthful, honorable youth, is a noble-minded unselfish character. Recognized as a leader among his boyish associates, he goes forward now in the management of large choirs, and the control of thronging assemblies, like a general.

His conversion to Christ did not occur under his first impressions. He was arrived at the age of sixteen, when God again had compassion on the soul that once refused His grace, and he was brought under deep conviction, which he strove to throw off by making light of these things. An earnest man again followed up the youth and brought him to decision. Thus we see human instrumentality honored in the successive steps of his progress. As a beginner in the new life, he found himself soon among strangers, for his father removed to Newcastle. Here he was received into the church, became a teacher, and was ere long made superintendent in the Sunday-school.

His talents for singing early manifested themselves at home, and were delightful to the family. When he could, he led in the exercises of school and conference meetings, and acquired considerable reputation as a singer. At his new home, he took charge of the music, and soon called around him a larger number of attendants than the room would hold. In due course of time his popularity placed him at the head of the school, and its power for good was such that a constant revival was going on within it. He was also a beloved class-leader, where he gave the exercises a Biblical character, by encouraging the use of the words of Scripture as far as possible by every speaker. He added a profound charm to the services by his singing, so that his class kept constantly full. When he led the choir, he insisted on Christian character and deportment, and also on the clear enunciation of the words sung.

Thus he seemed from the *first to have* common-sense ideas

respecting the service of song in the house of the Lord, as well as a natural gift for music. God nurtured him in a pious home and amid godly people to fit him for that holy partnership which has proved divinely fruitful in winning souls and uniting Christians for stupendous assaults on the kingdom of darkness

CHAPTER IX.

IN TRAINING FOR HIS WORK.

WHILE he was in the army this irrepressible love of singing endeared him to his companions. He soon became the leader of a company of musical soldiers, and made excursions into the country, as well as gave efficient help in the camp prayer-meetings. This gift undoubtedly assured him good society and preserved him from low associations and contaminating influences.

Returning home when his term of enlistment expired, he resumed his church duties, and labored with abounding success. He held for nearly ten years a position in the civil service of the government, and a gentleman who sat at the desk beside him bears glowing testimony to his excellent qualities.

"In the civil service, as in other departments of labor, he was noted for conscientiousness, and patient, faithful attention to duty. In his rank he stood first in the district, and had the entire confidence of all the officers and tax-payers with whom he had official dealings. His superiors in office regarded him as one of the most prompt, correct, and reliable officers they had, and they were always ready to accord to him the honors of a faithful public servant. In his long connection with the service, there were never known any irregularities in his accounts or any loss to the government. He never took advantage of his office to his own gain or preferment, but faithfully and honestly cared for the interests of the government. On this account he left the service with honor, and with the regret of those who were associated with him.

"He also found favor with the people of the district whose business demanded his *official supervision*. He proposed at

one time to reënter the army, and give his services to his country; but from every quarter all the tax-payers who had official relations with him sent in urgent remonstrances against his retirement from the civil service, and he was constrained to remain in this department of the government, where his services were so greatly in demand."

Soon after he had obtained his position and saw his way clear, he was married to Miss Edwards, on the 9th of September, 1863. It often happens that singers marry those who cannot sing; but Mr. Sankey chose an attractive member of his choir and a teacher in his school. They were happily mated and she proved herself to be equally self-denying with her husband. They have three sons, to whom she proves herself an affectionate and intelligent mother, while she is the cheerful, bright companion and helper of the evangelist.

In the course of years Mr. Sankey trained his choir and his school so as to give them the greatest efficiency as witnesses for Christ. He believes that song should minister as well as preaching. And this constant use of melody, superabounding singing, has been an element of great power in the progress of Methodism.

When the Young Men's Christian Association established a branch in Newcastle, Mr. Sankey entered into its enterprises most heartily, and was chosen President. In June, 1870, he went to Indianapolis as a delegate to an International Convention, and there he first met Mr. Moody. It was in an early morning prayer-meeting. His religious fervor had called him out very early to worship God. Mr. Moody was leading, and inwardly chafing over the slow formalism of the occasion, and especially was annoyed by the dull singing. When an opportunity came Mr. Sankey started a grand hymn and poured out voice and heart and soul through the words, and caused a thrill of enthusiasm to run over the assembly. There was no more dulness in that meeting, and when it was over, Mr. Moody rushed up to the stranger and eagerly inquired about him, and announced peremptorily that he had been looking for him eight years to help him in his Chicago work, and he must give up all

and come with him. Every hour they were together only strengthened Mr. Moody's purpose to yoke up with him.

Without at once recognizing the Divine call through Mr. Moody, he kept on his round of Convention visitation, and engaged in some evangelistic work with others, and everywhere received marked favor. He was thus preparing to loose the bonds that tied him to his home, and gaining confidence and experience to meet the tremendous responsibilities soon to be rolled upon him. His voice only once gave out, and after a brief respite it returned and has grown stronger with incessant use.



CHAPTER X.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

RELUCTANTLY Mr. Sankey dissolved the associations which years had created, and went forth to the work which Mr. Moody had called him to perform. For six months they worked on harmoniously together in Chicago, till the wave of fire rolled over the city and laid it in ruins. The alarm struck as he closed the striking hymn,

"To-day the Saviour calls, etc."

which he was singing at a meeting in Farwell Hall on that fatal Sunday evening. The next day, after untold sufferings and the loss of all things, he found himself at the depot of an Eastern R. R., where he at once took passage for home. Meanwhile he telegraphed Mr. Moody to send for him when he needed him, and began to sing for churches and other organizations wherever he could do good. They had taken sweet counsel together, and accomplished much in their united labors in Chicago. Now all seemed lost and each must shift for himself. In three months Moody telegraphed, "Come at once," and Sankey came, and entered with him into the philanthropic, and religious work, which was done in the New Tabernacle, for the physical and spiritual welfare of the homelesss thousands who flocked about them as doves to their windows.

In the fall of that year Mr. Sankey brought his family to Chicago. While his fellow-laborer went to England, the work devolved on him, and God poured out blessings on the Tabernacle. After Mr. Moody's return, the two held meetings in other places, and in one instance so greatly were they favored of God in reviving Christians and saving the lost, that the promise of a great harvest in America seemed flattering.

An offer of a partnership with Philip Phillips in giving concerts on the Pacific coast, was baited with golden inducements, but he could not be persuaded to break up the relations now strongly cemented. He resolved to accompany the evangelist in his proposed voyage to Europe to win ten thousand souls for Christ. He told an incident at Dundee, in Scotland, which shows how early God gave him evidence that he was called to evangelize by song.

"I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath school scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of these poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hopes of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'When did you become one?' 'Do you remember last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sung 'Jesus Loves even Me?' 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.' That testimony from that little child, in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they can not enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own soul."

Very often men say they were *convicted by the* singing, or sur-

rendered during the rendering of a certain hymn. His songs and solos became exceedingly popular abroad, in a brief space of time, and soon millions of copies of cheap editions were sold. He gets no pecuniary returns from these publications; and like Mr. Moody he depends on the unsolicited offerings of friends. The testimonies to his usefulness and attractiveness are numerous and discriminating. For while his singing is extraordinary, his life, his spirit, his exhortations and prayers are sources of power which God honors.

How admirably he was adapted to meet the tastes of the British, the following testimonies and a multitude of others, may serve to show:

"As a vocalist, Mr. Sankey has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite skill and pathos the Gospel message, in words very simple, but 'replete with love and tenderness,' and always with marked effect upon his audience. It is, however, altogether a mistake to suppose that the blessing which attends Mr. Sankey's efforts is attributable only or chiefly to his fine voice and artistic expression. These no doubt, are very attractive, and go far to move the affections and gratify a taste for music; but the secret of Mr. Sankey's power lies, not in his gift of song, but in the spirit of which the song is only the expression. He, too, is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. Like his colleague, he likewise has a message to lost men from God the Father; and the Spirit of God in him finds a willing and effective instrument in his gift of song, to proclaim in stirring notes the 'mighty love' of God in Christ Jesus. 'It was a few evenings ago,' said a youth in the Young Men's Meeting in Roby Chapel, 'when Mr. Sankey was singing in the Free Trade Hall "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," that I was made to feel the need of my Saviour; and when he came to these words, "Too late, too late," I said to myself it must not be too late for me, and I took him to my heart there and then.' 'I was in great darkness and trouble for some days,' said a poor woman, rejoicing and yet weeping; 'and just a little time ago, when Mr. Sankey was singing these words' (pointing to

them with her finger,) '"And Jesus bids me come," my bonds were broken in a moment, and now I am safe in his arms.'

"Who ever heard of a fine voice and sweet music yielding such results as these? It is mere scoffing to say that Mr. Moody's touching stories and Mr. Sankey's sweet singing are the secret of the power exercised by these men. The work is of God, and they are his instruments, each earnestly using, to the best of his ability, the gift that God has given him, in the full confidence that the blessing will and must follow."

"Not a few have been, not unnaturally, offended by the phrase, 'Singing the Gospel,' which was at first used in advertisements; and some have, unfortunately, never taken the trouble to inquire what was meant. But every one who has heard Mr. Sankey sing, is well aware that his hymns are more than the mere accessory to speeches, as they have too often been among us. He has taught by example how great is the power of song when a man with gifts of music loves the truth of which he sings; and the hymns which we have heard him sing, with his wonderful distinctness of articulation, unaffected feeling, and magnificent voice will linger in our ears and hearts till our dying day. A few weeks have made his favorite hymns as familiar to every rank and to every age as those older hymns which we have known best and longest. Poor sufferers in the wards of the infirmary, lone old men and women in dark rooms of our high houses and back streets, are now cheered in a way no one dreamed of before Mr. Sankey came, by visits from those who do not attempt to preach to them, but only to sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The consoling power of song has been tested and proved at many a sick-bed, and many a death-bed. And that is not all; for we have been led to see that it is a mistake to confine song to utterances of praise or prayer in Christian meetings. We have learned to value more highly its power in instruction. The use of song for instruction and for the application of the truth is not new. It is as old as David as old as Moses, but it has received a new impetus among us; and we who are called to 'teach and admonish one another

in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' may well be glad to have been reminded how this may be done."

"The admiration of Mr. Sankey's music is enthusiastic. When he sings a solo a death-like silence reigns, or, as the *Irish Times* describes it, 'It seems that he only is present in the vast building.' When he ceases there is a rustling like the leaves of a forest when stirred by the wind. We might apply to him the language of Scripture: 'Lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.' No one can estimate the service he has rendered to the Church of Christ by the compilation of his book of 'Sacred Songs' and their sweet tunes. They are the delight of all ages. I have heard in Scotland that already they are sung in our most distant colonies. Ere long I believe that they will be sung wherever the English language is spoken over the earth. Nor will they be confined to that language, for a lady is at present engaged in translating them into German. He was a wise man who said, 'let me make the songs of a country and I care not who makes its laws.'"

Mrs. Barbour says: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in his fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them.

"We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, "I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing. Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing "I am so Glad" to-night.' 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had

been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock." '

"A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and began 'Free from the Law, O happy Condition,' etc. Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus.

"It is interesting to know that there are scarcely two of those hymns which Mr. Sankey sings by the same author. They have been collected during an eight years' experience of the Lord's use of them among believers, inquirers, and the careless. In the singing of them he seems to become unconscious of every thing but the desire that the truth should sink deep into the souls of the listeners, and that the people who sit in darkness should see a great light shining for them from the cross of him who hung upon the tree.

"In a Highland parish, a young man who had lived far from God, and seemed to his minister inaccessible to the truth, was found one day last summer deeply awakened. When asked to what this was owing, he said it was in consequence of hearing his little sister sing,

> 'When he cometh, when he cometh,
> To make up his jewels.'

"Perhaps not a week has passed during the last year in which we have not had evidence that the Lord had directly used a line of one of these hymns, in the salvation of some soul. A young man who had been deeply impressed, and was yet unwilling to stay to the inquirers' meeting, and about to leave a church, was arrested at the door by hearing the choir sing, 'Yet there is Room.' He felt there was room for him, went back to the pew, and after having the truth clearly laid before him, received Christ.

"The wave of sacred song had spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United *Kingdom alone, for* away off on the

shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Saviour's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung.

'We may forget the singer,
But will ne'er forget the song.'"

"Mrs. Sankey is an earnest Christian woman, and fully sympathizes with her husband in his blessed work. Both are members of the Methodist Church; while his sweet songs float over and inspire multitudes in all Christian denominations." The Harp of David was the prototype of the Harmonium of Sankey.

The following pages will contain many glowing proofs of the gracious influence which has accompanied this gospel singer in his own land.

PART II.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN

GREAT BRITAIN.



CHAPTER XI.

BEGINNINGS ABROAD.

IN the spring of 1873, Messrs. Moody and Sankey left Chicago for England. They had been invited by three gentlemen to hold meetings in that country. No one else had joined in the invitation, and no one else was interested in their visit. They had no appointments. No arrangements were made for them. No compensation was promised. No one knew of their intention to come. They were persuaded that God sent them, and therefore they went. Mr. Moody carried his Bible, Mr. Sankey his organ and singing book. In June they landed in Liverpool, sought a place to preach and sing the Gospel, and held a few services. No attention was attracted and nothing accomplished, and after a few days they proceeded toward York to find the friends who had invited them over. Two of the men were dead. But with a confidence that resembled audacity, they found a place to preach and went to work. One preached the Gospel; the other sang it. They held their meetings, conversed with sinners, prayed to God; and men and women began to ask what they must do to be saved. They labored in York a month, and it is believed that two hundred persons were converted to Christ.

On Sunday, July 27th, they went to Sunderland, a considerable town near York, on the invitation of a Baptist minister, Rev. Arthur Rees. The other ministers generally hesitated, or opposed the work. "We can never go on in this way" was Moody's characteristic remark; "it is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers." At length a delegation of young men from the Y. M. C. A. of Sunderland, waited upon the evangelists at their lodgings, and one of them tells the story of their reception in the following fashion:

"They had already been a week in Sunderland; but, as

yet, I had not seen either of them. Ah! thought I, what a lift heavenward shall I get from these holy men! We were shown into a back parlor by the servant, and very soon the two evangelists sauntered in in a style neither ecclesiastical nor dignified. Turning to me, Mr. Moody asked, in true Yankee fashion, What was our business with him? He did not show us a seat; he did not offer us his hand: altogether an auctioneer-like reception.

"'We represent the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Moody, and have come to ask if you will give us an address in Victoria Hall, on Sunday afternoon.'

"'Preach for you? Oh yes! I'll preach for you,' replied Mr. Moody.

"'We don't want you to preach for us; we want you to preach for Christ.'

"'Oh yes—yes! All right! I'll preach for you.'

"'Our committee,' continued I, 'hope you will not misunderstand the reason of their not joining you earlier in your work. It is not for want of sympathy; but because you came to us in a sectarian connection, and have allied yourself with Mr. Rees; and if we were to join you, on sectarian grounds, we should injure our Institution, which has enemies enough already.'

"After explaining his position, and that his connection with Brother Rees and his congregation had no sectarian significance, he said,—

"'I go where I can do most good: that is what I am after. And when we left, he followed us out to the gate, saying, 'It is souls I want: it is souls I want.'

"Alas! I had mistaken the man; and whether he spoke of souls or anything else, it is all the same to me now.

"'Well, Frank, what did you think of it?' asked my companion, as we walked off from this strange interview.

"'Think! It is money: that is what it is, James.'

'However, I went to the meeting, being careful to keep out of sight; but when Sankey began singing, I felt it draw me, and very little more of it would have pulled me on to the platform."

"That was not a good afternoon for Mr. Moody. His eye blazed with mournful earnestness, as it ranged that crowd, looking for anxious faces: and its strange light lives in my memory yet, while all my prejudices and misconceptions are dead and rotten.

"On the following Sunday night, when I got to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I found the meeting on fire. The young men were speaking with tongues, prophesying. What on earth did it all mean? Only that Moody had been addressing them that afternoon. 'What manner of man is this?' thought I; but still I did not give him my hand. . . Many of the clergy were so opposed to the movement that they turned their backs upon our poor innocent Young Men's Christian Association, for the part we took in the work; but afterward when the floodgates of Divine grace were opened, Sunderland was taken by storm.

"I cannot describe Moody's great meeting; I can only say that the people of Sunderland warmly supported the movement, in spite of their spiritual advisers; that there was a tremendous work of grace, when measured by its immediate effects, but far greater in its consequences, after the evangelists were away. All honor to these two brother-soldiers of the cross, who, like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, stormed this fortress of British unbelief alone!"

The second Sunday evening, three thousand people crowded Victoria Hall, and after the sermon, many followed them to a neighboring church, for an inquiry meeting. Among the inquirers, a young man came up the aisle, and threw his arms about his father's neck and kissed him, asking his forgiveness with many tears; then kissing his mother and asking her forgiveness, afterward tenderly embracing and kissing his younger brother.

The little fire kindled in York flamed so high in Sunderland, that Newcastle on the Tyne saw it. The ministers came over, and their hearts were warmed. The evangelists were invited to go back with them, and went. Their fame had preceded them, and ministers and people were ready to welcome them.

The meetings were so multiplied that as many as thirty-four were held in a single week. They continued through two months, the attendance and interest increasing to the close. Crowds came from all the surrounding towns, caught the fire, and kindled it through all the neighboring counties.

Mr. Moody said:

"We have not done much in York and Sunderland, because the ministers opposed us; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression, and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us.

"I am always glad to see a minister come to our meetings, for he always brings a large reinforcement with him."

Among the ministers prominent in connection with these services have been several of the Protestant Episcopal pastors, most of them of the Low Church party. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of St. Clement's Church, a leading High Churchman has, however, given utterance to the following sentiments from his pulpit, which will be read with a good deal of interest:

"It is probably well that I should say something respecting the work of certain evangelists who commenced their labors in this city to-day. I have heard that they are regarded with unkindly feelings by several ministers; how far this extends I know not, but it certainly does not reach the clergy of this parish. The right and duty of every layman is by precept and example to bring erring souls to Christ, and in the exercise of this plain right I bid these evangelists God-speed in their good work of awakening souls who, when awakened, will seek the church and its sacraments. These men do not come to make proselytes, but Christians, and should be aided rather than hindered in the effort to bring lost souls to their Saviour."

From the interesting narratives of the glorious dealings of God with his people we compile such as will most graphically portray them to our readers. After three weeks at Newcastle, great blessings were poured out on their work, which began at the Rye Hill Baptist chapel and thence overflowed on every side.

Every morning at twelve o'clock, in the Music-hall, there was a meeting for prayer, praise, and exhortation, at which were

gathered from two to three hundred people, all earnestly desiring the revival of God's work in that irreligious town, and daily bearing before God numerous written requests from believers, for their unconverted relatives and friends. These prayer-meetings have been felt by all to be true means of grace to the hearts of God's children, and numerous and striking have been the answers to prayer for the unconverted. Every evening, in the Music-hall and Rye-hill Chapel, Gospel services were held, Mr. Moody and Mr. Moorhouse preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Sankey singing his sweet spiritual songs. At the commencement of this glorious work, Rye-hill Chapel, which will accommodate from sixteen to seventeen hundred people, was used; but, as many had to go away, not being able to get in, it was thought advisable to have two services on the same evening; hence the Music-hall, where Mr. Hoyle was carrying on a noble work for Jesus, was opened each night, and hundreds attended there to hear the preaching of the word; and many were born again by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

In connection with these services, Mr. Moody, with that indefatigable zeal and fervor which so eminently characterize him, announced that he intended to have an 'all-day' meeting on Wednesday, September 10th, and earnestly invited all who could possibly come to attend. An all-day meeting was something so novel in the history of religious people in Newcastle, that much wonder was excited as to what would be the result of so bold an undertaking. Many anticipated a failure, others thought that it *might* be a success; but those who felt the reviving power of God's love, and had made this meeting a matter of earnest prayer, knew that it would not, could not fail. According to their faith it was done unto them. Wednesday morning broke clear and beautiful. It was a day when all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the glad sunshine of the great Father's beneficence.

At ten o'clock, the hour for the service to commence, the wide area of Rye-hill Chapel was about half filled, and the people coming in quickly. By eleven o'clock the friends from Sunderland, Shields, Jarrow, and neighboring towns, had come

in by train, and had occupied nearly the whole of the area. At twelve o'clock the message came, "No more room in the area; we must throw the galleries open." By two o'clock the galleries were well filled, and before the closing hour came round the spacious and beautiful chapel was filled with those who had left business, home cares and work, pleasure and idleness, to come and worship God and hear his word. Never was the faith of God's people more abundantly satisfied. They asked and it was given, they sought and found, they knocked and the door was opened unto them.

According to the programme which Mr. Moody had distributed largely over the town, the first hour of the services was to be devoted entirely to prayer and Bible-reading.

After the singing of that beautiful hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Mr. Moody led the devotions of God's people at the throne of grace, and then read and commented on Nehemiah viii., 1–12, where it is stated that "all the people gathered themselves together as one man. . . . and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel." Mr. Moody clearly brought out the appropriateness of this Scripture to the services of that day, and concluded by unfolding and pressing home to the hearts of the people the joyous truth contained in the tenth verse, where Ezra said to the people, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Swinburne, and several of the brethren spoke from the Word of God on the subject of Christian joy, and the hour of prayer and Bible-reading was gone before we had well begun to open the Scriptures. This hour was felt to be exceedingly precious, and was received by all as an earnest of what was to come.

The second hour was devoted to the promises, Mr. Moody being the leader. He said he wished the friends that day to try to see how rich they were. He thought that very few of us had ever fully considered how much our loving Father really

had promised to us. These promises, like precious gems, were to be found in every book of the Bible, and that day we might get into the company of all God's great men who had passed away, and hear what things they had to tell us about our Father's love. We could summon the patriarchs—the prophets—the kings; we could listen to the historians—the biographers—the poets of the Bible; and they would all give to us some of the precious promises spoken by God, through their lives to the ears of the whole world. The meeting was to be quite open and free; not for speeches about promises, but for the reading forth of these good words of God to our souls. The audience at once seemed to catch up the spirit and intention of these words, and from every part of the chapel—from young and old, from male and female—came passage after passage of the Holy Word, declarative of what in the boundless fullness of his love the Father has promised to all.

The interest of the meeting had been steadily rising, as one Scriptural topic after another had been most delightfully unfolded, when the last hour was reached, and appropriately given to the subject of Heaven.

The address was given by Mr. Moody. Having selected numerous passages of Scripture to prove his points, Mr. Moody asked some of the brethren present to read them out as he called for them. This was a delightful picture—a crowded chapel—hundreds of open Bibles ready to be marked when the passage should be announced, and the subject uppermost in each mind *heaven*. The first thought which the speaker called attention to was the *locality* of heaven. He said that his mind had once been much distressed by an infidel asking him "why he always looked *upward* when he was addressing God? God was everywhere, and his home was just as likely to be below as above." This set Mr. Moody back to his Bible to see what it had to say about the matter. He was soon quite satisfied that God's home was above. The Word said that God, when communing with Abraham, came *down* to see whether the people living in the cities of the plain had done altogether according to the cry that had come to him; the angels asked the disciples

on the morning of the ascension why they stood gazing *up* into heaven; the same Jesus that had been taken *up* from them into heaven would come again in like manner. These and similar passages were sufficient proof to his mind that the home of God was above, and that we obeyed a divine instinct when we "lifted up" our hearts to him there.

The locality having been spoken of, the next thought was the *company* gathered together there. Whom have we there that heaven should be so dear to us?

(1) *The Father is there.* Heaven is the home, the dwelling-place of God. No home is complete without the father; and no family is complete unless they can include the father among them. Our Father is in heaven. How delightful the thought of one day being with him amidst all the joy and splendor of home! Then (2) *Jesus is there.* He about whom we have read, whose Spirit has created us anew in him, whose blood bought us, and whose love saved us; Jesus is there; and we look to our home in heaven with longing eyes, because there, if not before, we shall see him who is crowned with glory and honor. Then (3) *the angels are there.* The pure and spotless creations of God, who have known nothing of sin and sorrow and travail, who have ever lived their life of bright intelligence and holy service in the sunshine of God's presence. These are there, and we shall meet them, and tell them of something they have never felt—the compassion and love of Jesus for sinful men. Then (4) there will be *the saints*, the spirits of just men made perfect. All the old heroes of God, the warriors and the kings, the prophets and the poets, the apostles and the early martyrs, all will be there, and we shall be able to hold sweet communion with them all; and our own loved ones, the father and mother, sisters and brothers, the babes, and the young and old, they will be among this shining band, who swell the ranks of the redeemed before the throne of God. O what a company is there! Father, Jesus, angels, saints—all who have fallen asleep in Jesus—all there! Waiting for us to come.

Another point to which Mr. Moody called attention was that it is our *treasure-house.* The only things we have or can

have, as saints, will be found there. All else must be left. Death strips of everything but heavenly treasure. How this should lead us more and more to obey the Master's injunction, and seek "to lay up treasure in heaven." It will be there all safe when we want it; for there neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal. Not only is heaven our treasure-house—it is our *reward*. There we meet with the full fruition of all our labor; there we receive every man his own reward for his own work. No mixing up, no confusion; to each is given his full due. The Christian need not expect full compensation below; he will not get it. *Heaven*—and in heaven he will receive all that he expects. Mr. Moody next spoke very beautifully about heaven being the place where our names are written. The disciples of Christ came back to him from one of their journeys flushed with victory, because even the devils had been subject unto them; but the Master said they had to rejoice because their names were written in heaven. Our names have gone on before us. Just as a man sends his goods often before him when he is traveling, and he himself follows after, just so our names have gone on before, and we are journeying after them. We are known in heaven before we get there. The name of each saint is in the book of life, and it cannot be blotted out. Then, again, heaven is to be our *rest*. The time to toil and suffer is *now*. We ought not to want to rest here. Mr. Moody, on this point, quoted the example which the life of Paul gives us of a man who conceived of the present being a life of service, and not of rest. The speaker's soul seemed to be set on fire with the thought of Paul's labors and consecrated ambition to serve the Master; with words of true eloquence he described the sacred passion which Paul had for his Master's work, and wound up a splendid panegyric on Paul's character, by wishing that modern Christianity could be imbued with some of Paul's fervor.

The last point of this noble address was, "How to get to heaven." And here Mr. Moody found an opportunity for doing that which is so dear to his heart, namely, preaching the Gospel

of Christ to sinful men. The address which throughout had been interspersed with touching and beautiful illustrations, and now and again by Mr. Sankey singing, was brought to a close with an earnest appeal to all "to become as little children, and so enter the kingdom of heaven." Once more, as it had been many times that day, was our dear brother Sankey's voice heard giving his beautiful rendering of one of his choice solos, and when the benediction had been pronounced, and the six hours' service had come to a close, all present felt that the time had gone too quickly. The place of meeting had been none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Thus ended the "all-day" meeting, but, thank God, not thus ended the memory of it; that will live till the last year of our lives, and many a soul traveling home to God will think of it as one of the deep pools by the way dug by the hand of a loving God for the refreshment of his children.

In the evening a Gospel service was held, Messrs. Moody and Moorhouse speaking; the chapel was filled to overflowing, and many souls went away having found peace in Jesus.

Let the following incident, reported by Henry Moorhouse, illustrate the feeling among the poor and needy:

A gentleman passing down a street in Gateshead heard some one knocking at the window of a cottage. He stopped and a respectable woman came to the door, and said: "Come in!" He said he could not then, as he was going to a meeting.

"Oh, sir, for God's sake come in, and tell me something about Jesus, for I am wretched."

"What is the matter?" said my friend.

She said, "I am lost; oh tell me what I must do to be saved. I have been standing at my window all the day to see if a Christian would come along, and if it had been a beggar who loved the Saviour, I would have called him in."

She had been at a meeting a week before, and had been in a miserable state ever since. A Christian lady called to see her and told her about the love of Jesus. She trusted, and was saved "I saw her to-day," said the speaker, "as happy and bright as possible."

The Rev. Thomas Boyd, Presbyterian minister of the place, after describing the meetings in the Wesleyan Chapel, says after the evangelists had gone:

"Such has been the number of cases, and such many of the parties, that had it been told to any Christian friend a fortnight ago, he would not have believed it. Even with all this before us, so wonderful is it, that we almost feel as if we dreamt. God's Spirit still works powerfully. Every night souls are aroused, and, under the guidance of Christian friends, led to Jesus."

At Stockton-on-Tees, in which the early part of November was spent, the result is thus described by an intelligent observer on the spot; and once for all we call attention to the union of prayer and Catholic feeling before and in the work:

"This work has been very great; and in examining, for our own future guidance and the guidance of others, into the apparent causes of success, we are struck with the following: First, *the preparation of united, believing prayer.* Mr. Moody said, that on coming into the first meeting, he and Mr. Sankey felt that they were among a praying people; and to this and the next cause, viz.: *the united action of the ministers of the town*, he mainly attributed the fact, that in no place which they had visited had they witnessed such evident results in so short a time. It was very delightful to see, at each of the services, eight or ten of these devoted pastors, most of them in the vigor of young manhood, strong-souled, intelligent men, representing various shades of denominational belief, but merging all differences in mutual affection, and the common desire to aid in the glorious work; and many hearts were constrained by the sight to give thanks for such a ministry in Stockton. Another very important feature was the *absence of noise* in the meetings. The experience of the past few days will, we think, have convinced them that the best and most successful prayer-meetings ever held in Stockton have been the quietest, reminding us of the old lady's description, 'God Almighty was so near that nobody had to shout to Him.'

"Nothing is so remarkable in this revival as the utter

demolishing of the old-fashioned prayer-meeting. Enter solemn minister and solemn people, scattered—six,—eight,—ten,—over a great area. A long slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray two long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have crammed meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively—new songs, new tunes. A few words from the minister give the key-note. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations. . . . All this comes from our brethren from America. Why have we not found out how to conduct a prayer-meeting before? We in this country have been bound hand and foot by traditions. In the far West of America, at Chicago, for instance, there were no traditions. The only people that had traditions there, were the Indians. The brethren have thoroughly solved this question of prayer-meetings for us. We thank them.

"The border-town of Carlisle was next approached. The evangelists are nearing Scotland. The place where, in former days Englishman and Scotsman used to meet in desperate feud, becomes the scene of victories of another kind. The truth is the weapon, and the Victor is Jesus Christ. This none would more readily own than the instruments He employed.

"This is the Lord's doings: it is marvellous in our eyes. As in other places, the meetings have been crowded to excess; the United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Christie is the pastor, proved altogether inadequate to accommodate the throngs, and the large Wesleyan Chapel close at hand was also thrown open, both buildings being completely filled. The power of God was present in a most marked degree; the solemn and magnificent songs, seeming now to bring Jesus of Nazareth right down into the streets of our own city, or, again, to take us right up to the gates of heaven, prepared the way for the word of life from the lips of Mr. Moody; that word was with power, and many were the anxious souls pressing forward to know the way of life. Jesus has become precious to many;

souls have been born of God, and tears of contrition have given place to tears of joy.

"This much as to the blessing bestowed on the unconverted; but what shall be said as to that which has rested upon the Christians? It has been a time of drawing together such as we have not known anything of before. Ministers of the different denominations have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work, and the close of the week finds us recognizing, not in theory but in fact, that we are all one in Christ Jesus, and banded together, that by our union in Him we may honor His blessed name.

"Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's farewell address. He would not say 'Good-bye!' No! 'Good-night' rather, and meet them all in the morning, in the dawn of eternal day. Then strong men bowed and wept out their manly sorrow like children, blessed children as they were of the same great Father; and one of our brothers lifted our American friends up in the arms of love in prayer to our heavenly Father, the Jubilee Singers singing thereupon, 'Shall we meet beyond the River?' Then came the benediction. The business was over, and the grand occasion past, the memory thereof to die no more.

"Although our friends took leave thus of the country brethren, they tarried with us, the people of Newcastle, yet a while. On that Wednesday night, Thursday night, and Friday, were immense meetings, attended by thousands, overflowing into neighboring churches, although Brunswick Place Chapel would itself hold two thousand. At these Messrs. Moody and Sankey were present. Scores were converted. They were present at the noonday meetings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at the last of which between two and three thousand people met from eleven to half-past one o'clock. On Friday there was a midnight meeting, and four were rescued from sin and shame. The Saturday meeting was the last attended by Mr. Moody. Hundreds had private conversation with him afterward, and crowds went with him to the station, *en route* for Carlisle."

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORD IN EDINBURGH.

REPORTS of the wonderful interest reached Scotland, and Edinburgh heard the story. "Rev. Mr. Kelman went twice to Newcastle to see if the reports of what they heard were true. He returned overflowing with joy, and full of glowing expectations for Scotland." He spread the tidings; his report was believed, and ministers and laymen united in inviting the evangelists to Edinburgh.

On Sunday, the 23d of November, they began their work in the Music Hall, with two thousand present, and other thousands seeking admission in vain. The next day five hundred met at noon to pray, and soon the attendance at the daily prayer-meeting exceeded a thousand. An all-day meeting was held. A meeting for students was announced in the Free Assembly Hall. So great was the eagerness to obtain admittance, that the doors were besieged by an immense crowd after it had become apparent that the hall was full. Mr. Moody went out and addressed the thousands in the open air, and returned and spoke to two thousand within, the most eminent professors in Scotland sitting around him on the platform. A service was advertised for the lower classes, and three thousand attended. Every evening there were around the pulpit ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country, while among the audience there were members of the nobility, professors from the University, and distinguished lawyers from the Parliament House.

At this time many abusive pamphlets were put forth against the methods and the men, and reports were circulated representing that Mr. Moody had not the confidence of his brethren at home. Measures were taken to sift this evil rumor to the

bottom. Accordingly in response to inquiries from abroad, the following endorsement was proposed and sent to Scotland :

CHICAGO, *May 21st*, 1874.

WE, the undersigned, Pastors of the City of Chicago, learning that the Christian character of D. L. MOODY has been attacked, for the purpose of destroying his influence as an Evangelist in Scotland, hereby certify that his labors in the Young Men's Christian Association, and as an Evangelist in this City and elsewhere, according to the best information we can get, have been Evangelical and Christian in the highest sense of those terms; and we do not hesitate to commend him as an earnest Christian worker, worthy of the confidence of our Scotch and English brethren, with whom he is now laboring; believing that the Master will be honored by them in so receiving him among them as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

A. J. Jutkins, Presiding Elder of Chicago Dist.

C. H. Fowler, President North-western University.

Arthur Edwards, Editor *North-western Christian Advocate* (Methodist organ), Chicago.

M. C. Briggs.

S. McChesney, Pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church.

W. H. Daniels, Pastor Park Avenue M. E. Church.

Sanford Washburn, Pastor Halsted St. Ch., Methodist Episc.

C. G. Trusdell, Gen. Supt. Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

Wm. F. Stewart, Sec. Preachers' Aid Society.

G. L. S. Stuff, Pastor Fulton St. M. E. Church.

T. P. Marsh, Pastor Austin M. E. Church.

Lewis Meredith, Pastor Oakland M. E. Church.

Arthur Mitchell, Pastor First Presb. Ch.

Glen Wood, Western Sec. American Tract Society.

C. D. Helmer, Pastor Union Park Congregational Church.

Arthur Swazey, Pastor Ashland Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin, Pastor Temple Ch.

A. G. Eberhart, Asst. Pastor.

David J. Burrel, Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church.
David Swing, Fourth Presbyterian Church.
Edward P. Goodwin, Pastor of First Cong. Church.
L. T. Chamberlain, Pastor of New England Cong. Church.
Edward F. Williams; Edward N. Packard; John Kimball; W. A. Lloyd; C. A. Sowle; John Bradshaw; C. F. Reed; S. F. Dickinson; A. Wesley Bill; Albert Bushnell, Congregational Ministers.
T. W. Goodspeed, Second Baptist Ch.
W. A. Bartlett, Plymouth Cong. Ch.
R. W. Patterson, Second Presbyterian Ch.
W. W. Everts, First Baptist Ch.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, Cook County, } ss.
City of Chicago. }

W. W. VANARSDALE, being first duly sworn upon oath, says that he is the Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Chicago, Illinois, and that he knows the foregoing signatures to be genuine.

W. W. VANARSDALE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 26th day of May, 1874.

ISAAC H. PEDRICK, *Notary Public.*

Thus the temporary aspersion was removed, and he was nobly vindicated as a true, honest, earnest man of God.

THE TIDE RISING.

We are having a very good time here just now, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey.

We are all delighted with them; ministers of all denominations are joining cordially in the work, and God is indeed working graciously. About 2,000 are out every night hearing, many more come and cannot get into the church. Two churches are to be opened simultaneously each night next week.

The singing of Mr. Sankey lays the gospel message and invitation very distinctly and powerfully on the consciences of

the people; and Mr. Moody's gospel is clear, earnest, distinct, and well illustrated—telling of death and resurrection—the "Gospel of God." He is a first-rate workman, and very practical, and God has been blessing his preaching.

Every evening there have been a number of souls coming into the inquiry rooms; but last night, when preaching on "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost," the *Spirit* seemed to be working in special power, and old *Formality* got his neck broken, and the wounded and weeping souls came into the inquiry meeting in droves. I had to speak at one time to seven all at once, because there was more corn than reapers; and others were similarly circumstanced. I saw Mr. Moody all the evening with generally more than one. Three rooms were open for inquirers, and I don't know what they had in the others, but we had about forty names on the paper at the close, of those we conversed with in our room. Mr. Moody keeps with us in the elders' vestry. Others, who are less susceptible and can stand at doors, do so, and lay hold of the people as they retire. About one hundred, I should think, were spoken with privately last night, and numbers of them decided for Christ. About ten did so (or professed to do so), in conversation with myself. May the Divine Spirit make it a grand reality to their souls that Christ is theirs! On Tuesday night I had seven who professed conversion.

On Wednesday I fought away with two only, both chronic cases, deep in the mire of their own thoughts, and feelings, and reasonings, and I left them very much the same as I found them. (One of them has been saved.) This was, I suppose, to teach me this lesson, that it is altogether God's work to save, and man is powerless.

This experience made me go out next night with Jesus' word on my lips, "This kind goeth not out but by *prayer* and *fasting;*" *prayer* is the symbol of our dependence upon God, and fasting is the symbol of "no confidence in the flesh"—or self-renunciation. No devil has so powerful a hold of an anxious soul but that *prayer* and *fasting* will cast him out in the name of Jesus.

Our noon prayer-meeting is well attended; about 700 are out daily, and there is a remarkable quickening and earnestness among ministers and Christians generally. I know Edinburgh well, and I am safe to say that I never knew a time when there was a greater appearance of harmony among Christians; unity among the Lord's workers; and humble, prayerful waiting upon God for blessing.

On Friday there was much blessing to Christians, and numbers of souls were also brought in. On that evening we had delightful work in the inquiry meeting, and, I think, I had about half-a-dozen I had good hope of. One was specially interesting, a stranger from beyond Stirling. She was passing through, came to the meeting, heard, was awakened, came into the inquiry meeting, and into my hands, along with a girl of twelve, and both professed to see the way of salvation. This woman was astonished to hear that she had just to believe what she read there to be saved. She said, "Is that all? have I only to believe?" "Just to believe that forgiveness is yours as a gift from God." "Then I do believe." "Then God says you are justified from all things."

Large numbers were out again last night, and we had a meeting for inquirers at the Free Assembly Hall. About forty confessed that they were new converts, and about forty stood up as anxious to be saved, and were asked to go to the other side of the hall, where they were conversed with.

I got down beside a young lady whom I saw anxious in the inquiry meeting, but did not have the opportunity of speaking to her, and kept at work for an hour with her over the Word of God. I could not tell you at length the deep interest of this case; but at the close I had some hope that she has divine life and will yet get liberty.

A beautiful incident happened as I was speaking to her. A young girl bounded up to us and said, with an overflowing joy "I am the girl you spoke to at the Barclay Church and gave the book to; now I am just going, but could not leave without coming to tell you that *I have found Jesus.*"

We had a very sweet meeting at noon to-day. Mr. Moody

gave us the prayers that God does not answer—Moses, Elijah, Paul. I pointed out to him afterward, to his great delight, that Moses' prayer was answered, to see the land 1483 years afterward, but not as in the midst of Israel, but in better company, with Jesus in the midst, on the mount of transfiguration ; and he saw the land in the light of the glory of Christ. And when he returned he did not care a bit for the land. He was all taken up with Christ, and instead of speaking of it or the goodly mountain and Lebanon, he and Elias spake to Him of His decease that he should accomplish at Jerusalem, the thing nearest his heart. That is the sight we, too, shall get of it (if we do not see it now) when He comes in his glory, and all his saints with Him.

We have had a most impressive address from Mr. Moody this evening on the text, "*Where art thou?*" He spoke very solemnly to Christians, and said if they were to wake up, Edinburgh would be filled with awakening from one end to the other, inside of forty-eight hours. Then he spoke to sinners, and it was most alarming. The three steps to hell, he said, were—

1. *Neglect;* 2. *Refuse;* 3. *Despise.*

He told them, even weeping, of their danger, and besought them to get the question settled now. Ah, it is that tender, weeping power in dear Mr. Moody, that is so overwhelming to sinners. He is now preaching in one of the best and largest churches of the New Town, and yet he has been quite as faithful as when among the poor last week in the Old Town ; and there have been some marked cases of awakening. Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth" had a fine effect upon them. I saw it striking in upon the hearts of many ; and many weeping eyes told of its power. A widow in front of me, with her little boy by her side, was moved deeply, and publicly addressed by Mr. Moody, listened with very wistful eyes ; and both of them came to the second meeting. I was anxious about the result of the inquiry meeting in that church, and they were rather long in coming in, but it turned out nearly as good as before. About fifty were conversed with this first night, and there seemed to be quite a number that believed.

The first I got hold of was a working man; and after showing him in the Word the way of life and peace, and getting him to decide, he said:

"My wife's here."

"Where?"

"Sitting there by herself."

"Please bring her here."

She, too, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they went home together believing.

Then I got a youth about eighteen in a terrible state of anxiety, and wrought with him a long time, and though hopeful, I do not know that he sees clearly; but he lives near me, and I hope to see him again to-morrow. The life is in, I believe, but he wants liberty.

Then I got a word with about a dozen besides, and gave them books.

I saw three all at once profess Christ in Mr. Moody's hands.

But there were chronic cases that baffled the whole of us, and after ten o'clock there was a man in a corner to whom Mr. Gall had spoken all night, who was all but desperate with conviction, Mr. Moody prayed with him, and he was bowed down and weeping, but he had to leave him still in bondage, showing how entirely it is God's work to set a soul free.

Mr. Sankey sang "*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*" There was a power in it; many wept. At the close I had three or four anxious sinners, and about as many anxious saints. Mr. Moody had a goodly number professing faith in his hands. Others also were busy. I had some interesting cases of saints in darkness who again got light. Just as I was leaving, Mr. Moody put into my hands a young lady who had been conversed with by one and another all the evening; and just as I spoke the *very last word I intended to speak to her*, her face was lighted up with joy, and she said, "I now trust in the Lord Jesus." Dr. Thomson remarked as we were coming out, that he thought it had been a night of more solid work than any we have yet had. One good thing in being in one of the New Town churches is, that "the poor rich," as a noble worker calls them,

have got a chance for their souls. The most respectable men and women have been plentiful in the meeting, and not absent from the inquiry rooms. The poor have far more privileges and opportunities of being saved than the better classes. But they, too, are getting a chance now; and we have seen some marked instances of salvation among them. We returned home, praising God for his grace and blessing.

I have observed that Mr. Moody speaks to inquirers with an open Bible in his hands, fixing them down to the Word of God, and anchoring their souls on the living rock of the Holy Scriptures. He also gets them to their knees in prayer; and I have seen them rising from his side by twos and threes, wiping their eyes, and smiling through their tears, confessing Christ.

Dr. Thomson said, "I think there could not have been fewer than one hundred inquirers here to-night, and I think more have professed faith in Christ than any night." It was very cheering to see the great heartiness with which Dr. Thomson entered into the work of the inquirers' meeting; and also to see other ministers there, in considerable force, from his own church and other churches engaged in pointing sinners to Christ. Having been every night at work for an hour and a half in the inquiry meeting, and judging of the work from seeing about forty come to Christ in my own hands, I judge that the Lord is doing marvellous things among us, whereof we are glad.

Seven professed faith in Christ all at one time in one company, and we had a conviction that it was reality in at least four of them. On Friday night, after Mr. Moody's solemn word, there seemed to be a great smashing up of souls (as Mr. Radcliffe used to call it), and among others, a lady came into my hands from San Francisco, California, here for the healing of her body; and her trouble was that the Spirit, she thought had left her. We showed that her anxiety to be saved and her clinging to Christ were evidences to the contrary; and she left after ten minutes' conversation in a state of blessed emancipation and comfort. She was brought to me by one who got out of bondage the night before; and I said, "Perhaps you will be bringing two each on Sunday night."

The last case we dealt with on Friday night was the most solemn we have seen, except that man who was specially prayed for in the noon-day meeting the other day, and saved that night. This was a young woman weeping floods of tears. She com plained of a hard heart, and feared the scorn of the ungodly when she went home; she faintly professed faith in Christ.

I felt such an interest in this girl that I could not sleep without sending her a line by post, inviting her to come next day that my wife might read the Scriptures with her, and tell her more about the Lord Jesus. She came: I was at a meeting I have on Saturday evening. We made special prayer for her, and the person who led us seemed to get near to God, and we had a conviction that we were heard. It was so; for on my return home, I was met with the cheering intelligence, "The girl has been here: I have read with her for nearly two hours; and she has just left, saved and happy. She said she faintly believed last night, as you said, but she is now at liberty, and says she never saw the fullness and freeness of salvation as she sees it now. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping last night; but she was looking bright and smiling; and the only tears she wept were tears of expressed gratitude that Jesus had received her, and that we had been so interested in her as to care for her for Jesus' sake as we had done." We have seen her since, and she is looking unto Jesus; but her demeanor is quiet and subdued, and she looks as one would do who had just escaped from drowning, or from a terrible railway collision.

We have had a meeting to-day for parents and children. It assembled—about 2,000 were present; the parents got a good word. Our dear brother Sankey's singing happily gave the Gospel to the children in a number of gospel hymns.

Mr. Moody addressed parents from Deut. iv. 5–11; v. 29; vi. 7. Some young people think they hear too much about Christ and salvation from their parents, but here they have authority from God to speak of them, morning, noon, and night; when lying down and rising up; when sitting in the house and walking by the way. There should be the most

diligent instruction of the young by parents, storing their minds with the Word of God.

Then from Mark x. 13–17 he addressed the children, and said that this is the only time when Christ was said to be much displeased. He told of the daughter of an infidel dying in peace, after being only five weeks at the Sunday school. Also, of a boy of twelve, who heard Dr. Chalmers preach, and came, at the close of the service, and said he had nothing to give, but he would give himself to Christ. He did so, and has been the means in our country of establishing many Sabbath-schools, with tens of thousands of scholars, and out of them have grown as many as thirty-eight churches, in which are many precious souls saved and happy, all through this boy coming to Christ and giving himself to Him.

Dr. Thomson said: I should consider it a very superfluous work to say anything of the trustworthiness of these excellent men. They have come among us not as unknown adventurers without "letters of commendation," but as long-tried and honored laborers in the fields of evangelism in their own country, and more recently in Newcastle and other towns in the north of England, where there appears to have been a pentecostal blessing in which every denomination of Christians has shared. And the ministers, and elders, and deacons of our different churches that have gathered around them every evening, and shared with them in their blessed work, prove the confidence in which they are held by those in whom the Christian people of Edinburgh are accustomed to place confidence.

The service of song conducted by Mr. Sankey, in which music is used as the handmaid of a Gospel ministry, has already been described in your columns. I have never found it objected to except by those who have not witnessed it. Those who have come and heard, have departed with their prejudices vanquished and their hearts impressed. We might quote, in commendation of this somewhat novel manner of preaching the Gospel, the words of good George Herbert:

> "A verse may win him who the Gospel flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice."

There is nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaims. It is the old Gospel—old, yet always fresh and young, too, as the living fountain or the morning sun—in which the substitution of Christ is placed in the centre and presented with admirable distinctness and decision. It is spoken with impressive directness, not as by a man half convinced and who seems always to feel that a skeptic is looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he says, as if, like our own Andrew Fuller, he could "venture his eternity on it," and with a tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that "if he did not speak the very stones would cry out." The illustrations and anecdotes, drawn principally from his strangely-varied life, are so wisely chosen, so graphically told, and so well applied as never to fail in hitting the mark.

I wish once more to call attention to one essential feature in the action of these good men—the daily noon-day meeting for prayer. It began some weeks ago in an upper room in Queen Street Hall. That was filled after a few days. Next it was transferred to Queen Street Hall, which is capable of holding 1,200 persons. It was not long ere this became overcrowded, and now there are full meetings every day in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of holding some hundreds more. It is a fact with a meaning in it, that simultaneously with the increase in the noon-day meeting for prayer has been the increase in attendance in Broughton Place Church at the evening addresses, and also in the number of inquirers afterwards. Before the end of last week every inch of standing-ground in our large place of worship was occupied with eager listeners, and hundreds were obliged to depart without being able to obtain so much as a sight of the speaker. The number of inquirers gradually rose from fifty to a hundred per night, and on Monday evening this week, when the awakened and those who professed to have undergone the "great change" were gathered together in our church hall, to be addressed by Mr. Moody no other persons being admitted, there were nearly three hundred present, and even these were only a part of the fruits of one week. I wish to give prominence to the state-



ment that the persons who conversed with the perplexed and inquiring were ministers, elders, and deacons, and qualified private members of our various churches; and also Christian matrons and Bible-women, as far as their valuable services could be secured.

And now, at the close of the week of special services in Broughton Place Church, I wish to repeat the statement in your paper which I made on Monday in the Assembly Hall, that there is no week in my lengthened ministry upon which I look back with such grateful joy. I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my memory. When Howe was Chaplain to Cromwell at Whitehall, he became weary of the turmoil and pomp of the palace, and wrote to his "dear and honored brother," Richard Baxter, telling him how much he longed to be back again to his beloved work at Torrington. "I have devoted myself," he said, "to serve God in the work of the ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cryings and complaints who have come to me under convictions." I have shared with many beloved brethren during the past week in this sacred pleasure, and it is like eating of angels' bread, first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more to hear at length the utterance of the joy of reconciliation and peace!

I was much struck by the variety among the inquirers. There were present from the old man of seventy-five to the youth of eleven, soldiers from the Castle, students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the skeptical, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; and in how many instances were the wounded healed and the burdened released!

It may be encouraging to Christian parents and teachers to be told that very much of this marvellous blessing, when once begun in a house, has spread through the whole family, and those who already had the knowledge of divine truth in their minds by early Christian education, formed by far the largest proportion of the converts. The seed was there sleeping in the soil, which the influence from above quickened into life.

There was a considerable number of skeptics among the inquirers, but their speculative doubts and difficulties very soon became of no account when they came to have a proper view of their sins. Some have already come to tell me of their renunciation of unbelief, and their discipleship to Christ. One has publicly announced that he can no longer live in the ice-house of cold negations, and has asked Mr. Moody to publish the address which brought light to his heart, and to circulate it far and wide over the land.

I witnessed no excesses in the inquiry rooms, but there was often deep and melting solemnity, sometimes the sob of sorrow, and the whispered prayer of contrition or gratitude. There must, however, occur at times imprudent things and excesses in connection with even the best works that have imperfect though good men employed about them. But cold criticism that is in search of faults, or ultra-prudence that attempts nothing from fear of making mistakes, is not the temper in which to regard such events. I would not dare to take either of these positions, "lest haply I should be found to be fighting against God."

I have already expressed my high appreciation of Mr. Moody's manner of addressing. If some think that it wants the polished elegance of certain of our home orators, it has qualities that are far more valuable; and even were it otherwise, the great thing is to have the gospel of the grace of God clearly and earnestly preached to the multitudes who are crowding every night to listen to him. When the year of jubilee came in ancient times among the Jews, I suspect the weary bond-slave or the poor debtor cared little whether it was proclaimed to him with silver trumpets or rams' horns, if he could only be assured that he was free.

The following paper was issued, and sent to every denomination in Scotland:

"Edinburgh is now enjoying signal manifestations of grace. Many of the Lord's people are not surprised at this. In October and November last, they met from time to time to pray for it. They hoped that they might have a visit from

Messrs. Moody and Sankey of America, but they very earnestly besought the Lord that He would deliver them from depending upon them, or on any instrumentality, and that He himself would come with them, or come before them. He has graciously answered that prayer, and His own presence is now wonderfully manifested, and is felt to be among them. God is so affecting the hearts of men, that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day at noon with a meeting for prayer ; and that building, along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening when the Gospel is preached. But the numbers that attend are not the most remarkable feature. It is the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ,—their hungering and thirsting after holiness. The hall of the Tolbooth Church, and the Free High Church are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged. All this is of the God of Grace.

"Another proof of the Holy Spirit's presence is, that a desire has been felt and expressed in these meetings, that all Scotland should share the blessing that the capital is now enjoying.

"It is impossible that our beloved friends from America should visit every place, or even all those to which they have been urged to go. But this is not necessary. The Lord is willing Himself to go wherever He is truly invited. He is waiting. The Lord's people in Edinburgh, therefore, would affectionately entreat all their brethren throughout the land to be importunate in invoking Him to come to them, and dismiss all doubt as to His being willing to do so.

"The week of prayer, from 4th to 11th January next, affords a favorable opportunity for combined action. In every town and hamlet let there be a daily meeting for prayer during that week, and also as often as may be before it. In Edinburgh the hour is from 12 to 1, and where the same hour suits other places, it would be pleasing to meet together in faith at the

throne of grace. But let the prayers not be formal, unbelieving, unexpecting, but short, fervent, earnest entreaties, mingled with abounding praise and frequent short exhortations; and let them embrace the whole world, that God's way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. If the country will thus fall on their knees, the God who has filled our national history with the wonders of His love, will come again and surprise even the strongest believers by the unprecedented tokens of His grace. 'Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'"

This was signed by thirty-eight ministers of all denominations.

Mr. Moody addressed some special meetings in Free Assembly Hall.

On Sabbath morning, December 14, he addressed the young men of the Sabbath-morning Fellowship Union.

On Friday, December 19, he preached to young men on being born again.

On Sabbath morning, December 21, he addressed Sabbath-school teachers.

The same evening he preached to the students of Edinburgh University and the New College, on "There is no difference." This was one of the most magnificent sights I have ever witnessed. On the platform with him were numbers of professors of both colleges, and I believe, the majority of the students. The hall was densely crowded, and I question whether he ever addressed a more intelligent audience, or one that gave him more profound and riveted attention. Had they not had confidence in him, and felt his power, and, we trust, the higher power of God's Spirit and truth, they would not have sat for more than two hours with such quietness. He commanded that immense meeting of about two thousand men, as no man on that platform, save Dr. Duff, could have done. The living power of God's Holy Spirit was felt giving the word, and laying conviction on the conscience. The Gospel given at the end was most touchingly illustrated, and the very appropriate hymn sung by Mr. Sankey, "I am sweeping through the gates,' gave a spirit-

ual finish to the whole that had been spoken. It was an opportunity such as no man ever before enjoyed here; and we cannot doubt but that God has given and used it for the conversion of souls and the glory of Christ.

At half-past eight o'clock, December 29, there was a meeting held in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket, which was attended by about 3,000 persons belonging to the poorer classes The Rev. Mr. Morgan opened this meeting with prayer.

Mr. Moody began his address by telling the well-known story about Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine. Her ladyship was driving past a crowd of people to whom Hill was preaching. She asked who the preacher was, and, on being informed, told her coachman to drive nearer. Rowland Hill, seeing her approach, asked who she was, and when he was told, he said there was a soul there for sale. Who would bid, he asked, for Lady Erskine's soul? There was Satan's offer. He would give pleasure, honor, position, and, in fact, the whole world. There was also, he said, the offer of the Lord Jesus, who would give pardon, peace, joy, rest, and at last heaven and glory. He then asked Lady Erskine which of these bids she would accept. Ordering her coachman to open her carriage-door, she pressed her way through the crowd to where the preacher was, and said, 'Lord Jesus, I give my soul to Thee; accept of it."

Mr. Moody went on to urge on his hearers to give themselves there and then to the same Saviour who was that day preached in the hearing of Lady Erskine, and accepted by her. He brought out the freeness of the gospel offer, and the importance of immediately closing with it. He mentioned several instances of conversion—one of them concerning a soldier, who had been at the meeting of the previous night in that same hall, and who had afterward gone up to the Assembly Hall, had received Christ there, and was now professing himself a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey sang several of his hymns—"The Lifeboat," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "The Prodigal Child," being among them.

The meeting on Sunday night, Dec. 28, seems to have been

the most extraordinary of all these meetings. Though there were about 5,000 persons present, the most perfect order was observed, and the deepest interest manifested in the proceedings. After this meeting was over, hundreds pressed up to the Free Assembly Hall, and when the question was put if there were any there anxious about their souls and desiring to be saved, the whole body rose to their feet in answer to the question. The interest shown was such as many of those present had never before seen in the course of a long ministry among the people. Mr. Moody expressed himself as more impressed by it than he had been by anything he had ever before seen.

Mr. Moody preached on Sabbath forenoon in Free St. George's Church, his subject being, "What Christ has done for man." This he treated very generally. In the afternoon Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted evangelistic services in the Free Assembly Hall and the Free High Church at five o'clock, and in the Established Assembly Hall and Free St. John's Church at six o'clock—these meetings being for females only. The Jubilee Singers sang at each of these meetings. There was an immense meeting in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket, at seven o'clock. The great hall was filled with people, who stood closely packed together in every part of it. There must have been between 6,000 and 7,000 persons present. Short addresses were delivered by several ministers and laymen, frequent prayer engaged in, and a great number of hymns sung by Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers. These hymns had each of them a bearing on the thoughts or sentiments that formed the themes of the addresses by which they were preceded. There was the most perfect quiet observed by the vast assemblage, and both addresses and hymns were listened to with the utmost attention.

In his address Mr. Moody pointed out that though it was because of Adam's sin man was condemned, it was not because of it that any one would be lost, but because they neglected to lay hold of the remedy.

Mr. Moody preached to about *fifteen thousand* this first Lord's-day of 1874, at seven different times. His passion for

saving souls is self-consuming. Let all Christians pray that he may be upheld by God, in body and soul, and blessed more and more.

Tens of thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of the community have crowded the halls and churches where they have preached and sung of Christ and the Gospel.

Multitudes of men assembled in the Corn Exchange, and multitudes of women in the Assembly Halls and adjoining churches on the Lord's day to hear words whereby they might be saved; and on the week days the daily prayer-meeting, noon, and night, was crowded with eager anxious throngs of Christians or anxious ones; while in the Newington U. P. Church and the Canongate Parish Church, fully three thousand came together nightly to listen to the singing and preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

Bible lectures have been held in the Free Assembly Hall, Viewforth Church, West Coates Church, and Free St. Mary's, and thereby have received clearer light on the Gospel, more stable standing on the sure foundation, and blessed freedom from bondage.

Mr. Moody's excellent plan of making the Bible speak for itself by quoting text after text and commenting on them, and enforcing them by striking illustrations, has been of eminent use among Christians who had life but no liberty. Christ has said through him to many a young and groaning one, "Loose him, and let him go."

Mr. Moody's clear preaching of grace reigning through righteousness and salvation by grace without the works of the law, and the believer's place in Christ where there is now no condemnation, and sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under law, but under grace, is fitted to give immediate relief to burdened, unclear, and legal Christians, of whom we have crowds.

His mind has evidently been in contact with clear Scripture teachings, such as one seldom meets with in our day: for he has learned to draw his words of grace and truth from the clear crystal river of divine Revelation, and not from the

muddy streams of human theology; and if we, ministers of Christ, are still to get a hearing from the people who have hung as if spell-bound on the ministry of Mr. Moody, we must preach in the same simple, scriptural, loving, and direct manner. He has lifted up a crucified and glorified Christ, honored the Holy Ghost by believing in His constant presence and grace, and his Gospel has been made the power of God unto salvation to unnumbered souls. We calculate that as many as 30,000 have listened to his beseeching voice.

The work of grace is no doubt deep, wide-spread, and extraordinary, as compared with the state of things spiritually previous to the coming of those earnest men; but it is only the ordinary and normal result of prayer and preaching, which the model of the Acts of the Apostles warrants us in expecting when all the disciples of Christ are continuing with one accord in prayer and supplications, and in dependence in the Holy Ghost are bending all their energies to the one work of getting the Christ of God magnified by the conversion of perishing souls. When we consider that the great bulk of the ministers and Christian people of Edinburgh have been doing almost nothing else for nearly two months but giving themselves to receive blessing, and to co-operate with our excellent friends to make the Gospel triumphant in the city; and when we consider that there has been this concerted, continued, and concentrated effort towards this one thing, we have hardly seen so much fruit as we might reasonably have expected; and we are very sure if there had not been much grieving and quenching of the Holy Spirit of God among us in connection with this work, both secretly and openly, He would have wrought with mightier power, and the harvest of souls would have been much more abundant.

There has never been, as in other days, thousands pentecostally smitten simultaneously: whole meetings arrested as in the years of the right hand of the Most High in times past, and made to stand still and see the salvation of God. Might the Lord not have given such power as would have left hundreds, instead of tens, anxiously inquiring what must we do, if there had been an entire exclusion of "the flesh" and a total self-

surrender on the part of Christians, more regard for the glory of Christ, less grieving and quenching and more honoring of the Holy Ghost?

We do not quite sympathize with some things which have been said about Mr. Moody's preaching, and especially that he is not eloquent. What, we would ask, makes the meetings flat when he is absent but the want of a quality he possesses? and what makes them full of life and spiritual emotion when he is present, but just the superior divine eloquence which flows in his burning words, as if an electric current were passing through every heart?

He is the most powerful speaker—the most eloquent preacher—who most fully carries an audience with him and produces the greatest results; and if Mr. Moody is judged by such a rule, he is one of the most eloquent of living men, for none of us here who are ministers feel the least desire to speak if he is present, for with all our university training we acknowledge his superior power as a heaven-commissioned evangelist. He has the all-powerful eloquence of a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and fired with indomitable zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He may be devoid of rhetoric (and that, we suppose, is meant), and he may use his freedom in extemporizing grammar to suit himself, but withal Moody is the most eloquent, as he is the most successful preacher among us. The Lord be praised for giving such gifts to men, and for the thousands of souls He has converted by him in this city, or set into the liberty of grace by a fuller knowledge of Christ and His finished work.

What masses of young people from the schools crowded the meetings during the holidays! And so great has been the attraction of the singing of the one and the eloquence of the other, that hundreds of young persons, especially of the higher classes, who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave them up deliberately, and from choice and the force of conviction attended the gospel and prayer-meetings. Men who can draw away our educated children by the hundred in this city that boasts of its education, from

these haunts of pleasure and amusement, to hear of Christ in preaching and songs, and embrace Him as their Saviour, and cling to them as their friends, have that spiritual education which ennobles the character, implants delicate feelings, generous sentiments, tender emotions, and gracious affections, which the young very quickly discover and reciprocate.

But we have no doubt that a very great part of Mr. Moody's superiority over most ministers as a preacher of the gospel, arises from his superior knowledge and grasp of the Holy Scriptures.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's principle for gospel work is the recognition of the divine unity of the one body of Christ; and accordingly wherever they go they say, in effect, A truce to all sectarianism that the Lord alone may be exalted: let all denominations for the time being be obliterated and forgotten, and let us bring our united Christian effort to bear upon the one great work of saving perishing souls. It is a charming sight to look back over the past eight weeks and think of men who, it appeared, were for all time to come in religious antagonism because of their controversial differences on the Union question, sitting side by side on the same platform lovingly co-operating with those American brethren and with one another for the conversion of souls. All old things seemed to have passed away, and all things had become new, and all rejoiced together in the blessing which has been so richly vouchsafed by the God of all grace.

There has been such a commingling of ministers and Christians of all the churches—all sectarian thoughts and feelings being buried—as has never been witnessed in this city since the first breaking up of the Church of Scotland, more than 140 years ago. What all the ministers and people of Scotland were unable to achieve—a union of Christians on a doctrinal basis—God has effected, as it were at once, on the basis of the inner life by the singing of a few simple hymns and the simple preaching of the gospel:—for as the unity of the nation was secured by the one purpose to make David king over all Israel: "All these men of war that could keep rank came with a perfect

heart to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel ; and al the rest also of Israel were of one heart to make David king, and there was great joy in Israel "(1 Chron. xii. 38) ; so the one purpose to have the Lord Jesus exalted and made supreme, and His glory in the triumph of His gospel and the salvation of sinners made manifest, has united the ministers and Christian people of every name in the metropolis of Scotland: "and there was great joy in that city" (Acts viii. 8). "Be it known unto you all, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him" hath been "shed forth this which ye now see and hear." "This was the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the Head of the Corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 10–12). "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE. We will be glad and rejoice in it" (Ps. viii. 23, 24).

Mr. Moody is overpoweringly in earnest, and he brings in the direct, straightforward, decided methods of a thorough-going, energetic man of business into his addresses, in conducting meetings, and his dealing with souls, and, as a preacher generally stamps his own image upon his converts, we may hope to see a brood of decided Christian witnesses and testifiers arising out of this time of awakening, that will let it be known that the glory of the Lord Jesus is the uppermost purpose in their hearts.

This witness-bearing has already begun in colleges and schools, in families and work-rooms, in drawing-rooms and kitchens. There are discussions going on everywhere regarding both the men and the movement. In ladies' schools there are young converts testifying for Jesus, and boldly confessing Him as their Saviour ; evening parties, through the influence of the young believers in the household, are being converted into Christian assemblies to talk over the preaching of Mr. Moody, and to sing in concerted worship the hymns and solos which have been introduced by the inimitable singing of Mr. Sankey.

These two quiet and humble Americans have all but turned society in Edinburgh upside down, and by the grace of God, have given its citizens the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that they have ever enjoyed, by gathering them around the Lord Jesus. It seems as if a voice from heaven had been saying, "O clap your hands, all ye people: shout unto God with the voice of triumph. God is gone up with a shout the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises to our King, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding."

WHAT GOOD HAVE MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY DONE IN EDINBURGH?

THIS is a question which, in its inward aspect, can be answered only by Him who knows the hearts of men; but that which is visible and apparent can be set down in writing.

For one thing, Mr. Moody has given the Bible its due place of prominence, and has made it to be looked upon as the most interesting book in the world. This is honoring the Holy Ghost more than all the prayers for His outpouring that have been offered; for it is getting into the mind of God as the Psalmist got, when he said, "Thou hast magnified Thy WORD above all Thy name." His addresses on such themes as "How to study the Holy Scriptures," and "The Scriptures cannot be broken;" his own Bible lectures, which were so full of Scripture, and helpful to hundreds of Christians; his constant reference to the Bible, and quotations from it in his preaching; his moving about among the anxious with the open Bible in his hands, that he might get them to rest their souls on the "true sayings of God;" and his earnest exhortations to young Christians to read the Word, and to older and well-taught Christians to get up "Bible readings," and invite young Christians to come to them, that they might be made acquainted with the mind of Christ, all showed how much in earnest he is to give due prominence to the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Moody has also given us a thorough specimen of good



Gospel preaching, both as to matter and manner of communication. It is not a mixture of law and Gospel: his Gospel is "the Gospel of the grace of God," "without the works of the law," the "Gospel of God" coming in righteously and saving the lost, not by a mere judicial manipulation and theoretically, but by grace, power, and life coming in when men were dead, so that we have not only sins blotted out by the blood of Christ, but deliverance from sin in the nature by death and resurrection, and life beyond death, so that a risen Christ is before us, and we in Him, when it is said, "There is therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." There is "justification *of life*" in his preaching, immediately that we are "justified *by His blood.*"

He has also distinguished with much decision and precision between the Adam nature and the new creation in Christ, and made it as clear as noon-day that salvation is not the mere setting right of man's existing faculties, but the impartation of new life in Christ, a new nature, a new creation, so that there exist two utterly opposed natures in the one responsible Christian man, and that "these are contrary the one to the other:" and the knowledge of this gives young Christians immense relief, and a solid foundation for holiness at the very commencement of their Christian course. New creation in Christ—not the mending of the old creation—is Mr. Moody's idea of Christianity: and it is the divine reality which many are now enjoying.

This also leads to the Pauline theory of holiness, as preached by him. He has imbibed very fully the theology of the Epistle to the Romans on this point, and insisted with much earnestness that Scripture has it that Christians are not under the law in any shape or form, and that this is essential to holiness:—"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace" (Rom. vi. 14); "But now we are delivered from the law, that we should serve in newness of spirit" (Rom. vii.). His doctrine is that the law never made a bad man good or a good man better, and that we are under grace for sanctification as well as for justification; and yet the

righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh (that is, under law) "but after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 4). His clearness in distinguishing between law and grace has been the lever of life to many souls.

Our American brethren have also been of great use in showing us what may be accomplished in the conversion of souls, if the heart is only fully set upon it, and there is a determination to have it. They came to us with that distinct aim and object in view; and the Lord gave them the desires of their hearts; and as the result hundreds of souls have professed salvation. They gave themselves to "this one thing," and they stuck to it, brushing aside all other things: even the conventional courtesies of life were made short work of by Mr. Moody if he spied an anxious soul likely to escape. His friends might introduce some notable stranger at the close of a meeting, and feel rather annoyed that, instead of conversing with him or her, he darted off in a moment to awakened souls; but he made that his work, and everything else had to be subordinate to it. "This one thing I do," seems to be his life-motto; and in sticking to this all-absorbing object, he has read us a noble lesson of holy resoluteness and decision. If we who are ministers have similar faith and expectancy, and work like our American friends for the conversion of souls, the conversion of souls we shall have. Our Lord said to those who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16); and when they were endued with the Holy Ghost and with power, they did "bring forth fruit" in the conversion of souls (Acts ii. 41; iv. 4); and their fruit remained (Acts ii. 42), and has done so, in the millions of souls saved in all ages down to the present day.

Our friends have been the means of rescuing hundreds of souls in this city from impending and everlasting damnation. Their labors have been especially fruitful in the conversion of young women and girls, who in course of time will be in the important position of wives and mothers; and if the thousand of them that appear at the young converts' meeting, to receive

Mr. Moody's farewell address, should all hold out, it will be an unspeakable blessing that has been conferred by God on this community through their instrumentality.

Persons at a distance have wondered at us having so many ladies among the anxious, and the question has repeatedly come to us, "Where are the men? Your anxious inquirers are nearly all women, as we read of them in your reports." If such persons had been present on Friday, Jan. 16, and run their eyes over the young converts in the Free Assembly Hall, between eight and nine o'clock, and counted, as was done, the 1,150 that were present, and failed to find 150 of them men, they would no longer have been at a loss to see why the greater proportion of the cases of awakening mentioned are women.

But we believe also that any one who would affirm, from the excessive preponderance of women over men on Friday at the young converts' meeting, that the movement had only laid hold of women, would be very wide of the truth; for although the meetings went on for three weeks almost without men, towards the close there were many young men who were brought under the power of the truth. It is however, well known that most young Scotsmen, from a variety of influences and motives, even though converted, would rather be excluded from the meeting than face the ordeal through which those had to pass who received tickets; and had there been a converts' meeting for men to come to without any examination or receiving of tickets, hundreds would have attended it.

In a time of awakening it is also well known that women who are religiously impressed will go through fire and water to comply with the wishes of those who have been made useful to their souls. They will do anything they are asked to do; hence the mass-meeting of women on Friday, the 16th. But not so with men—especially Scotsmen—hence the absence, notwithstanding that many are known to have been converted.

Before that meeting was held, we had given it as our calculation, based on the facts that had come under our own observation daily in the inquiry-meeting, that there might be 1,500 souls converted, or who had professed to be converted, believ

ing themselves to be so. We are still of the same judgment, and that very many more of them are men than that converts' farewell meeting revealed. Twelve hundred women and three hundred men and boys seem to be the proportion and sum total who have professed conversion. Hundreds of them may go on flourishingly, and bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Hundreds may go back, die out, or be choked with the world, and many who have divine life in their souls may collapse, and the work may have to be done over again, and they revived and set at liberty, because of the lack of teaching. This has been our observation of the results of past revivals, having been in nearly all that have taken place in this country for the last six-and-twenty years. But we see no necessity for this sad outcome of a blessed work of grace, if the professed converts were fully taught in all the precious truth of God with regard to their place in a risen and glorified Christ, as Romans, Ephesians, and Colossians, spiritually and competently expounded, would teach them. Good milk, and plenty of it, makes an infant thrive and grow. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The only way not to fall is to grow, and growth and strength are by the truth.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON TO GLASGOW.

FIVE meetings in one day, at Berwick-on-Tweed, drew thousands together, and the arrows from God's quiver pierced hundreds of hearts.

A few days in Dundee awakened such interest that the evangelists returned five months later, when the enthusiasm far exceeded that of the previous visit. Every evening for a week from 10,000 to 16,000 people assembled in the open air to listen to the Gospel. Hundreds yielded to Christ, and a mighty impulse was given to religion.

On their leaving Dundee, evangelistic services were held in various churches, with many tokens of blessing. The number of inquirers was very considerable. Many cases were characterized by deep conviction of sin, and there were several remarkable conversions. Of the many hundreds, doubtless some were only slightly impressed, while others are bearing about their trouble to this day. For, whatever may be the explanation, there are always some who very gradually arrive at settled trust and peace in Christ. As the result of the awakening, there have been large additions to the membership of the churches—in some congregations as many as one hundred and upward. Great care has been taken in watching over the young Christians, *and we do not know of any who have gone back.*

On the occasion of the second visit of the evangelists to Dundee, in June, when great open-air meetings were held in the Barrack Park, Mr. Moody organized and set going special means and efforts for reaching young men. With the aid of a large staff of earnest Christian men, who volunteered their services at the call of Mr Moody, the Young Men's Association carried out the scheme with energy and success. In the course of two

weeks, upward of one hundred and thirty young men were individually conversed with, almost the whole of whom ultimately professed faith in Christ. The work has been carried on throughout the year by the Association, as well as by the direct instrumentality of the churches, with much prayer and pains, and many have been added to the Lord. In the *Post* and *Telegraph* offices alone there are some twenty young men and lads who have come over to the Lord's side, and are zealous in his service. As Andrew found his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus, so in many a pleasing instance, brothers have been bringing brothers, and young men have been bringing their companions, to the Saviour. The seal of God's blessing has been clearly stamped on the efforts of the Christian young men. And although, to the eye of an observer looking only on the surface, nothing may be apparent save the ordinary ripple of Christian work, to those who look more closely, a powerful under-current of spiritual influence is plainly seen to be at work among the youth of our town. In many quarters the tide is fairly turned and is setting in steadily in the right direction; and we expect still greater and better things.

In regard to the work among the children, we have never before seen so much precious fruit in the same space of time. All the year round there has been great joy in many a family, and in many a Sabbath-school. Nor has this joy proved to be evanescent or fruitless. To this fact parents and teachers bear decided testimony. Running parallel with the work of the Holy Ghost, there has been a remarkable dispensation of Providence in the removal of many little ones to the spirit-world. Beautiful and instructive in many instances have been the last solemn scenes of life. To the clear eye of a child's faith there is almost no darkness in the valley. To the ear of the little Christian, quick to catch the voices from above, the solemn sound of Jordan's waters has no terrors. With marvellous wisdom and force, these dying children gave forth their testimony to Jesus and his grace.

While the immediate results of the work are exceedingly precious, the value of its full outcome can scarcely be over-

estimated: believers are refreshed and lifted higher—Christian workers of every class having renewed their strength, and are filled with fresh hope and zeal. The whole body of the living Church has made an advance; her forces are increased, her methods are improved. So mighty an impulse cannot fail of great and lasting results. But there remains much land to be possessed, and from the recent movement there comes to us a loud and stirring call to go forward. Thanking God for the past, and taking courage, we look into the future with heart of good cheer; for we feel assured, "'Tis better on before!"

But the great meeting in Scotland was in Glasgow. On Sunday morning, February 8, 1874, at nine o'clock, Mr. Moody addressed 3000 Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers in the City Hall. At half-past five in the evening, an hour before the time for services to begin, the hall was crowded in every corner. The crowds became so great that it was necessary to hold separate meetings for men and women, and even then no building in Glasgow could be found large enough to hold the congregations. The interest among the impenitent was beyond precedent. It was another Pentecost. Again and again 1000 inquirers remained after the sermon to be pointed to Christ.

During the six days beginning with Tuesday of last week, the suburb of Hillhead was nine times flooded with crowds hurrying to the Crystal Palace. This unique glass house is the largest place of public assembly in Scotland, and can seat about four thousand, while a thousand or two more may be crowded into it. Tuesday evening was for the young women. Hundreds appealed in vain for tickets after seven thousand five hundred had been distributed, and hundreds who had them struggled in vain for admission. The building was crowded up to the fainting point, and the meeting was partly spoiled by its numerical success. On Wednesday the young men who were ticket-holders darkened the Great Western road more than an hour before the time of meeting. All comers were welcome on Thursday, so long as there was any room. In spite of the rain the Palace was filled by seven o'clock, and about one-half

of the audience seemed to be young men of the middle classes. On Friday the noon prayer-meeting was transferred to the Palace, which was comfortably filled with the better, or better-off, classes. Friday evening's meeting was the most significant of the series. Tickets for it were given only to those who, on applying for them in person, declared that they believed themselves to have been converted since January 1st, and gave their names, addresses, and church connection, which information, we are told, is to be forwarded to their several pastors. It was publicly stated that about three thousand five hundred had received tickets on these conditions. As the Americans did not arrive till six weeks after New Years, and as the tickets were not exclusively for the frequenters of their meetings, it was hardly fair in one of our contemporaries to insinuate that the object was to number and ticket Moody's converts. The children had their turn on Saturday at noon, and the working-people at night. On Sunday morning the young women were admitted by ticket, and at six o'clock P. M. the Palace was filled both inside and outside, as an Irishman would say. While several ministers, along with Mr. Sankey, conducted the service inside, Mr. Moody addressed a crowd in the open air that filled the whole space between the Palace and the gate of the Botanic Gardens. Many hundreds did not even get the length of the garden gate. The estimates of the vast throng—mere guess-work, of course—range from fifteen to thirty thousand. A month ago, in the same place and under the same auspices, another meeting was held for six and a half hours. We refer to the "Christian Convention," which Dr. Cairns declared to be "unparalleled in the history of the Scotch, perhaps of British Christianity." It was reported that about five thousand were present, of whom some two thousand were ministers and office-bearers from Scotland and the North of England.

Now these are conspicuous facts, and challenge the respectful attention and sympathy of all, whatever their religious views may be, were it on no higher principle than that of the ancient poet, "I am a man, and deem nothing human uninteresting to me." Some have already photographed the humorous side of

these religious assemblies, and proved what we dare say nobody will deny, that some blemishes cleave to them. We are persuaded, however, that many of our readers will not be disinclined to look at the higher aspects of "these wondrous gatherings day by day;" for we are not aware that so many large and representative meetings have been drawn together in Glasgow by any cause or interest whatever during the past century. Here is a novel addition to the "May meetings"—a new General Assembly, with representatives of almost every class of society and every Protestant Church in the land.

The religious movement, of which these meetings are the most outstanding manifestation, dates, so far as it met the public eye from "the week of prayer" in the beginning of January. The ministers and office-bearers of almost all the churches then met, and formed a committee to arrange for united prayer meetings, and also for the expected visit of the American Evangelists. The record of what was going on in the North of England, and especially in Edinburgh, had previously inflamed, as well as informed, many of the more receptive and sympathetic souls. Tokens of growing interest had also been appearing in many quarters; and evangelistic services, such as those conducted by Mr. Brownlow North and others, had indicated that the spiritual thermometer was steadily rising. During the first week of January St. George's Church was crowded at noon, while the overflow was accommodated in Hope Street Free Gaelic Church. After the first fortnight Wellington Street United Presbyterian Church was made the centre, where, on an average, about a thousand met daily for prayer. In the second week of February, Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work among us; and for the last three months they have conducted meetings every day, with a few exceptions. The mind experiences a sense of fatigue in detailing their efforts. They certainly have not spared themselves. Here is something like an average week-day's work: twelve to one o'clock, prayer-meeting; one to two o'clock, conversation with individuals; four to five o'clock, Bible lecture, attended by some twelve or fifteen hundred; seven to half-past eight o'clock, evangelistic

meeting, with inquiry meeting at close; nine to ten o'clock, young men's meeting. The tale of some Sabbath-day's work is even heavier: nine to ten o'clock, City Hall; eleven to half-past twelve o'clock, a church service; five to seven o'clock, women's; seven to nine o'clock, men's meetings in City Hall. Very few men possess, or at least exercise, such powers of service; though in addition to the aid from the realm beyond on which true workers rely, we doubt not that congenial and successful Christian work may sustain a man beyond any other form of human effort. Admission to these meetings was usually by ticket, a necessary precaution against perilous overcrowding. The animated scenes of last week in the Botanic Gardens prove that the interest has not waned, even after three months' use and wont had worn off the edge of novelty.

Accepting this as a genuine Christian work, it may be worth while to fix attention on some of its leading characteristics and results. We would say here, in passing, that we cannot well understand why some educated minds, without granting a hearing, condemn religious revivals out-and-out on philosophical grounds. Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual; but it has been now and then by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves has had its "freshet." We are familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts, and politics. Times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history; and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both.

To say that the work betrays some imperfections, and that there have been many objectors, is only to say what has been justly said of every great enterprise, civil and religious. But this revival seems to be distinguished from all previous revivals by the circumstance that it has been indorsed by something like the catholic consent of the churches. From the outset, nearly

all our leading ministers, and not a few of our foremost laymen, identified themselves with it. They sat and sang together on the pulpit stairs and platform at the daily prayer-meeting. A Highland member of the Free Church Presbytery lately protested against some of the accompaniments; and in a court that numbers about one hundred and fifty members, there was not one to second his lament. One of our most conservative churches—the Reformed Presbyterian—gave its unanimous and cordial approval the other day at its Synod.

The unfriendly letter-writers fall into two classes. Some sign themselves clergymen, and are much exercised about their clerical status. If any in these days will make it their chief concern to stand upon their official dignity, they shall find by-and-by that they have not much ground to stand upon. No evangelists, however, have come among us who have more respected the position and influence of the ministers. Mr. Moody's first statement at his first meeting in the City Hall was, that he met with the Sabbath-school teachers first, because he knew that no class would welcome him more heartily, with the single exception of the ministers, and that it would be presumption in him to lecture them. The other class of unfriendly critics write in the interest of intellectualism and culture in its "broadest" sense. We suspect that the "sages," whose profession is, as one of themselves has said, that they are neither great sinners nor great saints, are the enemies of revivals only because they are the enemies of the things revived. Would they object, for instance, to a revival that gave body and popular attractions to the worn-out ideas which they commend as the *ne plus ultra* of attainable truth? At all events, it will not do for them to say that only the women and the children have been attracted, for there has been nightly a most imposing muster of the vigorous manhood of our city, and the City Hall has been often found too small to accommodate the men who flocked to some of the special services.

Mr. Moody is very fortunate in having such a colleague as Mr. Sankey. He has enriched evangelistic work by something approaching the discovery of a new power. He spoils the

Egyptians of their finest music, and consecrates it to the service of the tabernacle. Music in his hands is, more than it has yet been, the handmaid of the Gospel, and the voice of the heart. We have seen many stirred and melted by his singing before a word had been spoken. Indeed, his singing is just a powerful, distinct, and heart-toned way of speaking, that seems often to reach the heart by a short cut, when mere speaking might lose the road. Most people admit that the work has been conducted in a very calm and sober-minded fashion Mr. Moody is credited with a large share of shrewdness and common sense. He has not yielded to the temptations that powerfully assail his class. He does not give himself out to be coddled and petted by well-meaning but injudicious admirers. We have not noticed in him that offensive affectation of superior piety that provoked a sarcastic acquaintance of ours to say that some revivalists seemed to begin their story as Virgil makes Æneas begin his, "I am the pious Æneas." He keeps close to the essentials, and is free from such crotchets as often narrow the sphere and destroy the influence of evangelists. It is not irritation but balm, that he tries to bring to our religious divisions. It must be owned that a premium has not been set on the hysterical, the convulsive, and the sensational forms of religious excitement. The proverbial weakness for numbers has been more apparent in some of his sympathizers than in himself. Nor does he make himself responsible for the reality of every apparent conversion. He has set his face sternly against the religious dissipation in which some of his most indefatigable hearers rejoice. Novelty-hunters and marvel-mongers have not been gratified. Sight-seers have been usually excluded from the meetings for inquirers, and only "workers" have been admitted. That there has been nothing necessarily repellant to thoughtful and educated people is proved by the number of middle-class young men in sympathy, and by the fair proportion of them at the "Converts' Meeting," and also by the crowds of genteel people at the quiet afternoon Bible lectures. Though he has introduced some novel methods, he has stuck to the simple old truths, and his convictions are in entire

accord with Scottish orthodoxy. His straightforward, business-like, slap-dash style gives a fascinating air of reality to all he says, while his humor, capital hits, vivid and homely illustrations, and now and again his deep feeling, seldom fail to rivet the attention of his hearers. He has not a roundabout and far-off way of handling divine things, and hence many accuse him of abruptness, brusqueness, and undue familiarity. The Christian life he commends is manly and genial, intense, and yet not strained or twisted. These features go far to explain what would be called in America his personal magnetism.

Many ask, "But will it last? What is to come out of all this?" In Edinburgh, they say that since the Americans left, the impression has been steadily increasing, and that it has entered influential spheres almost untouched before. The summer scatterings will severely test the reality of the movement, but perhaps they may also scatter a share of the stimulus along both sides of the Clyde. The avowed end from the first has been that the ordinary congregational channels might be flushed and flooded with fresh energy. Such extraordinary efforts are most successful, though their success is less apparent when they add new power to ordinary agencies. If this be the result, the friends of the movement will have no cause for disappointment, while its enemies will point to the absence of demonstrative accompaniments as a proof that it has entirely collapsed.

We may expect that something will be gained from the experience of the past months. New methods of conducting meetings are already finding favor. Some may be in danger of surrendering hastily their individuality, and adopting modes of speech and action foreign to them. We may easily ascribe too much to the new methods of the American evangelists. Their success is due largely to the fact that they approach the Scottish churches on the side on which they are weakest. It would seem that Scottish styles are about as popular in America, as American styles have proved in Scotland, and for the very same reason. At the Evangelical Alliance in New York, the speakers from our country were most appreciated, because they were strong where Americans felt themselves to be weak. The

career of Dr. Hall in New York is also a notable case in point. By all means let us have more elasticity, and a greater readiness to adopt and adapt whatever is serviceable. But, after all, new methods will not help the churches a great deal. The surprise and force of contrast soon wear off; and if men go too far for a little in any direction, they take their revenge in abandoning what formerly they overpraised. Age and repetition by-and-by make the most skillful methods dull and conventional. The grand need is far deeper—an inward vitality that makes men and churches fresh, vigorous, and fruitful. If, as we are told, multitudes in all the churches have been recently quickened, new bottles should be made, as well as borrowed, for the new wine.

Some confidently expect a more general co-operation of Christians than has hitherto prevailed. Dr. James Hamilton's quaint illustration has been so far verified. When the tide is out, each shrimp has a little pool of salt water, which is to him all the ocean for the time being. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet and mingle, and soon they have ocean's boundless fields to roam in. It will be a pity if an ebbing tide carries each back to his little narrow pool.

The relation of this work to the masses has been much discussed. Those who blame Mr. Moody for not working among them should remember that the tickets for all the meetings were distributed by the ministers of each district, and that in some cases the non-church-going had the preference. Recent speeches in presbyteries and synods show that many are anxious to give a home-mission direction to the movement. Quickened life in presence of neglected multitudes must approve its sincerity by zealous mission work. We hear that the committee have already purchased a monster tent, capable of holding two thousand, and that it will soon be one of their chief rallying-points. The young ladies of the choir, who give invaluable aid, are likely, it is said, to continue at their post. This would be a very graceful and telling way of bringing together the East and West Ends. Hundreds of young ladies with splendid

voices and an expensive musical education might thus find a grateful relief from *ennui*, and a healthful substitute for other excitements. The work among the masses gives them a fine opportunity of gaining a recompense for all the trouble and cost by which they have become gifted musicians. It will be a new power to them, and to many preachers who can appreciate such co-operation."

Says one: It seems to be generally admitted that the young men have had the largest share of the blessing. Their case from the very first was especially laid upon the hearts and consciences of the praying people. Our spiritual dead among the young men were carried forth like the dead son of the widow of Nain. A widowed Church carried them forth with affectionate sorrow; but not in despair, as Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and His fame was in the land. At His bidding she stood still, expecting His aid; and many of our spiritual dead heard His life-giving word, and were restored to the crown and joy of the Church. I do not think that I have ever seen better religious meetings than some of those young men's meetings."

Among the laborers at Glasgow was Brownlow North, Esq., one of the wonderful men whom God has lately raised up to propagate the Gospel outside the ordinary channels. We give the following obituary notice:

The death of this distinguished lay preacher and evangelist took place at Tillichewan, Dumbartonshire, on the 9th of November. "All that was interesting in his life to the Christian community," says the *Daily News*, "began exactly twenty-one years ago in November, 1854, when he was suddenly and overwhelmingly arrested by the fear of death when playing at cards. He was then forty-four years of age, and his previous life had been such as to make him tremble at the prospect of death and judgment. His talents were of a very high order, with the athletic frame and vast energy he was fitted to take a foremost position in any line of life he might have chosen. But, not requiring to engage in professional pursuits, he gave himself to what seemed to him a life of pleasure, and, in the highest sense of the word, became a man of the world. But the cold hand of death, as

he took it to be, came upon him with a terrible arrest, he earnestly cried for mercy that night, next day he announced to his family and friends that for the future he was a changed man, and he immediately owned God in his house by daily prayer and reading of the Scriptures. After many months he found peace of conscience through our Lord Jesus Christ, set himself to distribute tracts, and visit the sick and dying in his neighborhood. Gradually this led to larger meetings, and then to preaching in country churches, for which his Oxford studies fitted him; for he had been educated in the Church of England but his conscience kept him from taking orders. After two or three years he preached in Edinburgh to great crowds, and with a very singular power. He had been carefully taught the grand Bible truths regarding sin, redemption, and regeneration; he always stated them with great clearness and force. But at that time his peculiar power above other preachers lay in his marvellous unfolding of those two truths—the existence and presence of the Living God, and the great eternity that is before every man. These truths he did not hold, but was held by them, and was borne onward with an irrepressible enthusiasm to communicate them to every living man whom his words could reach.

After three months of toil and conquest almost unparalleled in the history of evangelization, the brethren turned their faces to the North, having closed their campaign in the following way:

The last week has been a most impressive one. The interest may be said to have culminated in the assemblages in the Kibble palace. On Tuesday evening a fresh meeting of *women* took place there; all classes and ages were largely represented, and the bearing of the majority was most devout. Although upward of five thousand were accommodated within the building, the issue of tickets had been so liberal that nearly two thousand more could not gain admittance, and were addressed on the green outside by various clergymen. Even among those who could hear nothing the greatest good humor prevailed.

On Wednesday night upward of seven thousand men managed to find sitting and standing room within the Palace, packing exceedingly close. The vast assemblage was most

decorous, and obeyed orders implicitly. The full, strong singing of the hymns was a sound to be remembered. Numbers of inquirers gathered afterward in the opposite church and many could state that there was a good result of that night's work.

Admission to these two meetings had been exclusively by ticket. On Thursday night the Palace was open to all; but soon the doors had to be shut, leaving large numbers outside. The meetings throughout were conducted in the usual vigorous style, Mr. Moody being present, and delivering pointed addresses, clergymen and laymen relating their own experiences, and bringing forward instances and reports of the work elsewhere.

On Friday evening came the meeting for those who professed to have been converted during the last few months. The tickets for this had only been given to those who placed their names and addresses, and the names of their ministers, on a register, opened for the purpose; and of which, they were informed, extracts would be forwarded to the clergymen to whose churches they belonged, thus to prevent thoughtless application for converts' tickets, an ultimate check being established. The Palace was comfortably filled, and the utmost order prevailed. In looking over the assemblage, it was apparent that the great proportion consisted of young people, probably under twenty-five years of age. All were well-dressed, clear-eyed people, in the ring of whose voices, when singing the opening hymn of praise, more than the common sound was heard. It was a glorious sight. Some, no doubt, may have joined that throng without due warrant; but with such exceptions, each individual had found his title clearly written in the Word of his Lord and Master. One instance came within our knowledge of two ladies who, receiving tickets under a misapprehension, personally came to deliver them up. This was the more honorable, as many would have entered by any means in their power, had the register not stood in the way. An instance, indeed, occurred of one old lady, who, having made up her mind to enter, would take no denial, and

indignantly gave the peculiar reason for insistence, that she was well known to the best people of the West End, and to the magistrates of the city and county.

On Saturday came the meeting for children, and in the evening another for grown people; but the greatest gathering of the week took place on the Sabbath, when, after a meeting in the morning for women who had not obtained admittance on the previous Tuesday, the gates were thrown open in the afternoon to all comers. Such a crowd as had never been seen in these parts before. Many a time during the week the Great Western road had been darkened for an hour and a half with the living stream, but that night for three hours the stream was incessant. Vehicles were not easily to be had on Sunday, so nearly all came on foot—all classes, "gentle and simple," young and old, blind and lame. The Palace was immediately filled, but the afternoon sun was so hot there that soon the whole had to turn out on the green; there a crowd, variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, was soon gathered. Some apprehension was entertained that mishaps might ensue inside or outside the building; but by the exercise of considerable firmness, and compliance with orders on the part of the people, the danger was happily averted. Mr. Moody addressed the crowd, standing on the box of a private carriage, and by those within comfortable ear-shot he was considered to have surpassed himself in earnestness and force. The singing of the sweet hymns by such a strength of voices, sounded upon that quiet sunny Sabbath evening from amidst the fresh foliage of the gardens, was deeply impressive. Such a sight, too, had probably never before been seen within the limits of the land. While the main body dispersed, filling all the approaches and the public roads, about five thousand christians, and those professedly anxious about their own state, gathered inside the Palace, and for the last time heard the voice of the man for whom such an affection has sprung up in the hearts of many. The scene was impressive when an English speaker, with rapid and energetic utterance, reminded the assemblage, many of whom had the greatest cause to thank God for all he

had recently done for and by them, that that man (Mr. Moody) ought to be constantly remembered in the prayers of all, to whom he had proved an instrument of grace. Many were much moved. Mr. Moody then took a farewell of the people, most of whom he could never hope to see again in the body, and, as a final message, declared that many christian friends in that place and elsewhere had agreed to unite in prayer that night for those then gathered together who might be anxious about their own state, conscious they were not saved. The twilight was rapidly deepening when he asked those in such a case to rise to their feet in sign of their desire. The solemnity of feeling was indeed deep, when from four to five hundred persons quietly rose all over the house, and as quietly resumed their places, actuated evidently by something outside their ordinary lives.

Was not that something like the Spirit of God? We shall, perhaps, never know here; but when from among the ranks of those who have felt his power we find men and women quietly affirming to friends and strangers the inner change which has been wrought in them, and then going out to work for him; when we find this wide-spread, and representatives of all classes among the believers, have we any right further to question that God has been working, and will continue to work, in men's hearts powerfully? Be the instruments who they may, are they not of God's choosing? Some of his own servants may have been kept from joining in the work of promoting the awakening; but now that the first instruments of this general awakening have left us, it must be, it is, the sacred duty of all the stated ministers in the field to take up the work where it now stands, and to carry it on, thankful and joyful in the fresh vigor infused into the spiritual life of many, and jealous only for the extension of the Master's kingdom."

The Summer Blessing.

Another brief visit to Edinburgh and Dundee was followed by a tour of great interest in the Scottish Highland country. Many of their meetings were held in the open air, and attended

by vast multitudes. As a specimen of what transpired at these places we take the account of a visit to Elgin, Aberdeen, and Craig Castle.

It was a strange contrast last Thursday ; at five o'clock, in the busy Show at Inverness, at seven in the streets of Elgin quiet at all times, but that night altogether passengerless and deserted. Surely something unusual was going on—the streets abandoned, the house-doors fast, the shops closed. Through half a mile of the empty streets ours were the only footsteps that echoed on the pavement, and everything was silent and desolate as a plague-stricken city ! At last, just on the verge of the town, the stillness was broken by the distant sound of a voice, and the turn of a lane revealed a sight which time can never efface from the memory. There stood the inhabitants, motionless, breathless, plague-stricken indeed—plague-stricken with the plague of sin. The sermon was evidently half over, and the preacher, with folded arms, leaned over the wooden rail of the rude platform. Oh, the sin upon these faces round him ! How God was searching the heart that night ! I cannot tell you who were there, or how many, or what a good choir there was, or what Mr. Sankey sang, or which dignitary prayed. I cannot tell you how beautifully the sun was setting, or how fresh the background of woods looked, or how azure the sky was. But these old men penitent, these drunkards petrified, these strong men's tears, these drooping heads of women, these groups of gutter children, with their wondering eyes ! Oh, that multitude of thirsty ones—what a sight it was ! What could the preacher do but preach his best ? And long after the time for stopping was it a marvel to hear the persuasive voice still pleading with these Christless thousands ?

One often hears doubts as to the possibility of producing an impression in the open air, but there is no mistake this time. No, there is no mistaking these long concentric arcs of wistful faces curving around the speaker, and these reluctant tears, which conscious guilt has wrung from eyes unused to weep. Oh, the power of the living Spirit of God ! Oh, the fascination of the Gospel of Christ ! Oh, the gladness of the old, old story

of these men and women hurrying graveward! The hundred and-one nights in Glasgow excepted, never have we seen th Holy Spirit's nearness more keenly realized. These thousand just hung spell-bound on the speaker's lips. It seemed as if h daren't stop, so many hungry ones were there to feed. A last he seemed about to close, and the audience strained t catch the last solemn words; when the preacher, casting hi eye on a little boy, seemed moved with an overpowering desir to tell the little ones of a children's Christ. Then followed fo fifteen minutes more the most beautiful and pathetic children' sermon we have ever heard; and then, turning to the weepin mothers and fathers, concluded with a last tender appeal, whic must have sunk far into many a parent's heart.

Long before the close of the address it was evident to a that the Lord of the harvest was going to give us a gloriou reaping-time that night. We had not, indeed, been ten minute on the ground, when a stranger whispered, in the very middl of the address, "Will you come and speak to a woman abou her soul?" at the same time pointing out a drooping figur standing near, with face buried in her shawl. We were not su prised, therefore, at the great crowds which entered the inquir meetings—in one church for women, another in a large hall fo men, while the Christians went apart by themselves to anothe church to pray. The arrangements connected with these afte meetings were all beautifully managed, and shortly after nin o'clock the whole three were well under way. The women inquiry-meeting was supplied with relays of workers from th prayer-meeting. The work was on a very large scale, and th workers' report was, that the cases were of a very hopeful cha acter. But the work among the men—and this is a splendi testimony to the depth and reality of the impressions—wa even on a larger scale still; and the sight in the Evangelist Hall, where the men's inquiry-meeting was held, is not soon t be forgotten. The whole hall was filled with men, broken u into little groups of twos and threes, talking in hushed y earnest voices on the great subject of the one thing needfu while behind, in the committee-room, half a hundred young me

were gathered in prayer for their groping brothers. Many of these had themselves but newly decided for Christ, and were the fruit of the week's meetings for men, which have been blessed by God far above all expectation.

It is useless to attempt to give even an approximate idea of the extent of the blessing which fell upon Elgin on Thursday night. The whole of Morayshire has shared it, and a powerful hold has been gained in nearly every farm house and village throughout the country side.

At the pressing request of a large number of those who had taken part in the evangelistic work set going in Aberdeen some months ago, Mr. Moody paid a farewell visit to Aberdeen in August, and addressed several meetings, at the same time taking occasion to urge on to greater zeal those who were engaged in the good work. Mr. Sankey has been obliged to go south to a more genial temperature to recruit his health, but Mr. Moody has wrought on since he left Aberdeen, in different districts in the north, almost without ceasing; the same remarkable results always attending his labors.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Moody met with a large body of young converts in the Free South Church, and addressed to them a few parting words. He spoke on his favorite topic of "confessing Christ," pleading hard with those who had lately come to Christ to come boldly forward and confess Him.

The Music Hall was crowded to excess long before eight o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Moody was announced to give an address, the passages, orchestra, and galleries being quite packed. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," was the text on which Mr. Moody based his discourse. Christ did not say these words to a drunkard, to a thief, to a harlot, but to a man who in our days would be made a D.D. or an LL.D.

After referring to the often-doubted possibility of sudden conversions by those who could not understand it, even although there were living evidences of it before them, he bade the meeting farewell, with the hope that they would all meet on the shores of eternity.

Mr. Moody stayed in the hall conversing with anxious inquirers until about ten o'clock, when he drove to a men's meeting in Trinity Free Church, which had gathered at nine o'clock in the expectation that Mr. Moody would give them a farewell address. In the course of the few sentences he spoke to them, Mr. Moody said they could have no idea of the influence the Aberdeen men's meetings had had in other places he had visited. In all of the towns the example of Aberdeen had been followed, and large bands of young men were enlisted in evangelistic work.

A number of the young men then retired with Mr. Moody into an ante-room, to hold private conversation with him, and he continued to converse with them until it was time to go and prepare for his journey to Wick by steamer.

On Sunday afternoon, an open air evangelistic service was held on Craig Castle lawn, conducted by Mr. Moody. The weather in the early part of the day was very unpropitious, heavy showers descending, with brief intervals, until four P.M., when the rain ceased, and it continued fair during the evening. The wet detained not a few at their homes, no doubt, but most of those who came seemed to have determined to be present in any case; and by five o'clock a very large company—especially taking into account the thinly-peopled districts from which they had gathered—had assembled on the beautiful lawn in front of the castle. Every valley and hamlet within a radius of ten miles sent its company in gig, cart, or afoot, until at five o'clock about 2,500 people stood on the lawn. The gathering resembled somewhat one of the Covenanter hill-side meetings, save that while the Bibles were still present, the broadswords were altogether absent; and the rendezvous, instead of being a wild, rocky pass, was a hospitable castle, with its fairy dell and leaping linn, celebrated in song, and known as one of the loveliest spots in Scotland.

The beauty of the scene seemed specially to move Mr. Moody, who referred to it in his discourse, which was one of peculiar beauty, power, and pathos. Standing in an open carriage placed near a towering tree, the preacher spoke for nearly an hour from

the parable of the marriage feast. A very marked impression was produced, and many retired at the close of the service for conversation with the preacher and other ministers and friends.

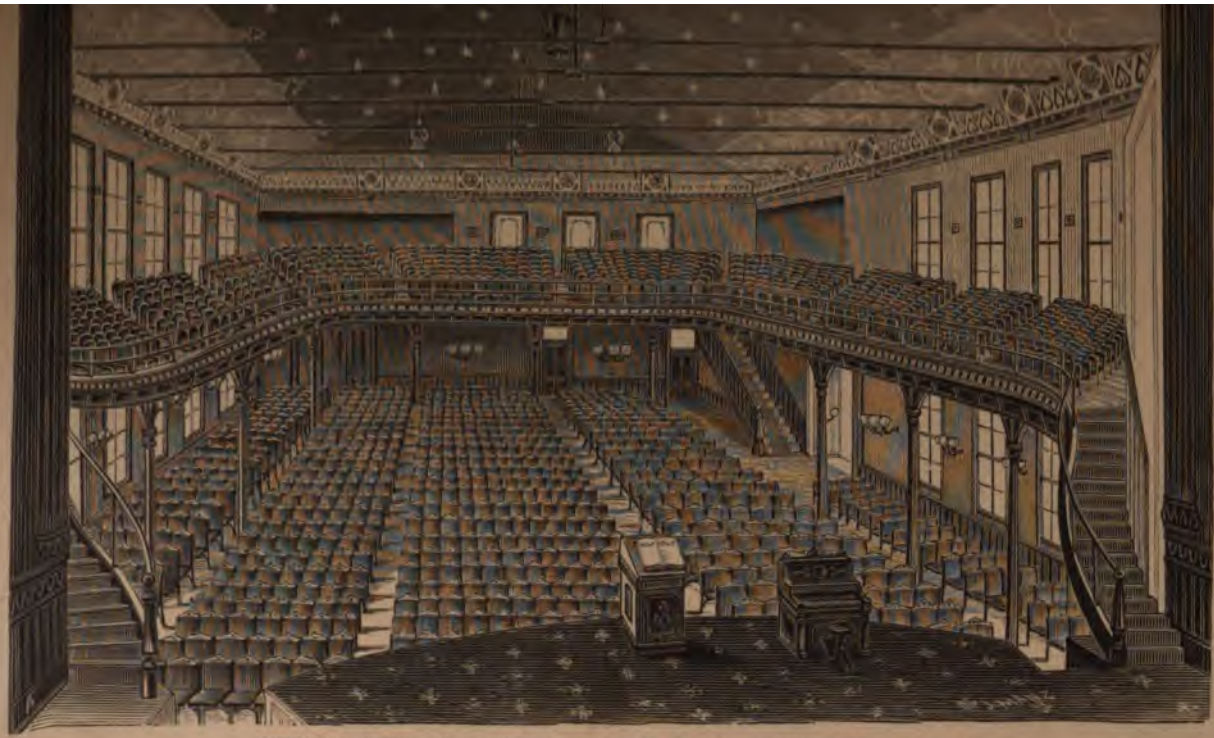
The Craig gathering of August, 1874, will, we believe, be ever memorable to not a few as "the beginning of days" to them.

"I must say," said Dr. H. Bonar, "that I have not seen or heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober, though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched, and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement and fall entirely in with every part of their proceeding need not be expected. Yet I will say that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movement which took place in Scotland about thirty years ago, in most of which I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more of excitement then than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began, I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading these immense gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, 'When do you intend to stop?' 'Not till we have carried all before us.' So say our brethren from Chicago. We say Amen. This needy world says Amen. Human wickedness



and evil say Amen. Heaven and earth say Amen. The wo
is great and the time is short. But the strength is not of m
but of God."

And after more than two years have passed by, the gr
results continue to appear, and the wave of holy influence l
swept with purifying energy over all that land.



INTERIOR VIEW OF FARWELL HALL, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, CHICAGO.



CHAPTER XIV.

The Evangelists in Ireland.

At his last Bible-reading Mr. Moody said that, in considering what should be the subject, he thought, What was it he wanted most himself? When nine months ago he came to Scotland, a perfect stranger, he felt utterly powerless, and could only have been sustained by the Holy Spirit's help; now, when he was going to Ireland, he felt just the same; and if he attempted to go there resting upon the grace given for Scotland he should fail. He needed a fresh anointing for this new service.

In this spirit of entire reliance upon the Lord, Mr. Moody contemplated the Irish field. God honors those who honor Him. We shall see how much this confidence in the Lord was justified by the results of efforts in Ireland.

It would seem that after fourteen months of such toil, they might well have taken a little rest. But Ireland was calling them; and bidding farewell to Scotland, they proceeded to Belfast, where they held their first meetings on Sunday, Sept. 6, 1874.

The work had a good commencement in Belfast. Numbers thronged and crushed to the churches, so much so that the happy plan was adopted of dividing the meetings, and holding gatherings for women only at two o'clock, and for men only at eight o'clock. Consequently, the large churches are well filled, without any unseemly disorder.

On Friday Mr. Moody addressed both meetings, taking for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that

which was lost." With great power and aptitude he proclaime the Lord Jesus as the "Seeker;" and very touchingly he co vinced the people that He was now seeking each individuall seeking to save and to bless them. Mighty *Faith*, then, appea to be the secret of Mr. Moody's power. On the hearers he urge *decision*, now to believe, instant salvation on faith in Jesus onl His address was interspersed with telling illustrations, whic came right home to every heart. He rapidly referred to the pa able of the lost sheep and lost piece of silver, and graphicall narrated the sudden conversion of Zaccheus, unmistakably ev denced by the immediate fruit of the Spirit in his change from a extortioner to a restitutor. Mr. Sankey's very sweet solos an touching hymns, accompanied on the American harmonium seemed to exercise a powerful effect in, as it were, deepening th impression of the Word.

The large church, which holds 2,000, was filled with women c all classes; and the one which holds 1,500 had every seat occu pied with men. They were mostly shopkeepers and mechanic and a large proportion such as do not regularly attend churche After the evening meeting the Christians were invited to remai and pray for the speakers to the anxious, and the inquirers we directed to side apartments, of which several were filled wi those whom the Holy Spirit was convincing of sin, and of t need of the seeking Saviour. Thus, while such a glorious wo as has been witnessed in Scotland has not yet taken pla in Belfast, a sweet and encouraging commencement has be made.

The interest in the meeting in the evening is increasing. Fro fifty to a hundred remain each evening, under anxiety of so desiring to be pointed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away t sin of the world. These are found of all classes, and of shades of moral and religious character—backsliders, notorio sinners, moral young men, whose consciences are yet tender, a skeptics, whose hearts have been blasted as by an east wind. T majority of the inquirers are young men. This is a special, a I may add a most hopeful, feature of the work. Many se

clearly to have embraced the offered gift, and to be rejoicing in God.

On Sabbath Mr. Moody held a meeting for Christian workers at the early hour of eight, and notwithstanding the hour the place was crowded, so much so that the overflow filled an adjoining room. The address was touching entire consecration to God, and more whole-hearted activity in His service. An open-air meeting was advertised for half-past two o'clock. It was held in an open space, in the midst of the mill-workers of our town. Few, if any, of the thousands who attended that meeting will ever forget it. Very many, I believe, will remember it with joy in the Father's home on high. The attendance was great, estimated variously at from ten to twenty thousand! The weather was exceedingly favorable. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." While he did so I could observe in the glistening eye, and the deep sighs of many around where I stood, that it was even so.

As time advances, this gracious work of God seems to extend and deepen rapidly. On Tuesday the experiment was tried of holding a meeting in the evening exclusively for women, in order to reach the case of workers in mills and warehouses. More than an hour before the time of meeting, the streets around were packed with a dense mass of women; and when the gates were opened the place was filled almost in a moment; and after that, with the overflow, three large churches. In all these meetings the anxious, willing to be spoken to, were more than could be overtaken. We have reached a blessed difficulty—our inability to find Christian workers in sufficient number, who are able and willing to point the seeking sinner to the Lamb of God.

The number of strangers who from long distances visit Belfast to attend the mid-day meetings is daily increasing. In this way the work is already extending, and, I trust, will cover the whole island. At its present stage of progress, the most marked features are desire to hear the Word of God, willingness to be spoken to upon the state of the soul, frank confession on the part of many that they do not savingly know Jesus; and, most blessed of all

the equally frank confession on the part of many that they have "found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth."

To-day the mid-day meeting is solely for professing Christians —the subject, "Assurance." In the evening the meeting is intended for such only as are seeking Jesus. Mr. Moody has adopted these expedients because of the want of any hall or building sufficient to contain the crowds seeking admission.

Intense calm and deep earnestness characterized all the meetings. The Holy Spirit was poured out, not with a rushing wind, but in a still, small voice. An unusual proportion of fine young men waited to be conversed with in the inquiry-rooms. All seemed to feel there are but the two classes, the saved and the lost.

Various were the difficulties felt by inquirers, but all such as anxious souls have expressed from time to time. Some could not understand what "coming to Christ" is; others had previously come, but were staggered because they had not the complete mastery of sin; others, again, had not felt a sufficient sense of danger. Warm-hearted and experienced Christians listened to the difficulties of each and all, and were in most cases enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak the suited word and remove the stumbling-blocks.

The open-air meeting was attended by numbers variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. The fundamental truths of the gospel were forcibly put and ably illustrated. Many were bathed in tears. Multitudes of careless men and women have been awakened.

Singing bears a most important part in the work of God. Deeply effective are Mr. Sankey's solos, not only in touching the heart's affections, but in deepening the impressions made by the Word. The solo "Too Late," following on Mr. Moody's address on the despair of the lost in hell, had the most solemn effect. The wail, "Oh! let us in; oh! let us in," and the awful response, "Too late! too late! you cannot enter now," are enough to wring the inmost soul of every wavering and undecided sinner.

A meeting for inquirers only was arranged to be held in the evening of the same day, in the Ulster Hall, the largest public building we have. Admission to this meeting was strictly limited to those professing anxiety to find Jesus. Christian workers were admitted by ticket, a method adopted to avoid the mistake too often made at such meetings of allowing incompetent or improper persons to engage in such work. There is not one Christian in a hundred fitted for this most delicate and difficult service, requiring, as it does, close communion with Jesus, much knowledge of the human heart, and very clear views of gospel truth, and not less a desire to know nothing, and to speak of nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

While all this is true, it is equally true that none are oftener blessed in this work than young converts, while their virgin love is yet fresh, and their faith clear and simple. There was at the meeting for inquirers an attendance of some 500—this in addition, it may be noticed, to many meetings of like kind held in various churches at the close of the evening service. It was very touching and stimulating, when an opportunity was given by Mr. Moody at the close of the meeting, to hear many young men read out, in trembling tones, and yet with beaming countenances, some previous promise of the Word of God. It seemed like throwing out a life-buoy to the struggling ones around, who were swimming for life in the waters of death—like the letting down of a cord to the prisoners in the pit in which there is no water. Subsequent information in the young men's meeting proved that these truths were laid hold of savingly by not a few that Sabbath night in the Ulster Hall.

On Sabbath night we had our first meeting for young men, from nine till ten o'clock. To the surprise of all of us, there were about 1,500 present. The beginning is a special work, which, I trust, will spread as in Glasgow. There had been during the spring a very marked work among the young men in Belfast, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. Now it has been deepened and greatly extended.

During the week the tide of spiritual life seemed to increase

each day. The Bible-readings at two o'clock have been full of interest, specially stimulating to many whose spiritual life had hitherto been very dormant.

The manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power were very marked. In the earlier days of the movement, of the many who were deeply convinced of sin, comparatively few seemed to come to rest and peace and faith in Jesus. It seemed as if a higher tide of the Spirit's power were needed to guide them through the quicksands of difficulty, and over the bar of doubt and distrust, into the haven of rest.

This week, we thank God, it is otherwise. We can say with thanksgiving concerning many, "They which have believed do enter into rest."

The meeting for the young was very striking. Mr. Moody presided. The truth seemed to reach, in the Spirit's power, many young hearts. A meeting for boys under fifteen has been organized. Some of the cases in it are exceedingly touching, affording, I conceive, illustrations of the work of God upon the human heart in its simplest and deepest form. This meeting for boys assembles every evening now at half-past seven.

On Monday we had no meeting—rather, one of the most remarkable meetings, I shall venture to say, ever held in Belfast. Fisherwick Place Church was open for inquirers from two till ten o'clock. Mr. Moody and other Christian workers were occupied all that time in pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. It is impossible to say how many wounded spirits were conversed with during the day. Many very experienced Christians, who have seen much of the Lord's work in other years, declare they never saw a meeting like it.

It was a sight which would, I think, have drawn tears of joy from any heart, to see upward of 200 young men, the very flower of our youth, one after another acknowledging the yoke of Jesus. Passing just across the street, I entered May Street Church, where more than 1,000 men were assembled to hear the glad tidings of great joy.

In order that as many as possible might have an opportunity

of hearing the gospel at these special services, admission on Tuesday night was by tickets, given only to such as had not hitherto heard Mr. Moody. About 3,000 tickets were given on personal application. It was a season to be remembered. The soil, so to speak, was virgin; the attention so marked as to be almost painful in its silence; the presence of God very powerful in the consciousness of every spiritual mind. The inquirers at the close of the meeting were spoken to, as far as they could be overtaken, in adjacent churches, to which the men and women were sent respectively.

It is worthy of remark, the great contrast in outward manifestation between the present work and that of 1859. I have not heard of or noticed any physical excitement—not even an outcry, much less what were then known as "prostrations."

Here let me say, it has been most noteworthy that during the last weeks, while we have had most inclement weather, every Sabbath-day, and at the hour of our great gatherings, it has been all that could be desired.

The number in attendance was fully equal to any preceding Sabbath. It may give you some idea of the multitude if I state that the field on which the meeting was held contains about six acres, and that the people stood densely packed from one end to the other. There was profound solemnity. The impression upon the hearts of the people by the truth in the power of the Spirit was very deep, as the sequel will show.

Mr. Moody held his usual meeting on Sabbath evening for those in deep distress about salvation, and for those who had found eternal life during the past weeks through faith in Jesus. The meeting was exclusively for men, and admission solely by ticket. The hall in which it was held was completely filled. Mr. Moody stated in the noon-day prayer-meeting on Monday that, in his judgment, it was *the most remarkable meeting he has had yet in Europe*. To God be all the praise! One after another of these young men—and they comprise the very flower of our youth—rose, and, with clearness and wonderful felicity of expression, in burning words, declared what God had done for his soul. At length, at nine o'clock, the meeting was closed.

Meanwhile another meeting of men was assembling in a chur
It was already very nearly filled when we heard the tread o
large company approaching. It was a phalanx of these redeem
youths. They sang the new song. In a spontaneous burst
praise they were telling forth the wonders of redeeming love.
language can describe the scene. The heavenly echoes of t
burst of praise, I think, will never be forgotten by any who he
it. The meeting that followed, consisting of some two thous
men, I need not say, was one of profound interest—Jesus in
midst, and the marching glorious.

During each day of this week, and at every gathering, m
and more of the presence of the God of salvation has been ma
fested. Let me in a sentence or two describe one which, in so
language, was most wonderful. Mr. Moody addressed on M
day evening in Fisherwick Place Church, a meeting of men.
the close of his address all who had recently been found by
Good Shepherd, and also all who were seeking Him, w
requested to retire to the adjoining lecture-room. Some
hundred men did so. Mr. Moody again sifted them, by requ
ing that those only who were deeply anxious to be saved sho
adjourn to another room. Probably nearly three hundred did
In breathless stillness Mr. Moody addressed them, very bri
stating that he could do no more for them—that they had he
the gospel, and that it was for themselves to decide. He cal
upon them to kneel and pray for themselves. They bowed
one man, and now here and now there might be heard the sl
cry for mercy—a few earnest words of supplication; proba
about thirty or forty so cried to God one after the other. Su
the Lord is in this place! was the thought which rose in h
fear in the hearts of all.

After a short prayer by Mr. Moody, he addressed them v
faithfully. He again held forth Christ, and invited all to
who felt that they could there and then accept Jesus. All of t
large company, save twenty or thirty, stood up, and solem
avouched the Lord to be their God. This wonderful sight can
be described. The glory of it cannot be realized, even by th

best acquainted with divine things. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what shall we say of the gladness in the Father's house when the prodigals in companies of some two hundred enter, as it were, at once?

Thursday, October 8, we had fixed for a gathering of the masses in the open air. Many had fears for the weather, but much prayer in many places over the three kingdoms was offered to God for the success of the meeting. God did for us above what we asked. The weather was splendid; everything as regards order and decorum all that any of us could wish. It was the largest open-air meeting I ever attended. I cannot pretend to fix a limit to the numbers. He who counts the stars knew the history of each present, and what were the dealings of his heart with Christ and the free offer of His salvation. The only regret that seemed to be expressed by any was, that the services were so short.

Mr. Moody addressed the vast multitude from the words, "I pray thee, have me excused." With graphic felicity, great clearness, and soul-piercing power, he exposed the miserable pretences by which sinners impose upon themselves in refusing a present offer of present blessedness. The address seemed to strike with convicting power many consciences, and, from many instances coming under my own observation at the inquiry-meeting in Fisherwick Place Church, I have reason to believe in salvation power.

The great gathering in the Botanic Gardens on October 8 has been our crowning mercy in this season of blessing. We feel as if every prayer had been heard and every heart gratified by our gracious God. As the days pass, and as tidings reach us from the country districts all around, we continually hear of rich blessings bestowed and of precious fruits following. Many carried with them to their homes the spark of renewed life. That spark has, in some cases, already burnt into a blaze. We receive the good news from many places of great readiness to hear the Word of God, and the cry, "Come over and help us," reaches us from many quarters.

Our dear American brethren left us on Saturday for Derry. Tidings have reached us that a great and effectual door was opened unto them in that city.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey returned from Derry this morning (October 15) to hold their final meeting ere passing on to Dublin. Mr. Moody presided at the noon-day prayer-meeting. The subject was, "Lessons from the Life of Jacob." The meeting was one of great interest. The meeting in the evening was held in St. Enoch's Church. It was exclusively for sinners under anxiety of soul, who professed to be earnestly seeking Jesus. Admission was by tickets, and that, moreover, on personal application.

Readers may judge of the depth of the movement and the measure of awakening power upon the souls of men by the Spirit of God, when I state that upward of 2,400 persons were so admitted! It was Mr. Moody's last appeal in Belfast to the Christless. I may not attempt to describe the scene! He set before the anxious, sin-stricken multitude, Jesus in all the glory of His sufficiency—in all the attractions of His dying love. He showed Him, as with one foot upon the threshold of the heart He sought admission. Now in faithful and firm words he warned them of the dangers of delay; and now he gently moved them, in tenderness, as one whom his mother comforteth. At length he ceased speaking, that each might hear, in the silence, the voice of Jesus pleading directly. And in the awful stillness of that moment many of that great company of seeking sinners, I trust, were able to say in words expressive of soul-submission, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I think it must have been the most notable meeting in the experience of Mr. Moody. I do not at present remember to have read of any such meeting, as regards the number of the awakened, in modern times. Does it not seem like a return of Pentecostal power, when 3,000 were similarly smitten with soul-concern?

The meeting in the evening was for the young converts—for all who have reason to believe that they had found Jesus since

Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Belfast. Admission was strictly by ticket. These tickets were only given on personal application. About *two thousand one hundred and fifty tickets were given!* What a rich harvest! How soon gathered! The result of some five weeks' work! I have good reason to believe that even this number fell very far short of the whole number who profess to have received Jesus as the gift of God.

It was a soul-stirring sight to see that vast multitude, including the Christian workers and ministers, numbering more than 3,000. It was like the sound of many waters to hear this multitude sing the new song. As all stood and sung in one burst of praise—

> "O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

the effect was overpowering, filling the soul with a sweet foretaste of the praises of heaven.

Mr. Moody's last word of comfort and encouragement was founded on Rom. xiv. 4, "God is able to make him stand." He closed his address by commending all the new-born souls "to Him who is able to keep you from falling." Hundreds of men not used to a melting mood, with weeping eyes and heaving bosoms, heard him say, as he concluded, "Good-night; we shall meet in the morning when the shadows flee away."

A very touching incident in the service was the singing, by Mr. Sankey, of a hymn composed by a dying youth in Belfast, "Is there room? they say there is room!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Glory of God in Dublin.

The brethren began in this beautiful capital where only abo 40,000, or one-sixth of the population, are Protestant, on the 26 of October, and continued there till November 29. Says one:

"It was not found necessary to preach those sermons whi are generally used as a preparation for revival. The reviv commenced immediately. Dublin had been waiting to hear t Gospel preached; and its people, by crowds, when they hea it, eagerly pressed into the kingdom of Christ. From all ov the island, multitudes came up to attend the meetings; many whom went home happy in the love of Christ. One woman ca a hundred miles to hear Mr. Moody preach, but was too late obtain admission. The next day, however, she read a rep of his sermon in a morning paper, and it was blessed to her s vation. One new convert wrote a letter to a lady friend, a this letter was the means of her conversion. Then she read it her mother, who also was led to the Saviour: and afterwards h father and her brothers, all by reading the same letter, we induced to give their hearts to Christ."

We have never before seen such sights in Dublin as we ha seen this last week, night after night, at the Exhibition Pala It is estimated to hold 10,000 persons. Every night it is fille and the attention and silence is wonderful. One feels that t Spirit of God is present, and that "a wave of prayer" is conti ually going up to the throne from the Lord's people.

The committee of management procured the Exhibition P

ace for holding these services, the largest and most commodious building which has yet, in Europe, been placed at Mr. Moody's disposal. On Sunday last, the Christians of Dublin witnessed a sight to gladden their hearts. It has been estimated that, at the first service at four o'clock, from *twelve to fifteen thousand* persons were gathered there. Never before was it put to so blessed a use.

Such a sight has never before been witnessed here as may now be seen every day — thousands flocking to the prayer-meeting and the Bible-meeting, and most of all to the evening services in the great Exhibition Palace. It is a sight to fill the heart of the child of God with deepest emotion to stand upon the platform erected in that building, from which Mr. Moody preaches, and to cast one's eye over the vast concourse of people, hanging on the speaker's lips, as in burning words he discourses on life and death, heaven and hell, "Jesus and His love," and one cannot but ask the question, "What is the magic power which draws together those mighty multitudes, and holds them spell-bound?" Is it the worldly rank, or wealth, or learning, or oratory of the preacher? No; for he is possessed of but little of these (spiritually, indeed, he is richly endowed with them all). It is the simple lifting up of the cross of Christ—the holding forth of the Lord Jesus before the eyes of the people in all the glory of His Godhead, in all the simplicity of His manhood, in all the perfection of His nature, for their admiration, for their adoration, and for their acceptance.

For some time, notwithstanding the huge crowds, our brethren felt that they were not reaping heavy sheaves as they had done elsewhere. But the conviction grows upon us that the "set time" to favor us has come. The work is deepening and widening every day. In many families with which I am intimately acquainted, one or more of the members have hopefully turned unto the Lord. I know cases in which I may say the whole family has been brought to seek salvation as the one thing needful. It is very observable, too, how previously existing prejudice has abated, or entirely disappeared, at least in the case of those who

manifest any respect for religion. There are, of course, scoffers not a few. But it is tru.y a matter of astonishment in a city like this, that there is so little of open resistance or even of ridicule.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, as a rule, have acted a noble part. They have been respectful; and, to a certain extent, sympathizing. In this week's number of the *Nation*—an organ at once of National (as it is called) and Ultramontane principles—an article has appeared entitled "Fair Play!" which is exceedingly creditable, and which indicates the advent of a new day in Ireland. The editor informs his constituents that "the deadly danger of the age comes upon us from the direction of Huxley, and Darwin, and Tyndall, rather than from Moody and Sankey. Irish Catholics desire to see Protestants deeply imbued with religious feeling, rather than tinged with rationalism and infidelity; and as long as the religious services of our Protestant neighbors are honestly directed to quickening religious thought in their own body, without offering aggressive or intentional insult to us, it is our duty to pay the homage of our respect to their conscientious convictions; in a word, to *do as we would be done by.*" (The italics are the *Nation's.*) It would surely be a bright and blessed day for our country, if this spirit of mutual respect and toleration were everywhere honestly acted out amongst us. Mr. Moody never makes controversial reference to others. His success in attracting the favorable attention of our brethren of a different faith has been unexampled in the history of our city.

One very marked feature in the movement is the number of men that are influenced. Many people have remarked the large proportion of them that are inquiring.

A few nights ago an old gentleman, more than seventy years of age, threw himself down on his knees and sobbed like a child. He said, "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night, but I have been so unhappy since, I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' and if I don't get saved now, I never shall be."

Already the influence of this work has begun to tell upon the most remote districts of the country. Parties of thirty, fifty, sixty, etc., are being organized from the most distant parts to Dublin. Many of these carry back with them much blessing. We hear of the young converts witnessing for Christ fearlessly in the trains on their way home from their meetings. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." But we expect greater things still. I am fully confident, from all the indications I see, that next week will be likely greatly to surpass the previous delightful weeks we have had. The memory of these blessed meetings in the Metropolitan Hall and the Exhibition building, will long, yea, will ever be fragrant in our hearts. I do not think we had ever such an antepast of heaven.

The Public Breakfast given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey yesterday morning, was, in every way, a wonderful meeting. I heard nearly all to whom I spoke on the subject, say it was the happiest reunion they ever attended. It was a truly catholic gathering. Eminent men among us, under the influence of deep emotion, bore testimony to the spiritual good they had received at the meetings. Ministers testified of the instruction and quickening that had come to them.

No men—ministers, evangelists or others—ever before brought a more interested assembly around them in Dublin than these honored servants of the Lord did yesterday morning in the Shelbourne Hotel. And yet it is not Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but the Christ they preach and sing. It is Christ lifted up that draws all men unto Him. Oh that we might all learn that we have here the true and only uniting power for Ireland!

I can confidently say that the work here intensifies and spreads every day, I might say every hour. Some of our more timid and cautious friends who had almost never come in contact with a great religious awakening, were fearful, while we were making our preliminary arrangements, that it would be next to impossible to keep up the interest of the people for a month or more; but the fact is, the interest was never nearly so great as it is this moment; and as the time of our brethren's departure draws near, the

eagerness to hear their every word and catch their every song is something wonderful to see. As I remarked before, this eagerness does not now proceed from curiosity.

At all the meetings yesterday, the attendance was enormous. It is a very healthful sign of this work, that the daily prayer-meeting continues to be so largely attended, although neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey usually takes a very prominent part in it. The requests for prayer have become so numerous, that it has been found impossible to read even a brief classification of them. The letters have for some days been "spread before the Lord," after the example of good King Hezekiah, the meeting uniting in silent entreaty for the special cases sent in.

Hundreds were obliged yesterday to go away disappointed in their efforts to get into the Bible-reading in the Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Moody reserved his best wine to the last. A more suggestive Bible-lecture it was never our privilege to hear. We had a compendium of some half a dozen Bible-readings. The great bulk of the people, ministers included, were taking notes. It is given to few preachers to have so many eager reporters. Many a good sermon will be got out of yesterday's addresses. One minister remarked that it was as good as an addition of many a good book to his library. It is calculated that in the evening there were not less than 12,000 persons assembled in the Exhibition building. There is not a Sabbath service in any congregation in Britain in which there is a greater solemnity and decorum than there was in that vast assembly. The sight from the platform of these earnest, and, in many cases, awe-stricken thousands, is one that it will be impossible for us ever to forget. Some one remarked to me, a day or two ago, how significant it was that during the severe weather of last week, even a cough was scarcely heard in that great-crowded glass building. When Mr. Sankey sings the silence is sometimes even oppressive.

We are now engaged in giving out tickets for the Thanksgiving meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, the last night Mr. Moody has promised to be with us. The tickets are given only to those who profess to have been brought to Christ during the

special services. We are very careful in giving these tickets, though I doubt not there may be many stony-ground hearers.

We have had the help in this work of some of the most experienced ministers of the gospel in our city; and the general impression made on the minds of the brethren who have taken part in it, is of deep and intense gratitude for the many indubitable tokens of the presence and power of the regenerating Spirit of God. About a thousand tickets have been already given out; but many of the converts have not yet applied.

Arrangements have been made for the carrying on of special prayer and evangelistic meetings, after our brethren have left. Leading ministers of all our evangelical churches have thrown themselves heartily into these arrangements. We have felt that it *is* a good thing—good for ourselves, and good for that cause which, with all our imperfections, is dearer to us than life—for brethren to dwell together, and work together, in unity.

The labors of the Evangelists closed with a three days' convention, which was attended by 800 ministers, from all parts of Ireland, besides thousands of the general public. The first day was devoted to discussions on the following topics: "Praise and Thanksgiving," "How are the masses to be reached?" "What can be done to promote the Lord's work throughout Ireland?" etc. The second day was signalized by a gathering of over 2,000 converts, to whom Mr. Moody addressed loving counsels, and on the third day there was another gathering of the ministers in Exhibition Palace. And thus terminated one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in Dublin. Mutual love and courtesy marked all the proceedings. Strangers could not tell to what body of Christians many of the speakers belonged.

The labors of the evangelists in Ireland were ended, and on Sunday, the 29th of November, at Manchester, they began their new work in England.

The happy visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin is now a thing of the past. These men of God are gone from us, but the work remains. That work consists:

1. *In a great general awakening* throughout Dublin and its

neighborhood. This is a fact which is patent to all, and cannot be gainsayed or denied. It is a fact that from 12,000 to 20,000 persons have been attracted to the Exhibition Palace every Sunday afternoon since the work began; that the attendance at the services held each evening in the same place, beginning with some 5,000 people, increased each evening till it became as great as on the Sundays; and this notwithstanding an audience of from 2,000 to 2,500 had been in daily attendance at the noon prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Hall, and on three days in each week at the Bible-readings at two o'clock in the same place. What has been the great attractive power which has drawn together such vast multitudes? Thank God, it was the simple statement of gospel truth—the old, old story of Jesus and His love, plainly and lovingly told.

2. *The bringing in of some* 3,000 *converts to the fold of Christ.* Nearly 2,000 tickets were issued to those who professed to have found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour since these services began. To these must be added the many hundreds who came up from all parts of the country to attend the services, and who found "joy and peace in believing," some of whom are known to myself, besides all those who are still day by day being added to the Lord.

3. *The quickening and refreshing of many hundreds of ministers* in connection with the convention held this week. It was a happy thought to bring so many ministers of the various evangelical denominations together at this time. It afforded them an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the reality of this great work of God which is going on around us, getting their own hearts warmed up afresh, and thus of becoming, when they return home, more than ever centres of spiritual light and heat in their own parishes and districts.

Says a well-informed writer: "The finances of the Dublin revival are worthy of special attention. Some days before Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived, three or four gentlemen met at the office of Mr. David Drummond; and, after consultation and prayer, decided to send out a circular, saying that the American evangelists were coming; that the Great Exhibition Palace

had been engaged for them; and that money would be wanted to meet the large expenses attendant upon the services. It was determined to ask for the sum of £1,500; and circulars for this purpose were sent out to five or six thousand of the leading citizens of Dublin. Only two instances of personal solicitation are mentioned; but the money came in so fast, that Mr. Drummond, who was the treasurer, was obliged to employ a clerk to keep the record. Old ladies would come in Bath-chairs to bring half a crown. People in high life came in carriages, bringing cheques or gold. Even the poor desired to have some share in the work, and gave their pennies and half-pence. By some means the subscription became known to the prisoners in a certain jail in the south of Ireland; and they, regretting their inability to be present, sent their good wishes, and a little collection which had been raised among them, to the amount of twenty-five shillings. From Protestants and Papists, masters and servants, the contributions poured in. No sum larger than £30 was received. A large part of the money was in silver and copper; but the full amount required was raised.

"Having now come so near to the question of the support of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the readers of this work will naturally desire to know something on that interesting topic. Here let it be said, once for all, that these brethren do not work for pay. They have never sought an invitation; never stipulated for any sum of money to be given them, either for their services or expenses. In every instance, Mr. Moody determined the question of going to, or passing by, a place, under the direction, as he believed, of the Spirit of God. The committees which invited him have held the matter of finance entirely in their own hands. They have raised the money as they pleased, and given him such sums as they judged suitable; these he has shared with Mr. Sankey; and thus they have labored together, taking what God sent them—which in many instances has been very little, and in no case very much. At Dublin the committee consulted together, and determined to give Mr. Moody a sum of money which, they afterwards were glad to learn, was in excess of what he had

received hitherto; but even upon the proportion of this generous gift, the American evangelists will never become rich out of their present employment. Still, in the secular press, and in the gossip of the streets and offices, these men are accused, by those who know nothing of them, of mercenary motives in their great work for Christ.

"Only a little while ago a certain newspaper suggested that they were an advance-guard sent over by Barnum; and that the advertising scheme, no doubt, would presently appear. Another equally discerning party had heard of Mr. Moody's little device for setting children to study the Bible, which he calls 'the Gospel clock.' It consists of the grouping of twelve texts of Scripture in a circle, containing respectively the same number of words as those which mark the hours upon a dial. A great many of these Gospel clock-faces have been arranged by the little people to their no small profit and delight. But the individual referred to saw in it a suggestion of a different character. 'I have it at last,' said he, 'Moody is a clock-maker in America, and this is the beginning of a system of advertising, by which he means to sell his wares.'

"In like manner Mr. Sankey has been assailed as an agent for the sale of that peculiar make of harmoniums which he uses to accompany his singing. But it is scarcely needful to say that no such charge can be properly made against him."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Harvest in England.

They were no longer the strangers who first struggled for a hearing in York, but brethren "beloved and longed for" by thousands who had not yet seen their faces in the flesh. Preparations at Manchester, whither they first went, were intelligently made for the successful conduct of their work, and we soon hear the tidings through the press that "Manchester is now on fire."

The most difficult of all English cities, perhaps, to be set on fire by anything but politics, is now fairly ablaze, and the flames are breaking out in all directions.

Free Trade Hall, within whose walls scenes of no common interest and excitement have often been witnessed, presented a spectacle such as those who beheld it will not easily forget. Dr McKerrow assured me that he had seen no such sight, even in the most excited political times, during the forty-seven years of his life in Manchester, as that which he saw there on Sunday afternoon.

The building was densely crowded. Not an inch of standing-room was unoccupied. Long before the appointed hour, hundreds found it impossible to gain admission. And Mr. Moody —in what terms shall I describe his address? Theological critics might have said there was nothing in it; but only eternity will reveal how much there came *out of it*. I should not be surprised if hundreds of conversions should result from that single mighty appeal. Taking for his text the first question addressed to them,

"Where art thou?" he brought it home to the bosom of ever hearer with a power and pathos that were simply irresistible Having referred to the case of a young man who had cried out i the inquiry-room on Friday night, "Oh, mother, I am coming! the young man himself sprang to his feet, and exclaimed in tone of impassioned earnestness, "THAT WAS ME!" The effect w electrical. Not an eye but was suffused with tears. The whole vast assembly was impressed with a profound sense of the pre ence and power of the Holy Ghost.

The meeting for young men in the evening was equally wo derful, no fewer than seventy-one having remained behind anxious inquirers, not a few of whom went home rejoicing in t peace of God that passeth understanding.

There is only one sentiment, I feel convinced, in the hearts all God's children in this vast community in regard to this gr work, and that is, a sentiment of devout thankfulness to heavenly Father that He has sent among us two such men, of faith and power, and yet eminent for humility and lowliness mind. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof are glad."

The meetings of December 11, that memorable Lord's d gave a tone of solemnity and a character of power to all the me ings of the week. The tide rose steadily day by day, until became full, overflowing the bank in all directions—a very spri tide of blessing; and only eternity will reveal how many imm tals are now launching out upon its waters in the bark of a sim trust in the Son of God.

The evenings of Monday and Tuesday in the Free Trade H will long be remembered by the thousands who were prese Mr. Moody delivered his famous discourses on Heaven. Mu as we have read and heard of the fervor and unction that char terize them, we were not prepared to find these apostolic qualit in so superlative a degree as that which marked them on t occasion. The second was especially interesting and delight treating as it did of the society and the treasure of heaven; a the contrast drawn by the preacher between these and the tr

sures and society of this world, seemed to strike the minds of the vast audience with all the force of a revelation, constraining many a heart, doubtless, to resolve to seek henceforward "the things that are above." The appeal with which it closed, for power and pathos, exceeded, in our judgment, anything that he himself has uttered.

And then the discourse on Hell, on the evening of Wednesday, coming as it did immediately after the addresses on Heaven, was certainly one of the most solemn and impressive utterances that have been heard within those walls. Every eye was riveted on the speaker. The projected shadow of the great white throne seemed to fall and rest upon every countenance. Even the fervent exclamations in which some of our friends indulge at religious meetings, and which had been just a little too fervent the night previous, were hushed, and scarcely a sound broke the awful stillness with which, for nearly an hour, the people listened to the oft-repeated charge, like so many claps of thunder, "Son, remember!" In bygone revivals such heart-smiting, conscience-stirring, soul-firing words as those which poured from the preacher's lips would have caused hundreds to start to their feet and cry out with frenzy, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But in harmony with the prevailing character of this awakening, the conviction of sin produced on that occasion seemed to be too deep and too sacred to find expression in mere excited exclamations or physical prostrations, and were known only to Him who seeth in secret! God was in the midst of us, of a truth. The Holy Spirit came, as of old, with the force as of a rushing mighty wind, and filled all the place where we were sitting. The powers of the world to come were brought nigh to every conscience in a manner never to be forgotten. We seemed to be looking across the gulf that divides time from eternity, and beholding the torments of the self-destroyed victims of a broken law and a rejected gospel. No wonder that the inquiry-room was full that night of inquirers of the most anxious description, and that the after-meeting, over which we presided, was larger and more earnest than any that has yet taken place. Doubtless the heavens blossomed

into song overhead, and the angels of God rejoiced over m souls turning from sin and Satan unto the living God!

On Saturday evening the Oxford Hall presented a spect which those who witnessed it will not soon forget. In respc to Mr. Moody's invitation, some 3,000 persons, professedly Cl tians, and chiefly young men, assembled to hear him cou them regarding Christian work. The heartiness with which t ever and anon broke forth into song before he made his app ance, and the manliness with which they sang, especially "D to be a Daniel," indicated that they were ready to receive v gladness the word of command from the lips of the great Or izer. He spoke briefly but effectively. He told of the work d by the young converts elsewhere, especially in Glasgow, in c nection with the evangelization of the masses. He made pa ular reference to the noble army of volunteers that rose to t feet in that city when the appeal was made to them, "Who work for Jesus?" And then, when he made the same appea themselves, calling upon all who were ready to work for the M ter to stand up, almost the entire body of young men—a gr and inspiring sight—sprang to their feet. One could not l exclaiming, "God be thanked! there's hope for our city! M chester, with such a host, may yet be won for Christ!" I special arrangement, as it seemed, of Providence, Mr. Regi Radcliffe was present, and immediately put before them a defi plan for making a great gospel attack, so to speak, upon the c He suggested that an ordinance map of Manchester should cut into small squares, each representing a district, and that or three young persons should undertake to carry the gospe the shape of a tract or otherwise, to every house, great and sn within that district, so that no single dwelling should be omit The plan appeared to approve itself to the judgment of meeting, all the more so that he told us how successfully he carried out a similar one in Edinburgh and Liverpool in y gone by. The Lord grant it abundant success!

The workers' meeting was the largest since Messrs. Mc and Sankey came to Manchester. The address was most po

ful. A forcible appeal was made to Sabbath-school teachers in this city; but one conviction seemed to exist in the minds of the vast audience of 5,000, "Let us arise and work."

Had Mr. Moody come to deliver only this address, his mission had not been in vain. In the afternoon from 15,000 to 17,000 struggled for admission. Various meetings had to be held in the Free Trade Hall, Oxford Hall, and Cavendish Chapel; all crowded as they never have been before. As many more halls of the same size could have been filled. From twenty to thirty meetings were held in the streets of the neighborhood, where addresses were delivered by ministers and laymen. At every meeting the Lord was present to heal. Anxious inquirers were very numerous. Great numbers professed to find the Saviour.

The meeting for young men in Oxford Hall, at eight, was also crowded to excess, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. Mr. Moody spoke as if tongues of fire hovered over his head.

The spiritual movement in this city is now a fact—a solemn but joyful fact—which must be observed even by those who take their stand outside as mere spectators, with marvel; and, indeed, skeptics marvel.

"It is a most strange phenomenon," said one to me, who is a clever journalist, "to see such multitudes brought together by mere curiosity, and this curiosity increasing day by day, when there is nothing to be seen or heard that is fitted to excite curiosity." So it is. A striking feature of these meetings is the absence of all excitement. The thousands who usually flock to our hall, when once seated, are impressively still; it is a grand, encouraging sight to watch this sea of human faces eagerly waiting for the word of life. Mr. Moody puts no effort forward to attract; he stands before his audience quiet; he never introduces himself; you see at once he wants you to listen to his message. His words are most simple and earnest; there is nothing elaborate, or strange, or new, not even his illustrations. But as his words fall from his lips, hearts are moved. If you watch the audience you can see faces changing expression; you can read there shame, contrition, confession, hope, faith, peace—as the

case may be. The truth comes home! There is power! No man could do it! It is God's power! It is the Lord's doing!

Christians have been drawn together as we have not known here before; and though there remains yet much that is to be desired, still we are encouraged and hope for greater things; we know that we cannot make unity by arrangements and efforts; the Lord's laborers have learned to realize more than ever that the work is God's, not ours; that He works mightily with His power, if we do not hinder, and are willing, as Mr. Moody puts it, to be simple channels, just as those dusty, rusty, crooked-looking gas-pipes. And many who have been hitherto too ignorant or indifferent, or too cowardly to work, have now come forward and said, "Here am I; send me."

A dear friend from Liverpool, who is almost daily with us, has used the opportunity and organized a scheme by which every house in this city shall be visited. I will only add, that hundreds of our visitors are already busy visiting and speaking and singing in the sick chambers of isolated sufferers, in the desolate homes of the godless, of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. The reports of the visitors are most cheering.

The noon prayer-meeting in the Free Trade Hall has steadily kept up its numbers. The large proportion of men who find time in this commercial centre to consecrate an hour to prayer at midday, is a striking feature of the meeting. The first twenty minutes are generally spent in reading the requests for prayer, and presenting them in silent and audible supplication to God; a large proportion of these requests bear upon intemperance. This noon gathering affords an opportunity for Christian workers from all parts to give tidings of the progress of the work of God. The other day Mr. Moody read a telegram from the venerable Mr. Somerville, who has gone on an evangelistic mission to Calcutta, reporting the conversion of thirty-one persons at a special service held by him in the theatre there on the previous evening. Last Monday, the Rev. G. Stuart, of Glasgow, told how solidly the work is continuing in that town, and how it is in contemplation to purchase Ewing Place Church for £20,000, for evan-

gelistic purposes, growing out of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors. He also related several remarkable instances of answers to the prayers offered at the Glasgow noon prayer-meeting. On Tuesday, the Rev. A. McLaren followed up Mr. Moody's address by a brief and telling speech, in the course of which he strongly urged prayer for the consolidation of the growing union now observable among the churches of Manchester.

The meetings for Christian workers in the Free Trade Hall on Sunday mornings at eight o'clock, have imparted a great stimulus to Christian labor. Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel!" last Sunday morning. The hall was crowded to excess; between 5,000 and 6,000 persons brought together at that early hour, in the depth of winter, testifies to the power with which the awakening has laid hold of the city. The character of Daniel was exhibited with graphic skill; the varied scenes of the first six chapters of the book were vividly portrayed; every actor in the story became instinct with life and humor, and the lessons were rapidly and sharply drawn in a way not likely to be forgotten. The scene of Belshazzar's feast was powerfully sketched; and while Daniel read out the mysterious writing on the wall—read it easily, for it was "his Father's handwriting"—the breathless silence which fell upon the vast throng in the hall told with what reality the scene was presented before them. The whole story involved a running satire upon the yielding temper of the present day; and the address constituted a powerful appeal to young men which we have never known surpassed. At the close Mr. Sankey sung "Standing by a purpose true," and the audience joined with unmistakable enthusiasm in the chorus, "Dare to be a Daniel."

The gospel-meetings on Sunday afternoons and week evenings are still as thronged as ever. The numbers at the inquiry-meetings increase; many have been led to the Saviour. So permeated with Bible truth is the teaching given in Mr. Moody's addresses, that inquirers perceive the way of salvation with unusual quickness; Christ is presented to them, and they simply and immediately close with Him. Last Sunday afternoon Mr.

Moody addressed the great assembly in the Free Trade Hall, from the seven following "Beholds": "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity"; "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy"; "Behold the Lamb of God"; "Behold, now is the accepted time"; "Behold, now is the day of salvation"; "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"; "Behold, he prayeth." It was an address of thrilling solemnity. The crowded meeting which, at the time, filled the Oxford Hall, was addressed by the Rev. J. Rawlinson and W. Hubbard. It may interest readers to learn that a band of workers has been organized to visit every house in Manchester and Salford, with a card bearing on one side the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and on the other the following address by Mr. Moody: "'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me' (Rev. iii. 20). A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him!

"Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. 'Oh, sir!' she exclaimed, 'was that you? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door.'

"Dear friends! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes not to *demand*, but to *give!* 'The *gift* of God is eternal life.' He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt

is not paid for you, you are forever lost! He loves you, though He hates your sins; and in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now He comes! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. *Will you receive the gift?* D. L. MOODY."

It has been resolved to purchase the museum in Peter Street for the Young Men's Christian Association, for $150,000, which has been raised. The building will then become the home of the noon prayer-meeting, and the centre of the united Christian effort which now appears to be fairly inaugurated in Manchester.

A few yards from the Free Trade Hall, on the same side of the street, stands a dingy-looking old public building. It was formerly used as a natural-history museum, but since the erection of the magnificent Owen's College, and the consequent transference of its contents, the old museum has been unused. The Young Men's Christian Association have long been looking for some suitable building as a centre for their operations in this important city, with its 70,000 young men; and now the necessity is felt for a place to carry on the daily prayer-meeting, and other united evangelistic efforts, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have left; so it has been decided to purchase the old museum building, and use it for these purposes. It was secured accordingly on Monday last; and in a couple of days, part of the building, giving accommodation to about 500 persons, was seated, lighted with gas, and heated; so that on Wednesday night Mr. Moody used it as an inquiry-room, after the meeting in the Free Trade Hall, and we had the joy of seeing it full of anxious souls. This was a blessed consecration of the building for a higher and nobler object than ever it had been used for before.

The scheme for the visitation of every house in Manchester is working well, and with the happiest results. The following is the plan adopted: A Christian architect, who has entered most heartily into this service, has cut up the large scale Ordinance Map of Manchester into about fifty districts, each of which is under the charge of a superintendent, who is supplied with a

sufficient number of visitors to reach every house within the limits of his district. A leaflet containing the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and a short address by Mr. Moody is left at each house; but it is understood by the visitors that this paper is only to be used as an *introduction*, for the purpose of gaining admission to the houses, so as to have personal conversation about eternal things with each individual, as far as possible. Some of the visitors have already given in most cheering reports of the marvelous way in which the hearts of the people seemed open to receive their visits, showing that the Lord is in this movement, and is preparing many hearts for the reception of His own blessed message of salvation.

The meetings came to an end the last day of 1874. They have been blessed to vast numbers. In the inquiry-room, I have met with many who stated that they had never had the way of salvation so plainly put before them as by Mr. Moody. In not a few instances, too, Mr. Sankey's beautiful and touching solos, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Almost persuaded," and "Prodigal child," have proved to be arrows of conviction, entering the heart in the most unexpected manner, and leading to conversion. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of all the blessed fruits, already apparent, of the extraordinary efforts of these dear men of God. Suffice it to say, in a sentence, that all classes of the community—old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, ministers and laymen, masters and servants, teachers and scholars—have received a large blessing from the religious services conducted by the American brethren, and are deeply sensible, I trust, of the mighty debt of gratitude under which they have been laid. The Lord bless them, and make them blessings, wherever they go!

The closing week has been the most joyful of all. The tide of blessing, which has been steadily rising, has this week reached its flood; the earnestness of the preacher and the eagerness of the people have seemed alike to intensify, and the unconverted have been called to take refuge in Christ with a vehemence

of entreaty which has exerted a mighty influence on the assemblies. During these five weeks God has answered the prayers of many years, and we cannot but feel that what has been going on in the city has made Manchester peculiarly interesting to the dwellers in heaven.

At nine on Wednesday evening, about 2,000 men reassembled in the hall, to hear what Mr. Moody had to say on the subject of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Herbert Spencer occupied the chair, and gave a brief address, intimating that it was in contemplation to buy the Museum for the Young Men's Christian Association, for £30,000. Mr. Moody delivered an inspiriting address, in which he enlarged on the spiritual advantages of the Association, and urged the straining of every effort to reach the young men of Manchester, and to secure the building in question for the Association. A collection toward the object, made at the close, realized $9,000, $5,000 of which was given, I believe, by the chairman. This amount, with what has been received before, including $2,500 given last week by Mr. J. Stuart, makes a total, at present received or promised, of $40,000.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Moody addressed a crowded meeting in the Higher Broughton Presbyterian Church, and then came on to the noon prayer-meeting in the Oxford Hall, where he read and commented on the earlier part of the 103d Psalm. He said he had to bless the Lord for what He had done for him. It had been the best year of his life. He had been more used by God than in all the seventeen preceding years. He did not know of one sermon he had delivered that had not been blessed to the conviction or conversion of some souls. It was a delightful meeting. Every word uttered was set to the tune of "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" When one minister rose to say, "I have to praise God for the conversion of the brother of dear friends of mine, who have prayed for him twenty-five years; for the conversion of the sister and of the servant of another friend; for the salvation of three persons in my own congregation, for the dispelling of the doubts of a young man who had traveled 150 miles to these meetings—all which blessings have been given in the

course of the present week"; when another minister rose to say he had never met with so much scriptural teaching concerning the way of salvation, and the clear direction of inquirers to Jesus, as in Mr. Moody's addresses; and another to say that the last ten days had been the happiest of his life—that he had derived an inspiration, had discovered how to preach Christ, had enjoyed sweeter communion with Jesus, and felt like a man whose chains were broken—they only uttered what many could have endorsed as a description of the blessings they themselves had received.

CHAPTER XVII.

Times of Blessing in Sheffield.

This city of a quarter of a million is noted for its workers in iron and steel. Hearts hard as adamant were now to be assailed by sermon and song, and God honored the men who honored His gracious truth. At nine in the evening of December 31, 1874, the evangelists first appeared before a Sheffield audience, and for two weeks the power of God was manifested through them in the most delightful manner.

The work opened here most auspiciously; the two meetings held on New Year's eve were crowded, and the impressions produced were most solemn.

The first meeting was held in the Temperance Hall at nine o'clock. Mr. Sankey sang a new hymn written by Dr. H. Bonar expressly for him, "Rejoice, and be glad! the Redeemer has come."

The impression produced by his singing was very striking; those who had been merely curious or altogether indifferent seemed attracted, and earnest attention and even, in some cases, silent weeping, took the place of carelessness. The watch-night service was particularly solemn. The Albert Hall, where it was held, was crowded, many having stood before the doors an hour before they were opened, in order to make sure of admittance.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were accompanied on to the platform by a large number of ministers of all denominations. The vicar offered up a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on the work in Sheffield.

One most interesting feature in this service was Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It might be the novelty of his style, or the associations naturally arising at the near approach of the new year, but I certainly have never seen such an effect produced. I have heard him in all the towns they have visited in Scotland, and also in Manchester; but I never heard him sing so pathetically, more especially in the last stanzas:

"Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Mr. Moody spoke from Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As illustrating this verse, he graphically narrated the two stories immediately preceding his text, that of the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and the conversion of Zaccheus. It was only a re-telling of the stories, but given in that way peculiarly Mr. Moody's own, making his listeners part and parcel of the story, as if the whole thing were enacted just in the Targate, and Jesus were just passing the hall-doors. He connected the two stories by throwing out the thought that as Bartimeus was on his way home to tell his wife, Zaccheus met him. "Why, isn't that the poor blind beggar? it's like him; but it can't be he, for his eyes are open."

"Yes, it is I."

"What has made your eyes open?"

"Jesus of Nazareth did it."

"Where is He? I must see Him."

"He's just on the road to Jericho."

Away Zaccheus runs; and because he is a little man, he gets up a tree, to see well. Jesus stops, looks up, calls him, "Zaccheus, come down." This was one instance of sudden conversion. Some don't believe in sudden conversion; but here Zaccheus was not converted when he went up the tree, yet he came down a converted man. We are told he received Jesus gladly. From these incidents, he proved how willing, how eager Christ is to save all. What have we to do? Nothing, blessed be God! If we had, we would never do it. Only accept. What had *Zaccheus to do?* Only come down, only obey.

He concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the fact that the old year was fast dying—only a few minutes—and what if the new year should come and find us where we were—lost! Oh, let each of us take it, the offer is here; will you have it? Salvation—ay, even before this year is closed you may be saved. As there are only a few minutes of this year remaining, let us finish the old and begin the new on our knees.

The whole audience then sank on their knees, and the new year found them bent in silent prayer. Mr. Moody asked that those who were unsaved might stand up, that they might be prayed for. For a time none were willing to do so, but on Mr. Moody's asking a second time "if there were none in the hall wishing salvation," a few stood up, and the Christians were asked to pray for them.

Just then the bells began to ring in the new year, and the Rev. R. Green engaged in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the town of Sheffield, and most particularly on the special meetings to be held. Mr. Moody also engaged in prayer. This was one of the most solemn scenes I have ever been privileged to witness. While the audience were bent in prayer the most intense stillness prevailed, broken only by an occasional sob. After singing the Doxology, the meeting separated.

The streets were made lively after the meeting with vigorous singing of hymns, as bands of Christians wended their way home.

Sunday was a day of blessing for Sheffield. The meetings were attended with most blessed results.

The morning meeting for Christian workers was not, perhaps, so well attended in point of numbers as might have been expected, but the Christians who had come out at this early hour were right-down hearty workers. As Mr. Moody said, "He would rather have a moderately small meeting of such earnest Christians than have it packed with thousands of careless people."

At the afternoon meeting, the Albert Hall was densely packed half an hour before the time; the lower Albert Hall was thrown open for the overflow, but even then many had to go away disappointed.

Mr. Moody addressed this large gathering from Rom. ii. 23: "For there is no difference."

Many were evidently struck to the heart; some whom we heard scoffing at the commencement, were in tears at the conclusion of his address.

When Mr. Sankey followed by singing "Free from the law, O happy condition!" it seemed to produce a deep impression.

The Sunday evening meeting was glorious. The hall was again densely packed. Mr. Sankey sang his solo, "There were ninety and nine." Mr. Moody then gave his address on "Regeneration," from the words, "Ye must be born again." The result of the whole proceedings in Sheffield since the coming of our dear brethren must be considered highly satisfactory, and as affording great cause for thankfulness.

Mr. Moody spoke no less than *four* times on Friday, on each occasion with much power, and with signs following. It need scarcely be added that Mr. Sankey's solos, including such favorites as "Only an armor-bearer," "Dare to be a Daniel," "Whiter than snow," etc., deepened the influences produced by Mr. Moody's impassioned discourses. Indeed, it is made more and more manifest that the special gifts of each evangelist have been most happily wedded together for the common purpose they have in view.

At the closing service in the evening there was no diminution either in the attendance or the interest. It was chiefly intended for the young converts, who were admitted by ticket, and crowded a large part of the area of the Albert Hall. Both the galleries were also crammed long before the hour of commencing. It was a glorious and inspiring sight to look on such a vast sea of human faces, all lit up with eager expectation, and all assembled to hear the simple story of the Saviour's grace and power. The scene was more impressive still when, at the appointed hour, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey having quietly crossed the front of the platform, and taken their seats, the whole assembly rose and joined in singing the hymn,

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild."

And afterward, in that jubilant old hymn that used to be sung at revival meetings fifteen years ago, and is ever fresh and new:

"O happy day! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

After Mr. Sankey had sung "Whiter than snow," Mr. Moody spoke with his accustomed pungency, simplicity, and power, chiefly addressing the young converts. Surely they will never be able to forget his words of affectionate encouragement and caution, as he pointed out the dangers that would inevitably come to them in their Christian life, and the unfailing source of strength amidst them all. Then came his parting words, evidently painful alike to speaker and hearers. "I have learned to love you," said Mr. Moody; and the earnest gaze and tearful eyes before him testified, more loudly than words, how his love was reciprocated, and his labors and counsels prized. I was forcibly reminded of the scene of Paul's farewell meeting with the elders at Miletum. I verily believe that many hundreds of young converts would, one and all, have fallen on Mr. Moody's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. One little fellow, at the close of the meeting, came to me in great distress when he found that Mr. Moody had left without having given him a shake of his hand.

Before the meeting was dismissed, Mr. Sankey sang a parting hymn to the tenderly pathetic tune of "Home, sweet home," and the vast crowd lingered long in the hall where Christ had won so many sons and daughters within the past two weeks.

The work among the young men has been taking root during the week. It has been a "Happy New Year" for Sheffield, and the faith of the Lord's people prompts them to hope that "still there's more to follow."

Upward of eighty—clergymen of all the evangelical denominations in the town, and the other members of the committee—met Messrs. Moody and Sankey at breakfast in the Imperial Hotel, on Saturday morning, to bid them farewell. Reporters were ex-

cluded, but I understand that the unanimous expression of the company was one of gratitude to the evangelists for their untiring and successful labors in Sheffield, and for the spirit of cordial co-operation among the various divisions of the Church that their visit had so blessedly generated. Practical as he always is, Mr. Moody used the occasion to urge upon the committee the necessity of rearing a central and suitable building in the town, where all those interested in the continued success of the work could meet on neutral ground, and carry on the meetings.

In summing up the results, and giving general impressions of the value of these special services, the following account may be found useful:

The crowded meetings, thrice repeated every day, attended by persons who set aside engagements, alike of business, work, and pleasure, have been accompanied with much power from above. Sheffield is usually considered as a population difficult to arouse, sturdy, independent, unimpressionable; like the metal in which we work in these parts, true, but hard as steel. Yet the place has been thoroughly aroused, and proof to demonstration given that God is able to work here, as in Jerusalem of old, and as in other towns of England now; thus greatly encouraging Christian ministers and laborers to look with faith for greater things. All the meetings have been pervaded by a sense of God's nearness; believers have been filled with fresh joy, and fired with new zeal; the anxious have found soul-rest; the careless have been aroused. In fact, we have had at once a revival and an awakening—a revival touching the hearts of God's people, and an awakening spreading among the thoughtless. The influence reached its height on the last night of Mr. Moody's presence in the town, when he addressed specially the converts, who were present in goodly numbers, together with a vast crowd of Christian workers. His words seemed to have a thrilling power among us all. When he closed by saying that he did not like "farewell," and "good-bye" was almost as bad; he would therefore just say "good-night," and meet us in the morning (pointing to the skies), I think the whole audience deeply felt how much our beloved

brother had endeared himself to us. And when Mr. Sankey followed directly with his touching farewell hymn, so appropriate to such an occasion, and so specially addressing every class of hearers, many were the eyes that were bathed in tears. Had it been possible, we would not have parted with our brethren. But may the Lord go with them in other places, confirming their word with signs and wonders, as He has done here!

The verdict of almost all Christian people upon this movement is, that it is the work of God. I am convinced that such an estimate is just, on many grounds.

1. The movement was an answer to prayer. Though we had not waited on the Lord so long as Christians in some other towns have done, a weekly united prayer-meeting had been maintained for nearly a year previously. Many of God's people were also quietly sighing and crying for the abominations of the city, and hungering and thirsting for spiritual blessing. One feature in the prayers previously offered was very noticeable. While all were preparing heartily to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there was a thorough recognition in the supplications that not they, but their God, must open the flood-gates of grace. The Spirit was honored; and we have had the answer.

2. Remarkable unity prevailed. At least in its outward manifestation this was realized, when ministers of the Established Church and those of the Free Churches sat together on the same platform, and followed each other in prayer. The force of exhortation, backed by the united sympathy and supplications of the whole Christian Church, is multiplied tenfold. Doubtless Christian union is of God. When will it genuinely prevail? Is not the attainment of it worth the surrender of the causes of division?

3. The movement had a growing power. Its influence at first was not to be compared with what it became in its progress. Indeed, the feeling of myself and of others with whom I have conversed was at first one of disappointment. Both Mr. Moody's speaking and Mr. Sankey's singing seemed to fall short of what we had expected; but it was not long before the impressiveness of both made itself felt to all. To my mind, this is a true test of

excellence. A picture, a piece of music, a landscape—do they grow upon you by repetition? The work of these evangelists has grown upon us. I apprehend it would have been the other way, had it not been of God.

4. The stillness was remarkable. The noise and confusion favorable to revivals which are the work of man was altogether absent. The quiet, favorable to the descent and operations of the Holy Ghost, was marked. A man of my acquaintance once observed that "anybody could get up a revival, if he only made enough noise." There was nothing of that kind here. Indeed, I noticed that if any brother threw a needless physical exertion into his entreaties, Mr. Moody would be sure to say, "Let us have a few minutes' silent prayer;" and this was mostly followed by the subduing strains of Mr. Sankey's harmonium and voice. A solemn quiet reigned at all times, and even Mr. Moody's humorous sayings did not destroy the solemnity of it. A work done under conditions such as these, so different from those which have prevailed in some "revivals," commends itself to me as the work of God. There are many things that I might touch on; but only one thing more will I mention.

5. The work is evidently one of faith. This quality is very observable in Mr. Moody. He has faith—not a proud self confidence engendered by success, but a humble reliance upon God and fearless expectation of blessing.

Letter of Mr. Moody to the Young Converts.

A meeting of converts was held on the evening of January 19, presided over by the Rev. R. Staunton.

During the proceedings the chairman read the following letter:

"Birmingham, *Jan.* 19, 1875.

"My dear Friends: Mr. Sankey and I would have been very glad to have seen you all once more to-night, but God has given us work in another corner of His vineyard, and we can only join you in well-wishes. I am very glad now to have this opportunity

of fulfilling my promise to send you a short message. There are many things I should like to say if I had the time, but I fear I must confine myself to one or two very plain words. Ever since we left Sheffield, every one of us will have changed a little. Some will be merrier, and some will be gloomier. Some will be fuller of God's love, and some may even feel a little emptier; others, again, may not have got over the period of *wonder*, and still find themselves asking: 'And can it really all be true? Is it not just some strange dream? Is it really possible that God loves us, and that we are really saved for evermore?' And this is my only one reply to these very common and rational questions: *We are changed, but Christ is not.* Oh, if *He* were different, it would be a very, very serious thing. And if we are changed and are frightened about it, we must find out at once if He is changed too. If it is only *we* who are different, it does not matter much, because salvation does not depend upon us, but upon Him. And the Bible tells us all about it in one little golden sentence, which we must all ask God to burn into our hearts, and then we shall never be troubled any more about our feelings. In Hebrews xiii. 8, He says, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Yes! the same; no matter how changed we are, no matter how dull, how joyless, He is just as He was yesterday, just as He was the night when we got our first glimpse of His dying love for us.

"Oh, dear friends, let us keep looking to Him, and as we look, God will give us the longing to be more and more like Him. Perhaps some of you already feel that longing, and you don't know what it is! Perhaps you think it is very hard to have this craving after a better heart and a holier life. But Christ says it is 'blessed.' It is not hard; it is not a misfortune; it is not a sign that the health of the soul is gone. No; appetite is not the symptom of disease, but of health. And the Master Himself has told us that it is blessed to be hungry and thirsty after Him. And some of you may be mourning over your empty hearts, for little love is there; how little faith, how little zeal for the Master's service! Well, it is not hardship to feel like that. If it be

real, it is not sad to be that way, only don't mourn over it. Christ says it is 'blessed'—blessed to be poor in spirit; and the poorer, and weaker, and humbler we feel, the more room is there for Him to perfect strength in our weakness. 'My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness; * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong.' And now, dear friends, before closing, let me ask you all to do something for Christ, something this very week. I cannot tell you what to do; but God will if you ask Him. He has something for everybody to do; and let us be earnest in doing our best for Him, and let us do it soon. Death will be upon us when our work will be but begun, and 'the night cometh when no man can work.' And for every one of you, that God may bless you, and keep you, and cause the light of His face to shine upon you, and enable you to grow in the knowledge and likeness of His only begotten Son, is the earnest and humble prayer of your affectionate friend,

"D. L. MOODY."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The Toy shop of the World" Welcomes Them.

Birmingham, with its 400,000 people, the constituency of John Bright, the English reformer, now looks up to God for a shower of grace upon the seed-sowing of the evangelists who began there January 17, and closed on the 29th.

Never before in Birmingham have any preachers drawn such vast numbers of people as these brethren are doing at this time. Thousands are flocking daily to hear them from the districts around. The whole community seems stirred up. That which seems to be uppermost in men's minds, is the present marvelous gatherings that are daily taking place. There is no lack of opportunity for the Christian to put in a word for the Master, for wherever you go, whether in the counting-house, shop, refreshment-room, train, omnibus, and even as you walk along the street, the one topic is the doings of these wonderful men of God. If you want to get a seat at their meetings, you must be there fully one hour before the time, and a stranger entering the town must be struck with the determination of those who daily seek these gatherings.

Every day this week hundreds have been turned away from the noon-day meetings held in the Town Hall. Meetings are now being held in Carr's Lane Chapel every afternoon at three o'clock, and here again it is necessary to be there some time before the service commences. In fact, yesterday I was there at two o clock, and the body of the chapel was then filled. It is estimated that three thousand people are in this building every afternoon.

To convey to the mind of the reader the sight which presents itself on entering Bingley Hall is impossible. Sloping down from the galleries which run round the building, other galleries have been erected, and the whole building, from the speaker's platform, looks like one vast amphitheatre. The crimson cloth which drapes the galleries adds to the general effect, and makes the hall look very comfortable. The immense sea of faces is singularly impressive, especially when from 12,000 to 15,000 people are listening eagerly to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips.

The question may be asked, What effect is this movement having upon the people in general? I reply, Good every way. The stirring addresses given by Mr. Moody to Christians from the very first morning, are bearing fruit. They are beginning to look about, and realize that thousands around them are living without Christ. Many Christians have spoken to me of the fresh energy with which they have been stimulated, through attending the meetings. As for those who nightly throng Bingley Hall, the best test of the work I can give is, that whereas at first the after-meetings were held in a neighboring church, the anxious ones have now become so numerous, that they are obliged to remain in the hall, while earnest Christian workers, with Bible in hand, pass from one to another, and open to inquirers the way of life.

All this proves to us the great power of God, and what He can do by two men who give themselves wholly up to Him. The work "is marvelous in our eyes," but it is not less marvelous that their physical strength does not give way under their unceasing labors. While Mr. Sankey is greatly gifted with power to use his voice in singing the Gospel, Mr. Moody has a way of marvelously picturing, in the most vivid manner, Bible truths. From the humorous he can come down to the pathetic, and so move his hearers to tears, and withal there is a "holy boldness" which is seldom to be met with in the preachers of the present day.

The *Morning News* says: "Never before in the history of Birmingham, I believe, have two men drawn such large numbers of people together as Messrs. Moody and Sankey have done, time

after time, during the whole of last week and yesterday. The Town Hall, Carr's Lane Chapel, and Bingley Hall, have been entirely filled at most of their meetings, uncomfortably crowded at some, and all but full at one or two others. Since commencing their labors here, they have held twenty-two services, namely, four in Carr's Lane Chapel, six in the Town Hall, and twelve in Bingley Hall. No doubt in many cases the same persons presented themselves at the meetings again and again; but it is probable that the audiences were, for the most part, different on each occasion. At the four meetings in Carr's Lane Chapel some 12,000, at the six in the Town Hall about 24,000, and at the twelve in Bingley Hall at least 120,000 persons must have been present, making a total of 156,000 men, women, and children, to whom, during the last eight days, they have preached and sung the Gospel. Nor does the interest in the men and their work as yet know any abatement, it being likely that the services to be held this week will be as numerously attended as those of last week."

Amidst all the cavil of unbelief, and other opponents, thousands can testify, day by day, to the *reality* and *power*, *widely* spreading and *deepening* blessing upon their souls. Sinners have been converted to God, and believers edified. Whole congregations, both in churches and chapels, have felt its animating power. The clergy and ministers of various denominations have rejoiced together in this blessed work of the Lord, and felt its quickening influence. Many of the Lord's servants have met together for the first time, and felt their hearts drawn out in brotherly love and sympathy, enabling them to overlook various minor differences of creed and church government.

The noon-day prayer-meeting was first held in the Town Hall, which large building was filled long before the appointed hour. A very solemn and prayerful spirit seemed to pervade the masses —the stillness was quite impressive, and the great bulk of the people seemed to enter most deeply into the importance and solemnity of the occasion. The numbers at the noon day prayer-meeting were probably quite 3,000. Afterward it was changed to Bingley Hall, where thousands more might be accommodated

The afternoon Bible-reading is also well attended, and greatly enjoyed by many. The evening meetings have gone on steadily increasing, until at length I suppose some 15,000 must have been congregated together. The attention of these great masses (assembled an hour before the time) was well sustained by singing—and, as a brother clergyman said to me, on the platform, "we never heard such singing of the good Old Hundredth Psalm before, and probably may never hear the like again"—as it burst forth from the hearts and lips of this vast assemblage. Oh! it was a touching sight and a telling sound—such as Birmingham itself had never witnessed before—15,000 met together, night after night, to listen to the loving, sympathizing, fervent preaching of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of sinners! And the audience felt it! The Holy Spirit of God seemed working in our midst—alike on preacher and hearers—and many were the hearts moved.

At 7:30 Messrs. Moody and Sankey entered the building. The service began by singing, then prayer was offered, another hymn or two were sung, a portion of Holy Scripture read, another hymn, and then followed the address. Numerous anecdotes were related, as if not only to illustrate certain points, but also to rivet the attention, and then, as the preacher's heart and tongue seemed set on fire, all these little adjuncts were submerged in the one glowing, burning theme—salvation for lost sinners—yea, a present and immediate salvation for every one that believeth in Jesus! As I sat near the preacher, I could read the meaning of the big drops upon his brow, and how his whole frame was moved, not with selfish passions, seeking personal admiration, but steeped in the love and spirit of his Master. One great object was kept steadily in view—the glory of God in the salvation of sinners through Jesus Christ, and the intense longing that thousands might share with him the blessings and the joys of THIS GREAT SALVATION! Almost breathless stillness chained the audience.

Numbers stayed for the after-meetings; the females in the side-galleries, the males in the Scotch Church adjoining. On the first Monday evening Mr. Moody himself undertook the men,

but finding the numbers so large, he sent up to the platform for assistance. Undoubtedly personal interviews are the best.

We have reason to believe that many found pardon and peace in Jesus, and are spreading their happy and holy influences around. The singing appeared to be improving night after night, as the vast masses gradually learned the tunes and hymns. Mr. Sankey's solos were powerfully and sweetly sung, and his clear utterance and distinct enunciation of syllable after syllable gave a great effect and pathos to the whole.

And on Tuesday, January 26, the day of the convention, it was supposed that from one to two thousand ministers of various denominations attended the gathering, which began that day at ten o'clock and continued till four P. M. Truly it was a great evidence of the divine blessing, as the delegates from Edinburgh, and Dublin, and other cities, told how the work was still progressing in their respective cities, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey had left, and in some places ripening in a most marvelous manner. Indeed a letter reached me only yesterday, telling me of a brother clergyman in Dublin, who had a list of *sixty* persons in his congregation, who had apparently been brought to Christ through attending the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Verily, the Lord is blessing the evangelistic labors of our dear brothers in Christ—Moody and Sankey. I do not pretend to endorse every utterance, or to see with them exactly, eye to eye, on every point. But I do see, and I do greatly rejoice in their being raised up by God to proclaim, so touchingly, and so successfully, the utter ruin of sinful, fallen man, and his recovery solely through FAITH in JESUS CHRIST!

The all-day convention on Tuesday was in every way a successful meeting. It was attended by immense crowds throughout the day, and many well-known ministers and others were present from London and various towns in the provinces, as well as Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Moody presided throughout the day, with his usual tact and energy.

The first hour was fitly devoted to praise, and Mr. Sankey's opening address was followed by powerful testimony to the value

of the services by our brethren in Scotland and Ireland. All the speakers concurred in saying that a new song had been put into their mouths.

Mr. Moody occupied the next hour with an address on "Work;" and his trenchant words, uttered in the presence of so many Christian workers, were potent with blessing, in stimulating them to do more than ever for the Master in their widely separated vineyards.

"How to conduct Prayer-meetings" was the next topic, and a most important one it is. We cannot better describe many of the prayer-meetings we have been accustomed to attend in past years than by comparing them to "wet blankets." They have been characterized by so much frigidity and routine, that we do not wonder the attendance has mostly been small. Mr. Moody will have done us British Christians a great and lasting service if he has been enabled to show how our prayer-meetings may be made broad and deep channels of blessing and happiness, both to Christians and the careless world round about us. We look for this result.

More important, perhaps, was the subject of the next hour, "How to reach the masses." Whoever will solve that problem will earn the unspeakable gratitude of all who sigh for the conversion of the nations to Christ. The rousing addresses of Mr. Chown, of Bradford; Mr. Newman Hall, of London; Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham; Mr. Fletcher, of Dublin, and others, all men of large experience, will, we trust, have contributed somewhat to this desired end.

Mr. Moody was as practical as ever in his answers to the questions sent in; and if those who sent them will only apply those answers, we are inclined to think the hour devoted to the "Question Drawer" will be the most fruitful of any.

In the evening a public service was held in the same place; hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, delivered an address, earnestly entreating all present to forsake sin and come to Christ. Mr. Moody, in his discourse, urged on his hearers immediate decision for Christ.

Mr. Sankey's singing of sacred songs seems to make a deep impression upon the great congregation.

At the meeting in Bingley Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Moody said: I was very dejected last night. Our meetings have been so much blessed that an effort was put forth to get Bingley Hall for another week. When we got home last evening, we found a despatch from a gentleman, saying we could not have the hall. I was greatly depressed all day. Now, however, I have just been told we may yet obtain the hall for another week. But the committee are wavering a little, as they have some fears the people will not come out to the meetings next week. We have had good committees wherever we have been; but we have never had a better committee than the Birmingham one, and I know they will come to a wise decision. But if you are anxious about your souls, you'll attend the meetings. We'll get several gentlemen to speak, and we hope you'll rally round them and the committee. We have had great blessings in other towns; but I think we never met with anything that came up to this—to our meetings in Birmingham. I must say I've never enjoyed preaching the gospel more than I have done since we came to Birmingham. We've reached so many people. I only wish we could have such a hall wherever we go. I think if we could only take up Bingley Hall, we would carry it round the world with us, as a place in which to preach the gospel to all men. But I would like you Birmingham people to go with us. Well, then, if we do our best to get speakers for another week, will you do your best to get hearers for the speakers?—(Many cries of "Yes," "yes.") Well, keep your promise. Why, almost any man could speak in this hall to such a meeting as this. The very sight of you is enough to make a dumb dog bark. I'll telegraph off to Liverpool and London to send us all the help they can. There will be a service on Sunday afternoon, when one of your own ministers will preach. On Monday night you'll have a thanksgiving service. Come to it to thank God for having answered our prayers to bless these meetings. Has God not answered your prayers?—(Cries of "Yes," "yes.") Then on Tuesday we'll get some one else to speak. On

Wednesday there will be the usual services in the churches and chapels. On Thursday night there will be another speaker. On Friday I will come back, on my way to Liverpool, and we'll have a meeting for all the converts. Now, let all rise who will support the committee and attend the different meetings. [Almost the entire audience stood up in response to this appeal.] Yes; the committee are quite satisfied. We'll go on then. Pray there may be hundreds and thousands converted next week. If things do not always please you, don't complain; just pray. Pray for a great blessing next week.

Services were held in Bingley Hall, from 5,000 to 7,000 persons having been present at each.

At Messrs. Moody and Sankey's farewell service, Bingley Hall was once more crowded to its utmost, nearly 1,600 converts' tickets being applied for. It would be manifestly premature to assert that this number of people have been converted during the previous three weeks' services. As Mr. Moody said at the Conference in London, on the same day, they did not desire to reckon up the number of converts, because they could not judge of the reality of the cases. At the same time we think it very probable that many have been brought savingly to believe in Christ who did not apply for converts' tickets. In any case, the progress of the movement in Birmingham has been such as greatly to encourage and cheer our American brethren and those who helped them in their labors; and we respond to Mr. Moody's hope that it may "continue for a year."

Mr. Moody's address to the converts was, as usual, most fitting. His parting sentences were the expression of affectionate regard, and it was plain, from the demeanor of the audience, that the parting on their side was a most reluctant one.

Mr. Sankey sang the farewell hymn with great pathos and feeling; and on leaving the hall both he and Mr. Moody were besieged with friends anxious to receive a parting shake of the hand. They proceeded to Liverpool on Saturday.

A correspondent writes concerning this meeting: "We shall never forget that address." Such was the almost involuntary

exclamation of a well-dressed mechanic who was standing by us in the aisle of Bingley Hall. And truly the work of the Lord in this town is such as has never before been seen here. We were praying and expecting great things, but the blessing has exceeded our expectations; never before have the people of every class been so moved and such glorious results followed. A week having elapsed since Mr. Moody left us, we are enabled to speak in a measure of results. First, the life of the ministers who have taken part has been largely increased, so that the testimony of many of the hearers last Sunday was, "Our minister preaches like a new man;" then the renewed life of the churches is already manifesting itself in the desire to work either in Sunday-schools or tract districts; and besides this, the people outside are more disposed to hear the gospel, many coming into our churches last Sunday, and in more cases than one when notice was given out after the service that inquirers would be spoken to, numbers varying from twenty to sixty passed into the vestry, and many rejoiced in a new-found Saviour. Our hearts are indeed full of praise; should we be silent, the stones might well cry out, "But we will bless the Lord from this time forth, and forevermore."

I know of no one of the many blessed hymns which has more struck the heart and arrested attention than that sweet one whose chorus begins, "Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, the love of God to me." This love and its manifestation is the theme of every sermon, and, of course, God owns it. Ministers wonder at failure, and try to discover the cause; a week of services such as Birmingham has had for the last fortnight, I think must answer the question, "What is the cause of failure?" for we have seen in the crowded meetings, in the overwhelming number of anxious ones, in the utter breaking down of strong men, the secret of success. The wondrous love of God has been the weapon which has been used; failure in using this weapon has been the cause of failure in result. Never has Birmingham been so mightily moved; in the workshops Sankey's songs are sung, and men who cared for none of these things are anxiously inquiring after the good news. Oh, may our God carry on the work begun with mighty power.

CHAPTER XIX.

Liverpool's Month of Mercy.

The brethren revisited this great city by the sea on the 7th of February and remained till March 7, 1875. Twenty thousand dollars had been expended for a building capable of seating eight thousand persons, and, when crowded, several thousand more were accommodated. It was named Victoria Hall.

The Friday preceding the arrival was observed as a day of preparation on the part of many of the churches, and the first meeting of the evangelists was on Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, for Christian workers. This was followed by the afternoon and evening meetings.

All Liverpool was moved by them; but not with the most desirable feelings. Some were actuated by a spirit of embittered hostility, and did not hesitate to write and speak of these servants of Christ what had not the shadow of truth. This very opposition, however, did good. God makes "the wrath of men to praise Him." I have known of some who entered Victoria Hall bitter enemies, and left it attached friends to the movement. Many flock to the meetings, apparently from idle curiosity, and thousands under spiritual anxiety, whilst God's people rally round the evangelists with an enthusiasm and hearty goodwill which is cheering to observe.

At last Monday evening's meeting, an intelligent young man informed me he came into that hall to scoff at all he heard. "I believed only in God and the devil; the latter I served well, and, as sitting laughing at the fools (as I then thought) about me,

that beautiful hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, was sung. A sudden thrill passed through my whole frame, and then like a dart ran through my very heart. My feelings were awful, but I listened to the next verse, and felt there is a Saviour. Who is He? Where is He? Instantly I realized the truth, Jesus is the Saviour. I threw myself into His loving arms, and here I am now, rejoicing in Him."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for such news. Now, brother, go home and tell your friends what great things God hath done for your soul."

"Will you pray?" he said.

We went together to the throne, and then he said, "God bless you. I will now live and work for Jesus."

The devil lays his plans, and no doubt thinks they are well arranged, but whilst he proposes certain events, God disposes of them in a very different way than Satan expected.

Of this I have had an instance.

"I am under a dreadful temptation," said a young man to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was given drink by a man professing to be a Christian, and whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ, in place of dishonoring Christ in this meeting, what am I to do to this man?"

"Pray for him," I said, "and God will give him to you as a star for your crown. Tell him plainly his state, and bring him here with you next night."

"I knew a lady who went to a religious meeting an avowed infidel, sent there by two sisters-in-law for a similar purpose to that which brought you this night here. She was brought to Christ, and sent back to them full of Jesus, and was the means of their saving conversion; and now all three are rejoicing in the great salvation effected by Jesus, the Son of God, for every penitent, believing child of Adam."

Truly the Lord is doing great things for us, "whereof we are glad."

It may emphatically be said of them, "They came, they spoke, they conquered." For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with the evangelistic work of the town, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present.

The erection of the vast hall to hold 10,000 persons, was looked on as monstrous folly. As it was being built, the talk was, To what purpose is this waste? But now what was called Moody's folly, is seen to be God's wisdom.

Men who wrote, spoke against, and laughed at it, now speak with bated breath, come and hear, and go with changed thoughts. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old world's adage, and in this is proved to be true:—6,000 at a midday prayer-meeting; 6,000 at the afternoon Bible-lecture; 10,000 at the evening meeting, with the inquiry-rooms full, are something that even the Exchange has to admit. But beyond this, there is the mighty working power of God's Spirit working and acting, which no tables can register or numbers record. "'Tis not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," was the key-note of the preparatory meetings, which has been steadily kept before all the workers.

The part allotted to me in the great work has enabled me to see and test much that is going on. And this I can say—there is wheat; there is chaff. The wheat is sound, and will be a glorious, bountiful harvest. The chaff will be blown away. Wheat and chaff always grow together. Never have we been privileged to see so much real, genuine work—anxious faces, tearful eyes, aching hearts.

Mr. Moody, after a telling address, went into the inquiry-room, and his place was occupied by a layman, who wielded the sword of the Spirit with amazing power right and left. His words, powerful and well chosen, fell with force, and told on the vast audience that seemed spellbound. Many seemed to be convicted of sin, and hurried into the inquiry-room.

Mr. Moody remarked that many people thought the Victoria Hall was a bad investment, but that, if souls were born there, perhaps some of them would like to have a little stock in it.

Mr. Moody's earnest invitation to those who were anxious about their salvation to stand up, and afterward to meet him in the inquiry-room, was responded to by hundreds, who were not deterred from showing their anxiety by the curious gaze of many thousand spectators.

Many striking instances of conversion have occurred, and other cases have come under my own observation in which backsliders have been led to return to their first love. One day at the noon prayer-meeting, Mr. Moody told of an interesting case of conversion he had met the night before. A young, stalwart man, who was to sail for America next day, had come into the meeting. He had been pricked to the heart by Mr. Moody's pointed appeals, and found his way to the inquiry-room, and here, as he believed, to lay his hitherto unforgiven sins on Jesus. Later in the evening he called on Mr. Moody at his hotel, and received a letter of introduction to any of the Christian friends in America he might meet. He was accompanied to the hotel by his brother, who had come from the country with him to see him sail, and who seemed overjoyed to think that one so nearly related to him was taking Christ with him ere he left his native shores.

At the evening meetings the hall is always crowded with something like 10,000 people, and if it were not that the committee kept a great part of the passages clear to allow of access to the inquiry-room, every inch of standing ground would be occupied. The attendance at the noon prayer-meetings averages 4,000 to 5,000, the audience, of course, not being so mixed as those in the evening. One gratifying circumstance, however, in connection with the noon meeting should be noted, and that is, the presence of so many of the Liverpool merchants and business men. I have heard it stated that between twelve and one, when the noon prayer-meeting is held, 'Change is half deserted, and it has been remarked that no other source of attraction has ever drawn so many of these busy men away from their money-making for an hour in the middle of the day. May they carry away some truth that will cling to them when they are tempted to forget God in their haste to get rich!

A very happy feature of the work here, as elsewhere, is the sympathetic co-operation of many clergymen and ministers of various denominations. They appear on the platform and take part in the services, as well as in the personal dealing with the anxious.

"This is glorious work; this is *reality*." Such was the remark that reached my ears one evening last week, as I was passing through the inquiry-room adjoining Victoria Hall. There, I thought, is the whole movement in a nut-shell. The more I see it, and the more I ponder over it, I am impressed with the feeling of *reality* that pervades this work, as it is now going on in Liverpool. Endless are the surmises, and very ludicrous some of the guesses, as to the secret of its wonderful success. The Liverpool critics (and their name is legion) are fairly puzzled. I sum it all up in the one word *reality*.

Mr. Moody has often been described, and criticised, and dissected, both by friends and foes, but I think sufficient stress has been laid on his predominating characteristic of *reality*. As he said the other day, he pulls up his net anon to see what he has caught. This is the highest test of his reality, and the one that has evoked the greatest criticism. But it is the one that has all along contributed most to the success of the movement.

During the past week the slain of the Lord have been many. Every evening has seen fresh groups scattered over the inquiry-room, with tearful eyes and troubled hearts, drinking in the affectionate words of invitation, or the plain words of appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Moody and his co-workers. People who know least about it may affect to shrug the shoulder at the inquiry-room, but one or two visits there would do them good, and probably convince them how indispensable it is to success in this work. I hope one result of this awakening in our land will be that every minister of the gospel, and every one who seeks to speak to his fellow-men about salvation, will not only cast out the net, but will draw it up every time.

The leading attraction of the meetings last week was Mr. Moody's Bible-lectures. On each occasion the hall was crowded; so that on a moderate computation, the seed of the word of God

relating to these two most important subjects was sown in the hearts of some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, many of them from a long distance.

The lectures are a treat of no ordinary kind. As expository discourses they are most valuable, and reveal, to some extent, how Mr. Moody has got, to use a common phrase, "the Bible at his finger-ends." But these lectures have a wonderful hortatory as well as expository value.

It is a gratifying fact that the attendance at the evening meetings chiefly continues to increase. During the first week of the services the Victoria Hall was almost sufficient to hold the crowds of eager listeners; at any rate, the overflow was not considered so great as to necessitate the opening of other places. Last week, however, overflow meetings were held, sometimes in two and sometimes in three different places.

One evening I went to St. John's Church, where I found W. H. M. Aitken and the vicar of the church conducting the service after the model of the services in Victoria Hall. The body of the church was filled partly with the overflow from the hall, and partly with those who had been induced to enter by personal solicitation, and by hearing a group of young men singing hymns in the church-yard. It was a motley company, and a great majority consisted of those who, from their dress and appearance, do not often find their way to God's house. There were numbers of men such as one sees lounging at street-corners and about public-houses, many young girls in working attire and without bonnets, and a number of rough, neglected-looking street Arabs. Their behavior, with one or two exceptions, was most orderly and attentive. A good sprinkling remained at the close to be conversed with, and many of them were enabled to lay their sins on Jesus, or, as the speaker said, to accept the fact that God had laid them there nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

It is interesting and refreshing to notice how all grades of society and all ages are represented among the anxious who throng the inquiry-room at the close of Mr. Moody's addresses. From the richly-dressed lady to the poor waif of the street, with

scarce enough of clothing to cover his nakedness; from the boy and girl of eight or ten years to the horny-handed, gray-headed working-man, with all the intervening stages of life—there you find all, burdened with the same sense of sin, and afterward rejoicing in the same Saviour.

The special work among the young men, which has been carried on in other towns where the evangelists have been, is being organized here also. On Saturday evening there was a meeting for young men, chiefly to make arrangements, at which Mr. Moody was present. In the meantime the meetings will be held in Newsome's Circus, and shortly it is expected that the concert room of St. George's Hall will be available.

Sunday last was another day of much sowing of the precious seed of the word, and reaping too. The early meeting for "workers" was some 8,000 strong.

The afternoon meeting for women was a wonderful sight. The hall was packed to excess, and many hundreds failing to gain entrance, an overflow meeting was held in Newsome's Circus. Mr. Sankey sang the solo "Mary Magdalene" amidst the most profound silence, and the pathetic and beautiful words of the hymn brought tears to many an eye. Mr. Moody spoke on "What Christ is to us," a most pregnant and powerful address on a theme that he said it would take all eternity to exhaust. As at other times, Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be prayed for to rise up, and hundreds upon hundreds responded in all parts of the house. A more touching or cheering sight I never witnessed. Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded," and Mr. Moody said that there were so many anxious, it would be impossible to speak with them; so he asked them to go home, and at five o'clock to take God's Word, and kneel down pleading His promise, and commit themselves to Him. All the Christian in the hall would be praying for them at that hour. He praye that they might be altogether persuaded.

Mr. Moody repeated his afternoon address to an immer audience of men in the evening, and in the course of it m strong reference to the great curse of Liverpool, the drink tra

amid the approval of the vast congregation. He asked them to show their detestation of it by becoming abstainers. There were hundreds of inquirers at the close. A deeply interesting meeting of about 7,000 young men was held in the Circus from nine to ten o'clock, conducted by Mr. Henry Drummond. These meetings are to be continued every night.

Valuable testimony was given as to the tangible effects of the work in Liverpool. It was stated that one class reached had been those who, though religiously trained, had, during these special meetings, seen a new meaning and power in the truths with which they were familiar. Many sailors, and ship captains, too, had come to the meetings and been guided into the true haven of rest and peace. Then there were many workingmen who had plunged into the depths of intemperance, and whose insulted and injured wives, after being driven from their homes, had been compelled to support themselves and their children for years together. These wives, in this day of grace, had sent letters to their husbands, extending their forgiveness and imploring them to come to Victoria Hall and seek forgiveness of the Saviour. Some of them had come and found that forgiveness, and gone back to lighten their homes again with a new lustre and joy.

Allusion was made by one of the speakers to another class, one much too large and full of strange and painful interest, consisting of those who have in past years made a profession of love to Christ, but have wandered

"Away on the mountains, wild and bare,"

and have been glad to take of the husks that the swine did eat. It had often been asked whether the converts connected with this revival would stand the test of time, and endure the temptations of the world. When the question is put, as it often is, "Brother, have all *your* converts stood fast?" I can only confess that, during the forty years but one that I have preached in this town, I have missed a great many from the fold; but I have found some of them in that inquiry-room. The first night the inquiry-

room was needed, I lingered on the platform, not intending to go into the room, when a message came to me, "You are wanted immediately; an inquirer wishes to see you." I went, and I had not seen that face—I will not tell you whether it was man or woman—for twenty years; and I found that soul had wandered away, and had kept out of my sight with perfect success. The first conviction was to go and tell him by whose hands they had been received into the Christian Church. Many a wanderer has come, and Christ alone knows how many more He will welcome back to His all-forgiving arms, and fill our hearts with a gladness they have never experienced before.

And so the great work flows steadily on. As the days and weeks roll past, and the same scenes are so often repeated, it is difficult to find fresh terms in which to describe "these wondrous gatherings day by day." The four meetings on Sunday last may briefly be stated as a repetition of those on the Sunday before. All crowded to the utmost capacity of the great hall, and, in some cases, especially at the afternoon and evening meetings, multitudes turned away for lack of room.

The service for "non-church goers" at eleven o'clock was a fresh illustration of the power of Christ's wondrous love, or "compassion," to melt the hearts of the most supine, and to move the consciences of the most sin-stricken. The arrows of conviction went home right and left, and there was a large ingathering of souls at the close. Mr. Moody used, by way of illustration, a very touching chapter of personal family history that brought tears to many eyes.

At the three o'clock service for women, the hall was filled to overflowing an hour before the time. The women are quite as determined in their efforts to get in as the stronger sex, and some say not quite so well behaved under the trying conditions of a crowd. To my mind, these Sunday afternoon meetings for women have been the most wonderful of all, and certainly not the least important, when we consider the power for good or evil that must be exerted by so many thousands of our mothers and sisters. I must say these meetings have proved that the women are not only quicker

in their apprehension of the truth, but more honest and courageous in avowing their apprehension of it. At the close of Mr. Moody's searching address on "Excuses," a very considerable proportion of the audience promptly stood up to show that they wished to excuse themselves no longer from accepting the gracious invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Mr. Moody spoke to the inquirers that filled the inquiry-room, in language and by illustration so beautifully simple and apt, that it is almost impossible to conceive any difficulty could have remained in their minds. At the same time Mr. Sankey addressed, in a very artless, homely, and touching way, a large body of anxious inquirers who remained in the hall.

Mr. Moody, before leaving Liverpool, addressed an immense meeting in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, and laid the corner-stone of the new building, inscribed, "This memorial stone was laid by D. L. Moody of Chicago, 2d March, 1875." He used a silver trowel presented to him for the occasion.

The closing services were held on Sunday, the 7th of March, at eight A. M., for Christian workers; at eleven A. M. for young converts and inquirers; at three P. M. for women only; and at eight P. M. for men only. Each was very largely attended.

In 1873, not a convert was known to have been made by the meetings held by the evangelists in Liverpool, and now behold the wonderful victories of the Truth!

CHAPTER XX.

Mighty London is Blessed.

The scale of magnitude by which the work was carried on in the metropolis may be measured in our thoughts by one fact—over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended in the prosecution during the four months from its commencement, March 9th to July 11th, 1875. During the first month the meetings were held in North London, and in Agricultural Hall, the largest building in that quarter. It is said that once, at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preached to twenty-two thousand people. But for the different style of the arrangements in the vast interior, that would probably have been the number present on Tuesday night, when the Chicago evangelists entered on their London campaign. As it was, the audience could not be less than eighteen thousand; in all likelihood it reached twenty thousand. The chairs numbered fourteen thousand according to some authorities, fifteen thousand say others; and not one of these, nor scarcely an inch of standing-ground, was left unoccupied, while the doors had to be closed in the face of many hundreds for whom there was no room. The anxiety to procure admission was indicated by the fact that fully two hours before the time advertised for the beginning of the service crowds began to assemble. We were there a few minutes after six, and already the building seemed to be more than half full, while the stream of people entering was in full flood, and required not many minutes to crowd every vacant spot, excepting only the reserved seats near the platform, for which tickets were required. At half-past

six the singing of a hymn was begun in a distant part of the hall; but the Rev. Thain Davidson, from his seat on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were, indeed, admirable. Ushers, each invested with an official rod, were scattered all over the building. Those near me were young merchants and professional men; and they did their work with quiet, effective energy. There seems to have been no screw loose anywhere. The silent seating of so many thousands was a masterpiece of administrative care and skill.

The appearance of the vast throng was in itself a sight worth going many miles to see. No architectural features of the building came between the eye and the great sea of humanity that seemed to stretch as far as the vision could go. There was abundance of light shed from thousands of gas-burners beading the walls—these at times running in straight lines, and at regular intervals assuming a semicircular form. A broad strip of red cloth running round beneath the lines and arches of light bore appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, was, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel"; and the first on the left, "The gift of God is eternal life." At the centre of the platform there is a small dais, covered with red cloth, and having a slight rail round it, and a little book-board at one corner. This is for the president of the meetings. On his right are the seats for the choir, and Mr. Sankey's American organ. The seats on the left are for the committee and others taking part in the service. On and around the platform were hundreds of leading men of all the evangelical communions, ministers and laymen; and it struck me that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches were represented in special strength, especially the former body. The Earl of Cavan and Lord Radstock occupied seats on the platform.

At seven o'clock Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to the most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn,

"Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love," was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of two hundred voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, "Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is going to do in London." The response, as the people sung the familiar Doxology, was thrilling; and no sooner had the strain ceased than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. "We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour," he said; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervor. Very hearty, too, were the "Amens" which followed the request that God might be pleased to "speak to all London" by the mouth of His servants from the other side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version of the hundredth Psalm, Mr. Sankey saying, "Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing." To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain.

Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labor in this dark city. "It is a great city," he said, "but Thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them." He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be "no strife among the herdmen." Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. "May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere," said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and

especially the line, "What means this strange commotion?" was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud; but they were instantly rebuked into silence by a murmured "Hush!" from thousands of lips.

On Wednesday evening the second meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall. The attendance was not nearly so large as on the first evening, resulting from the fact that Mr. Moody requested the doors to be closed at half-past seven, thus preventing many thousands who were unable to attend so early from gaining admission.

It was speedily apparent that great blessing from on high was present in that meeting. The address was full of power; anecdote, illustration, Scripture entreaty, persuasion, succeeded each other again and again, with lightning speed and force, while the vast audience listened intently. As the interest heightened, and story after story was told, many could be seen wiping the tears openly, apparently unconscious of what they were doing. The graphic picture of the meeting of Bartimeus and Zaccheus, after the former had been healed, was thoroughly enjoyed; and the quiet hit at those "who don't believe in sudden conversions," in the statement that Zaccheus "was converted between the branches and the ground," was greatly enjoyed. The story that followed, of "the young man converted on his mother's grave," gave occasion for an impassioned appeal to turn to Jesus then and there. Silent prayer followed the conclusion of the address; and, amid a hush that was almost awful, the sound of music floated on the air, and Mr. Sankey sang softly, "Come home—come home." Every head bowed, thousands earnestly praying, while the soft music seemed to enter into the very souls of that mass of humanity, bowing and swaying even the hardest to thoughts of repentance and prayer. Then Lord Radstock concluded with prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," was sung as Mr. Moody went from the Hall to the first inquiry-meeting in London. Many hundreds followed him, but whether workers or inquirers

did not at the time appear, and it is far too early yet to speak of results.

On Thursday Mr. Moody presided for the second time at the noon prayer-meeting. There was also a falling off in the attendance here compared with the day before; but the great Hall was nearly filled, and would doubtlessly have been filled to overflowing during the service had the doors remained open. Mr. Moody was just a very little bitter in saying, "I don't know what some men would do at a Pentecost," or his earnestness seemed intensified to bitterness; but this disappeared when he spoke of a boy of fourteen with a Bible under his arm, whom he had met in the inquiry-room the previous night, and asked as to his presence there. The boy replied that he was a Christian, hoped to meet some little boy like himself to tell about Jesus. Afterward the boy was seen kneeling with another in a corner. Mr. Sankey also spoke earnestly in defence of the inquiry-room—asking objectors to visit and see for themselves, instead of finding fault beforehand; adding, warmly, "It don't take half a man to find fault." The meeting ended as usual; but after its close there appeared to be an impromptu reunion of nearly all the evangelical workers in London, the resemblance being almost perfect to one of the evening conferences at Mildmay Park.

The third evening service was much more largely attended than the second. Much better order was observed than at the commencement of the previous evening, the meeting being admirably controlled. The address was most solemn and searching in character, concluding with an exhortation to immediate and final decision. Mr. Moody ended his discourse by prayer. Then "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung; then silent prayer; next, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" then the benediction and the inquiry-meeting.

On Friday the great hall for the noon prayer-meeting had a glorious gathering, and there were quite as many present as on the previous day, but notably men; the ladies *could not* face the terrible cold and sleet.

After singing, a gentleman spoke earnestly of the way and the

need of working for Jesus. He was followed by another, who told a touching story of how the lost are found in London. A tract-distributor offered a man a tract on Waterloo Bridge; it was declined with the remark, "I shall be in hell before night"; the words were heard and answered, "No, you will not, for I'm going to heaven, and will stick to you all day." They left the bridge together, the hungry man was supplied with food and taken to a place of worship. There he fell asleep. "Perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend; "let him sleep!" Service over, he was conveyed home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "*What's up?*" He was fed, tended, reasoned with, instructed, and brought to the way of heaven, instead of being in hell, as he had said.

So ends the first three of Mr. Moody's noon prayer-meetings and the first three nights of work in London. And it is simple truth to state, that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were in the world's history. In *three days* of noon and evening service, about *eighty thousand* have listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Well might Mr. Moody express his thankfulness to God—the encouragement he had received and felt, and his deep sense of the sympathy and help extended to him and his colleague in their great work. Well might he dissolve in broken accents and tears of entreaty for a rich blessing on himself and those who, laboring with him, will share his eternal rest and reward. Surely, when bankers and rich merchants, and ministers holding high official positions, are content to be doorkeepers, it must be said, "We never saw it after this fashion," and this was exactly the case at the door of Exeter Hall yesterday.

Mr. Moody took for his text Isa. lv. 6, stating for two evenings he had dwelt on man seeking God, but now he would speak of God seeking man; yet recommending earnestness in seeking God by many touching incidents and suggestions. This, among others, he thought "the dying thief might have had a praying mother" He also turned to the ministers around him and asked, "Did they believe that God was present, and willing to save?"

and was instantly answered by an audible "Yes." A tearful, impassioned appeal followed to all classes to seek the Lord, and He would assuredly be found. Silent prayer succeeded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded." Then the audience were dismissed, and all anxious, and all workers, were invited to remain, an invitation that was accepted *by several thousands!* The whole space under the arched room was occupied by seekers and workers, while the responses to earnest prayers rolled around like the deep tones of the great sea waves at night. The Lord was there. Inquirer after inquirer made themselves manifest until there were scores in the inquiry-room, and scores remaining in the hall speaking with the workers there. In the inquiry-room were seekers and workers in every direction, and very many found peace in believing. One fine young man fell to the lot of the writer, and it was emphatically good to watch the dawning of divine truth on the mind, as shown in the intelligent face—to see the look of anxiety and fear give place to the knowledge and love of God—to watch the birth of the soul to eternal life bring forth that look of brightness on the face which is never seen from any other cause. One young lady said "she was so happy, she seemed to tread on air"; and in instance after instance the testimony grew and multiplied, till we could only rejoice in believing that numbers were born again—not of corruptible seed, but of the incorruptible, which liveth and abideth for ever. Then the long, happy evening closed by Mr. Moody calling the workers together, and giving some brotherly advice and counsel concerning the details of work in the inquiry-room.

Oh for the time of blessing! Oh for the rain upon the weary! Oh for the coming, in mightiest power, of the loving Spirit and the King our Brother, among the ruined and lost—among the weary and burdened laborers on this rough and stony ground! Our Father, hear and answer Thy children's heart-cry, for Jesus' sake!

On Sunday morning, March 14, the usual unbroken quiet of Islington experienced a striking change. From every direction solitaires, couples, and bands of well-dressed people were hastening to the Agricultural Hall. Many parties of singers had

arranged to meet in their different localities, and marched with songs to their destination. Sunday-school teachers resident in the line of march near to the Hall had invited their fellow-laborers to breakfast at a very unusual hour; while the vendors of hymns and papers round the Hall took their usual week-day positions, and transacted a large amount of buying and selling, to which multitudes made strong and indignant objection. Pouring in at all the entrances to the Hall, there was speedily convened such a gathering of its Christian workers as London had never seen. It was a complete *re*-union. Friends, whom the exigencies of work had separated for years, met and clasped hands once more; young men grown old in service met with others in like condition, whom they had labored with in years of strength; and comely matrons' faces were recognized as those of former girls in Sunday-schools. Long before *all* old friends could be recognized and greeted, the time for the service arrived, and the evangelists stood face to face with many thousands of the Christian workers of the great metropolis for the first time.

Cool, prompt, and business-like as ever, Mr. Moody announced the first song would be "Hold the fort," which was sung with a vigor that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Moody narrated a striking instance of a Sunday-school superintendent who was not converted, but finding this to be so, went honestly to his minister and offered to resign. The minister suggested a more excellent way—that the superintendent should first turn to the Lord at once and then continue his labors. This was done; he turned to the willing Saviour, and then became the means of the conversion of the teachers and a great revival in the school. It was the duty of each Christian—*not* duty, but privilege (Away with mere *duty!* we did not talk of *duty* to wives and mothers, and why in religion?)—to speak to some person daily. For twelve years there had scarcely been a day in which he had not done this. Seek out friends, and bring them into the current, that they might get a blessing and pass it on. We must also get into sympathy with the unsaved. When he was laboring in the school at Chicago, a teacher, who was going away to die, came to

him in bitter trouble about his unconverted class. He felt his strength too far gone to visit them; they were unsaved, and he was leaving them—going away, for ever. Mr. Moody procured a carriage, and they went together day after day for ten days, until the teacher had seen all, pleaded with all, and won them all for Jesus. The tearful eyes, the pale face, and the deep sympathy had triumphed for Christ! Then they all met him on the platform, and the wave of his hand from the carriage was a last, long farewell. The effect produced by this narration was very deep. Sobs and tears were almost universal The ministers on the platform were wiping both eyes and glasses, and some were literally scooping away the tears with their hands. Strong men were weeping like children, and the speaker himself wept abundantly as he remembered and depicted the touching scene. Yes, he continued, we must get in sympathy—make their case ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power. He spoke of a poor mother, whose child had been drowned in procuring drift-wood from the river, and whom he visited along with his little daughter. "If that was me," said my child, "wouldn't you *feel bad*, father? Don't you feel bad for the poor mother?" This unlocked the springs of sympathy, and I did feel bad for her. I found a grave for the poor child, and afterward bought ground for a Sunday-school lot, to bury a hundred of our poor little scholars. In the midst of a most striking scene of weeping, such as that hall had never seen before, the address concluded, and Mr. Moody *attempted* to pray. So deeply was he moved, that he was compelled to pause in his prayer, amid dead silence, to recover himself, and be able to proceed. Then we sang, "Work, for the night is coming," and the benediction ended the first workers' meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, at three, the first special meeting for women was held. There were, at the lowest computation, about 17,000 women present; and the power of the Spirit was clearly there: tears and sobs and repressed cries, anxious faces, low, earnest words and entreaties for mercy were all around, as the proceeded from point to point. God was the preacher

of this sermon, said Mr. Moody; and though the first audience was small, the sermon has come rolling down the ages, and many, I hope, are asking themselves this question now. I am speaking to professors, to backsliders, and to those who never made profession, but all equally lost. Then all sang the hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," and the meeting closed to allow inquirers to gather. Such a number accepted the invitation that the large inquiry-room could not contain them, and many were spoken to in the bitter cold without the room.

The evening service was simply a repetition of the afternoon, but for men only, instead of women. Thousands of women, nevertheless, accompanied their male friends in hope of admission, but were disappointed — they could not be admitted. Nevertheless, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were closed nearly an hour before the service commenced. The would-be infidel orator of London is in the habit of saying that "Religion is an affair of priests and women." Never again will he be able to repeat that taunt, after the meeting on Sunday evening last, *when nearly* 15,000 *men of London were held breathless by the simple preaching and singing of the Gospel of Christ* Before the address was delivered, Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"; himself singing the verses, and the vast multitude joining in singing the last line in each verse, thus producing the effect of one of the mightiest choruses ever sung on earth. After the address the inquiry-room was opened, while the meeting in the hall continued with praise and prayer.

So great had been the effect produced, so large was the number of inquirers who were not "priests" or "women," that there were not enough workers present to deal with them. Nor can this be wondered at. Christians had been entreated and enjoined to stay away, that the unconverted might have all the room; and this request was too literally obeyed.

St. Mary's Hall is a large concert-room, with chairs on the floor fronting the platform, and a deep gallery round the sides and end of the hall. Mr. Moody divided the inquirers, leaving the women on the basement, and sending the men into the gal-

lery, and directed the workers to divide in the same way. All round the gallery were men in twos and threes, to the number of two or three hundred—each couple or three separated from their neighbors, and earnestly engaged in their own work, without taking any notice of those near and around. Here was a couple discussing a difficulty in the way. There another couple earnestly reading passages of God's Word. Next was one pleading earnestly with another. Next one whose work was done, as the close, loving hand-clasp showed. Many were striving together in prayer, two by two. Here a worker earnestly asking for the light to come. There another pressing the inquirer to pray for himself, and others praying earnestly together. The writer had the pleasure of speaking with three in succession. The first was a young man who had made long, wearying endeavor to work out salvation; he had been *trying hard* to come to Jesus, but neither work nor trial had brought the assurance of faith. To one so much in earnest it was most pleasant to show salvation as the *gift* of God, and a little patience was richly rewarded by the dawning of the light. Then said he, "*I see it now; please to leave me alone with God!*" Most reverently and willingly this was done, and the second was spoken to; he also promised to accept the gift, and left to kneel before the Lord in seeking, as he was compelled to go. The third had long had a form of godliness, but neither its power nor hope—he was just a sleeping nominal church-member, who did not wish to be disturbed. He had wandered into the inquiry-room, thinking it was public, and he should hear an address. Unable to deal satisfactorily with him, the attention of another brother was called to him, and we passed on round the gallery. On returning, this one was praying earnestly, the second was gone, and the face of the first showed better than any words that he had lost his burden. Passing below to leave, a lady who was talking to three working-girls claimed help, as help had been claimed in the case above. We held conversation, and speedily all three declared themselves on the Lord's side; and the bright, earnest young faces glowed with the thought of the gift received, and the "covenant unto death" with Jesus. As we saw, so we heard of many

to whom light and peace came; nor was it the least impressive to mark how willingly help was given and received, how entirely absent were evidences of self and self-seeking. Conversions all around, an atmosphere of prayer and the Word of God, the subdued hum of conversation with each other, and converse with the Father through the Son, gave a sense of "nearness of access," of personal presence, of a very present and loving help, that was as sweet as it was solemn. Verily it "was good to be there!" It was just eleven o'clock when, after three hours of delightful service, "the labor was done, and the laborers gone home."

The *Christian World* thus summarizes the first month's work:

To-day the American evangelists, whose names are on every lip, enter upon the second month of their London campaign. They have all but completed the series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, designed more especially for the benefit of the people dwelling in the great northern region of the metropolis; and now they are about to enter on the daily occupation of a building specially erected for their accommodation at the East End. From week to week we have furnished our readers with full reports of the proceedings. In this way the public have been enabled to obtain a comprehensive, and we believe accurate, view of a series of meetings that certainly stand without a parallel in the religious annals of England. We may not be able to say, with a respected contemporary, that Mr. Moody is the modern Wycliffe —a name we should rather assign, if we used it at all, to a great English preacher who has been proclaiming the Gospel to multitudes in London every week for more than twenty-one years. Neither are we prepared to coincide with the magnanimous assertion of a Wesleyan Methodist journal, that this movement puts the revival which was wrought by Whitfield and Wesley into the shade, in respect, at least, to the numbers brought under the sound of the Gospel. These are statements, as it seems to us, which would require to be greatly qualified before they could be accepted by thoughtful men. Yet, without going the length of our too exuberant friends, we can testify that the success of the

gatherings over which Mr. Moody presides has been simply marvelous, and in its way quite unexampled, either within the memory of living men, or in all that has been recorded by the pen of the English historian of the Christian Church. Whatever may be the view he takes of the work, as to its true spiritual significance and value, every candid onlooker must acknowledge that the present is a phenomenon which cannot be too carefully scanned, or too fully described by the contemporary journalist. It will unquestionably claim for itself a chapter of no inconsiderable magnitude in the book that deals with the religious history of England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some little service to the future, as well as to the present-day reader, may, therefore, be rendered by an attempt to gather up the salient points in the story of the first month spent by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London.

And first of all we have to note the sustained, and it would even seem growing, interest which the public take in the meetings. Every day at noon Exeter Hall has been well filled; often it has been crowded, and there is no symptom of any falling off in the attendance, while it may be confidently expected that when the prayer-meeting is transferred, as it will be on Monday next, to Her Majesty's Opera House, the audience will be as great as that building is able to contain. That the interest in the primary purpose of the noon-gathering has not declined is made manifest by many pleasing tokens. Not the least eloquent of these was the statement made by Mr. Moody on Wednesday last, that the requests for prayer received that morning numbered no fewer than 180. The reports of spiritual work achieved in connection with the movement, not only in London, but also in the provinces, have been multiplying daily; and these form a feature of the proceedings at Exeter Hall which does much to keep alive the interest and to intensify the fervor of the assembly. Then there has been the appearance of new speakers from day to day—witnesses to the reality of the revival in Scotland, Ireland, and provincial towns of England. When the meeting is thrown open to volunteers, the result has not always been edifying; but Mr.

Moody, as a shrewd and ready-witted president, keeps the most of the time well occupied with a swift and flowing succession of song, prayer, and exhortation, so that the hour seems to all present to be only too short, and is obviously most refreshing to their spirits. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, seen at his best at Exeter Hall. Some of his short addresses there have been gems of pithy exposition; and his occasional quaint bits of self-defence, and frequent touches of mingled humor and pathos, have been remarkably effective. People from the country have formed a distinctly perceptible element in the congregation; and we cannot doubt that these, along with the city brethren, have derived useful hints from Mr. Moody's method for the conduct of prayer-meetings in their own places of worship. In this way, we think it likely that a great deal of good may be done.

The three afternoon meetings held at Sanger's (formerly Astley's) Amphitheatre were among the most successful of all the gatherings, and are said to have been the most fruitful in spiritual results. The place could not hold all the people who flocked to them; and a proportionately larger number of the "lapsed masses" were to be seen in these South-side gatherings than in the assemblies at the Agricultural Hall. The two afternoon Bible-readings—the first held in the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park, and the second at Exeter, and to both of which admission was procured only by ticket—were crammed, and they seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

As for the great meetings, those held every night (with the exception of Saturday) at the Agricultural Hall, and thrice on Sunday in the same enormous edifice, they have continued to attract an average attendance of at least eleven or twelve thousand down to the very last. On the two nights when the address was not given by Mr. Moody there was a great falling off in the congregation. On Good Friday the *Times* "felt bound" to express its "strong conviction that the interest of the meetings was rapidly falling off;" but the facts do not sustain this view. The largest congregations have assembled within the last ten days; and these have included all ranks and classes of society.

Royalty itself, in the person of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, has expressed its intention to come since the leading journal proclaimed the turning of the tide. On one evening there were at least sixty clergymen of the Establishment present, with Dean Stanley occupying a conspicuous seat on the platform; and on the night of Good Friday the evangelical Earl of Shaftesbury sat on the same chair which a few evenings before had been occupied by the Broad Church Dean. Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of the service, paid a visit, along with his daughters, to the inquiry-room. In respect to the numbers of the Agricultural Hall congregation, the floor of the building is capable of seating 9,000 persons; the raised platform for the choir and ministers, 250; the eastern side gallery, 900; the western side gallery, 1,000; the upper raised gallery in front of the platform, 1,350; the balcony in front, 850; and the upper western balcony, 350. Even on moderate computation, it would seem that about 350,000 must have been the total of the numbers present at the Agricultural Hall services during the month; though it must be borne in mind that very many persons were frequent, and not a few constant, attenders. It would probably be a liberal allowance if we were to say that 200,000 separate individuals were present. The arrangements made by the committee for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of order have, from first to last, been admirable.

With respect to the inquiry-rooms, they have been largely attended every night by Christian friends, clerical and lay; and the penitents pressing in for spiritual advice have, on many occasions, numbered several hundreds. But there has been no more excitement there than in the public service; indeed, the proceedings have been more subdued, and a quiet, solemn earnestness has characterized all that has been done in connection with this part of the work. Several gentlemen taking part in it have testified to the good accomplished; and Mr. Sankey in particular, who is active in the inquiry-room, describes the work of which he was witness on Sunday week, and on every succeeding night, as being in the highest degree encouraging. Many Christian work-

ers, though not so many as Mr. Moody desires to see, have scattered themselves among the great audience at the ordinary services, for the purpose of speaking a word to their unconverted neighbors; and a case has been mentioned in which the young ladies of a certain seminary have, in this way, been instrumental in leading twenty individuals to the Saviour. With this we may bracket the case of a lady who took her ten servants to one of the services, and who reports that seven of these have been, in consequence, converted to God. Mr. Moody has detailed instances of persons brought to a knowledge of God in the inquiry-room one night, and appearing on the next with friends whom they desired to see sharing the peace which they had secured. Since the second Sunday a young men's meeting has been held every night at St. Mary's Hall, immediately after the public service; and latterly this feature has come more conspicuously into view, and been more pressingly urged upon the attention of the class referred to by Mr. Moody, who is ambitious of securing a band of at least a thousand to assist him in his work.

The meetings in the East End of London were held in the Bow-road Hall and a tent pitched close by. Here the rich and poor congregated, and God graciously poured out His Spirit. In the West End the Royal Opera House, in the Haymarket, was obtained. In South London Camberwell Hall was specially provided for the immense multitudes sure to gather.

During the greater part of April services had been conducted daily in each of the four divisions of the metropolis. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have divided their labors almost equally between the East and the West Ends—officiating at Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket, at the daily noon prayer-meeting, and also at an afternoon Bible-reading, while in the evening they have generally been present at the service in the Bow-road Hall. On two evenings of each week they have returned to the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The first week after their departure from that hall the services there were conducted by Rev. William Taylor of California; but the attendance instantly dropped from 12,000 to 2,000, and sank to as low as 1,000 before the week was

done. In the second week Mr. Taylor was succeeded by the Rev. W. H. M. Aitken (Episcopalian) of Liverpool, who secured much larger congregations, there being occasionally as many as 5,000 and 6,000 present to hear him; and at the Victoria Theatre, on the South side, Mr. Taylor held daily meetings, where his labors would appear to be better appreciated than they were at Islington. The prayer-meeting at the Opera House has not been so well attended, on the whole, as that at Exeter Hall; but the Bible-readings have attracted great congregations, these including many members of fashionable society, led by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was present on Thursday, April 15. In an article on "The American Revivalists in England," the New York *Independent* says: "We presume that the aristocracy and the *literati* will scarce hear of the movement that is about them. It is an after-generation that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." Several months before these words were written, Mr. Moody had sojourned as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland; and weeks before, he had dined with the Lord Chancellor of England at Bournemouth. At his first meeting in the Agricultural Hall he was assisted by a peer of the realm, and other noblemen took part in subsequent gatherings, while Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other members of the aristocracy, formed part of his audience. The favor with which his labors are regarded by a large section of the nobility has been still more conspicuously displayed since the opening of the services in the Haymarket, and especially since the visit paid by the Princess of Wales. Standing somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Moody that the Countess of Huntingdon did to Whitefield, her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has been well-nigh a daily attender, accompanied sometimes by her daughter and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower. Twice last week the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were seen in the royal box; the Prince Teck has also been present, and so have the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Gains

borough, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Rendlesham (the latter a daughter of the late popular Earl of Eglington), and many more of the "upper ten thousand." To crown all, it is alleged, not only that Lord Dudley interested himself in securing the Opera House for the American evangelists, but that his lordship was encouraged to do this by no less a personage than the Heir Apparent.

The following is given as the number of meetings and aggregate attendance during the four months that Mr. Moody has been in London:

In Camberwell, sixty meetings, attended by 480,000 people; in Victoria, forty-five meetings, attended by 400,000; in the Opera House, sixty meetings, attended by 330,000; in Bow, sixty meetings, attended by 600,000; and in Agricultural Hall, sixty meetings, attended by 720,000. The amount of money expended for buildings, printing, stewards, etc., is $140,000. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have declined to receive any compensation from the committee. It is stated that a prominent business man has bought the Victoria Theatre, and intends to fit it up for religious work.

Inquirers multiplied; young men's meetings were held; thousands of children were gathered. A great array of workers went out, two by two, to visit every house in London with the Gospel. Every text Mr. Moody quoted was an arrow from God's bow which went straight to the heart; every song from Mr. Sankey won some soul; every appeal persuaded some heart to yield to Christ; every meeting swelled the throng of converts. The mighty movement swept from one end of London to the other.

As the evangelists left one quarter of the city for another, the meetings were continued in the localities left, until, when Mr. Moody, during the last month, was at Camberwell Green Hall in the South, Major Cole was at the Victoria Theatre in the West; Henry Varley at the Bow-road Hall in the East, while Henry Drummond was holding his young men's meetings with great success. Notwithstanding all these great meetings, numbering often many thousands, the central meetings under our two brethren moved on with wonderful power and success.

As the last week drew to a close, the interest became intense. On the last night, Mr. Moody became very earnest and urgent in his appeals to the vast and intensely interested audience, to accept Christ. "Just let me pause here," he said. "Ask yourselves whether you ought not to receive the Lord Jesus Christ now? Who is there in this assembly who will receive the gift of God and be saved?" After a brief pause, a voice came from the left-hand gallery, somewhat faintly, "I will." It was speedily followed by others from all parts of the house. "Well," continued Mr. Moody, "thank God for that. I am just passing around the cup of salvation. Who else will take it?" "I will," "I will," "I will," "I will," came resounding on every hand. "That's right, my boy," replied he, speaking to a little fellow down in front of him, whose "I will" came up to the platform with the rest. "Will the Christians keep on praying? Men do not speak out like this unless God is at work. Who else will accept the gift of God?" Again came a perfect volume of "I will's." "Would it not be a glorious thing if every man here would take it to-night? Is there another?" "I will." "Another?" "I will." "How many are to-night willing to stand up before God and man, and say by that act that they will join us in our journey to heaven? You that are willing to take Christ now, would you just rise?" A mighty army of men rose to their feet at once. "Why not three thousand? The God of Pentecost still lives!" Numbers more stood up, until one could scarce distinguish between those sitting and those standing. Mr. Moody prayed and said, "and now we will sing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" Multitudes flocked into the inquiry-room, where there was a scene of ingathering never to be forgotten by those who were present. A fitting close to the labors of our brethren in Great Britain. Their work had continued without interruption through two years and three weeks. They had held meetings in perhaps a hundred cities and villages. They had personally attended between two and three thousand services.

Mr. Roberts, of New York, writing from London, says: "The places of most interest for over two months are those where the

meetings of Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, are held. I had heard of them before leaving home, but I was not prepared for what I heard and saw at these vast assemblages, which I attended several days twice, and sometimes thrice a day. I was present at Agricultural Hall, when there were from twelve to fifteen thousand persons present. Last Sunday evening the room was crammed full, and I had to stand an hour and a half. Though there were so many inside, thousands went away. The Lord Chancellor (Cairns), with his wife, was present. They are both, I was told, devoutly pious, attending several of the meetings with a number of the nobility and eminent men, including Gladstone.

"It is a grand sight to see such a vast audience; and when they unite in singing, it is thrilling beyond anything I have ever heard.

"The text was, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark' (Genesis vii.). He handled it remarkably well, and I was told the discourse was more effective than in the morning, which was based on the story of Naaman (2 Kings v.).

"He usually preached from thirty to forty-five minutes, in a very clear voice, enunciating distinctly, presenting the truth very plainly, earnestly, and pungently, appealing to the heart and conscience, without any effort to excite animal feeling; and at all these meetings there was an entire absence of fanaticism. The people are absorbed by what is said, and there is nothing noisy or demonstrative, though nearly all join in the singing of hymns full of Gospel truth, to simple melodious airs.

"Sankey leads the singing usually, and generally sings a solo at every service, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' or the 'Ninety and nine,' based on the parable of the lost sheep. His voice is so powerful as to be heard easily by such large assemblages, for he enunciates every word in a remarkably sweet voice.

"The music is, no doubt, a great help to the preaching, the main element of which is Christ, as set forth in the Bible sent home to the souls of rich and poor, high and low, the educated and the ignorant, by the Spirit of God; for, in my opinion, there

is no other way of accounting for the assembling of such vast multitudes three or four times daily for weeks and months.

"While I was in London, Moody held a noon prayer-meeting at the Queen's Opera House, Haymarket, at which, I think, fifteen hundred attended—preaching there at three and seven P. M., when the house was filled from top to bottom. At eight and a half he preached at East London in a large hall, accommodating some twelve thousand. How he endures such great and constant mental and physical labors I cannot understand.

"Thus, substantially, he has worked for over two months in London, and in about like manner for nearly two years in various places in Great Britain. He appears very robust—I think larger around the chest than any man I ever saw, and every time I heard him, what he said was fresh.

"At the large meetings hundreds stood up for prayers, and entered the inquiry-rooms, where Christians conversed with them.

"This was a large hall, nearly filled with groups of inquirers, two to four attending to the instruction of men and women, each of their own sex; and while some were conversing, other groups were kneeling and praying in a low tone. Thousands remained in the audience-room praying and singing, where every Christian was requested, in their places, to speak to his or her neighbor suitable words, if they had no hope in Christ. I spoke to two young persons near me, and found they were both indulging hope.

"It reminded me of the efforts of this kind in the early days of Brainerd Church.

"Sometimes the scenes of 1831 were brought vividly before me, and I have a conviction that the means used by Moody and Sankey, and the preaching, are very like those so much blessed in our country for eight or ten years subsequent to 1825, of which probably Mr. Nettleton was the most prominent author. The same pungent, direct manner of presenting truth, enforced by apposite illustrations, which all could understand, accompanied by singing of hymns containing fundamental truths, in melodious

and simple tunes, nearly the whole congregation joining. No doubt you will recall the Village Hymn Book compiled by Mr. Nettleton.

"I cannot but hope this is the beginning of a new era, showing our ministers that, as Spurgeon said the other day at Exeter Hall (referring to these meetings), he had no fear of them, for the '*Bible was kept in the front.*'

"I do not undervalue learning, but it must be kept secondary to the Bible, the Sword of the Spirit, which is almost the only weapon Moody uses with so much effect.

"But I must close, though I have not said half I might on this subject."

It must be conceded that this was the most wonderful series of revival meetings ever held in the world. In the union of all God's people; in the mighty but perfectly quiet workings of God's Spirit; in the honor put upon God's simple word; in the dependence put upon prayer, and the simplest agencies; in the earnestness with which Christians labored, and the liberality with which they gave their money; in the multitudes which everywhere flocked to the services; in the wide extent of the work, in the readiness with which men received the Gospel; in the number of conversions; in every aspect of it, the movement is without a parallel in the history of Christianity. It seems to betoken a world-wide revival of religion.

Sunday, July 11.—LAST DAY.—How shall we write of it? Fresh from the meeting in the evening, we feel how inadequate are human words to portray that most marvelous close of a no less marvelous season of revival throughout our land.

The doors for the morning service were opened at half-past six, and by seven o'clock the hall was comfortably full. An hour yet intervened before the commencement of the service, and the time was profitably and pleasantly occupied with a service of song from the familiar book. About half-past seven it was announced that there were thousands outside, some of them from a great distance, and if the audience would kindly sit more closely, a few hundreds more might be got in. The request was good-naturedly

complied with at once, and room made for a few more. For the great numbers who were unable to get admission, an overflow-meeting was held in the Presbyterian church close by, and was addressed by Dr. A. Bonar, of Glasgow.

Shortly before eight o'clock Mr. Sankey appeared, and delighted the audience with a few solos. Before singing "I am praying for you," he said he hoped in the days to come they would not forget to pray for Mr. Moody and himself when they were gone.

In consequence of the crowd at the gates, Mr. Moody could not gain an entrance, and had to be conveyed through a private house opening from the back upon the site of the building. This delayed the opening of the service till about ten minutes past eight o'clock—a thing altogether unusual at these gatherings, as one of the most noticeable features of them has been the punctuality observed by our brethren.

Mr. Sankey having sung "Only an Armor-bearer," the audience swelling out in the chorus, very earnest prayer was offered, making special reference to the occasion.

Mr. Moody then delivered his well-known address on "Daniel," beginning with the secret of his wonderful success, which he attributed to his being able to say "No" at the right moment. He sketched the eventful career of this man, "beloved of God," through the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius, showing how he was delivered from all the many snares laid for him by his enemies, because he was faithful to God and His commandments. The history of Daniel in the telling of it rouses Mr. Moody's enthusiasm, which he succeeds in a large degree in imparting to the audience, and many thousands of hearts were stirred by this closing address to Christian workers. Before parting, we sang with Mr. Sankey "Dare to be a Daniel."

The afternoon service for women was a deeply interesting one, both in itself and from the fact of its being the last of them. The hall was crammed in every corner. The opening hymn was "Yet there is room," very appropriate to the occasion.

All through his mission in Great Britain, Mr. Moody has striven to make the Gospel so plain as to be understood by the

meanest comprehension. He has avoided collateral issues and eschewed theological discussions, and held to the proclamation of the good news of salvation through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. One of his favorite texts has been the question of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and this he chose for his final gospel addresses to London audiences. Many people, he said, still disbelieved in sudden conversion, and he proceeded to draw from the treasury of Holy Scripture numerous illustrations to show that the new birth is, of necessity, an instantaneous act, and not a gradual change. He quoted the ark, the salvation of Lot from Sodom, the preservation of the children of Israel in Egypt by sprinkling the blood on their doors, the cities of refuge, and others, as well as illustrations from history and from daily life. At the close he spoke with much emotion of how he had tried in all possible ways to allure sinners to Christ, and entreated those present not to go out of the building without receiving Christ as their Saviour. They might never hear his and Mr. Sankey's voice again on earth, but he hoped there would not be one missing at the last great meeting. Many rose in response to his pressing appeal at the close, and the inquiry-rooms were afterward the scene of much earnest conversation and prayer with the crowds of anxious sisters. The evening meeting for men was almost filled before the last of the inquirers and workers had left the building.

The last meeting of all will, we think, be reckoned, by those who have attended the London meetings throughout, the best of all. It was as closely packed with men as could be; how many were left outside we cannot tell. A meeting for them was held in the Camberwell-green Hall. Mr. Sankey took his seat at the instrument about half an hour before the time, and while he was singing for Jesus to the eager crowd of listeners, Mr. Moody and a few friends were in the little waiting-room below, supplicating God for a Pentecostal blessing on this parting service. And their prayer was answered of a truth. We have not witnessed such a wondrous scene during any of the many gatherings these last four months; the only approach to it was one Sunday afternoon at a women's meeting in the Opera House.

Several of Mr. Moody's American friends were present to witness the crowning service of this mission, before described.

At the farewell meeting at London, of the 700 and odd ministers who were present at this memorable gathering, there were 188 belonging to the Church of England, 154 Congregationalists, 85 Baptists, 81 Wesleyan Methodists, 39 Presbyterians, 8 foreign pastors, 8 United Methodists, 7 Primitive Methodists, 3 Plymouth Brethren, 2 Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, 2 Society of Friends, 3 Free Church of England, 1 Bible Christian, and upward of 20 not known. These figures we take from the official statement supplied at the meeting, and they significantly show the catholic and unsectarian character of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, as well as the universal esteem with which our evangelist brethren are regarded by all sections of the Church of Christ in this country. A large number of influential laymen and Christian workers were present, among the best known of them being Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Cavan, Mr. Cowper-Temple, M. P., Mr. Alderman McArthur, M. P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., etc.

We only give those of the addresses containing interesting facts and statistics relating to the movement.

Rev. R. D. Wilson, of Craven Chapel, said a new spiritual glow had come into the hearts of many during the last four months. They had learned, too, that their cherished traditions had no more sanctity or authority about them than the new things, which startled some of them at first, but with which they had now become most blessedly familiar. It was too soon to speak of the results as a whole, but within the last three days he had met no less than twelve or thirteen distinct cases of conversion in consequence of the ministrations of the evangelists. He read the following extract from a letter he had received: "I feel it my duty and inexpressible pleasure to tell you that I and one of my brothers were converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings last week. Could you know my inner life for the past ten years, you would indeed say I have been plucked like a brand from the burning. I cannot cease to marvel at the greatness of my salvation." The mother of that young lady, said the speaker, had come to him yesterday,

and stated that for twenty-five years, with few exceptions, she had regularly attended the service of the sanctuary, but the happiest day in her Christian experience was the previous Sunday, when she sat with her converted daughter on her right hand and a converted son on her left. As the speaker told this affecting little story, we felt certain that the tear of joy gathered in many an eye, only we could not see for the mist that came across our own. He went on to say that we had never known what it was to "sing the Gospel" of Jesus Christ till our two brethren came. We could now understand how the sweetest tones could become the highest sort of Christian eloquence, in declaring to men the Way of Life. He would so far disobey the rule that no reference was to be made to the two evangelists, as to assure them that they would carry home to their American country the warmest love and heartiest esteem of the ministers and Christian people of this country. At this remark the pent-up feelings of the audience could no longer be restrained, and they burst out into loud and prolonged applause. We were extremely glad that the natural emotions of the congregation for once refused to be smothered by that false and frigid idea of decorum which obtains too much in our religious assemblies, and prevents the legitimate expression of the deepest feelings of the heart. But this is a digression. Mr. Wilson continued: "We shall not forget, when the Atlantic lies between their home and ours, at our family altar, at the place of secret meeting with our God, in our prayer-meetings, and in our Sabbath assemblies, to pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them there. And it will be a glad day for us all, if ever that day comes, when we shall hear from the other side of the Western Main the intelligence that they are coming again. Until then we shall continue to pray that, when God sees meet that they should come, they may come in the full ness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Rev. Thomas Richardson, of St. Benet's, Stepney, said the effect of the meetings in the East End had been to make his church and congregation "enlarge the place of their tent, and stretch forth the curtains of their habitation." He would rather

wait for a year before he gave his testimony as to results, as there were many reasons why they should not now begin to count. But he had no doubt that thousands of souls would be recorded in their various chapels and churches all over London by next year. His district visitors had sent in to him formal returns, showing that of 1,008 families in his parish, 672, or two families out of every three, had attended the services at Bow-road Hall. Further, he had two direct testimonies that the attendances at the theatres of East London had sensibly diminished. Some of the officials of these theatres had given up the profession, and he had only to-day had an interview with one who was starting a different course. He had something too to say about the influence of the movement on the dock laborers. He had received testimony from several of the large docks that the men did not swear so much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came; praise God for that. Besides, drinking was not so prevalent among the dockmen, and that was the kind of work that the world believed in. He had been privileged to attend every service in Bow-road Hall, and he would thank God to all eternity for it. He had seen the power of sympathy—that sympathy which brought Christ down to die for sinners. Sinners had felt its power, so they had stood up and declared they wanted to be saved. He had had the privilege of conversing personally with 450 anxious souls; his wife had spoken to 150, and his curate had spoken to 100. There were thus 700 souls whose names and addresses they knew, and to whom they had written. Formerly, he had an after-meeting once a month; now he had one every Sunday evening, and not a Sunday passed without some souls being gathered in. The direct results of the meetings were seen in his church, his wife's Bible-class, his young men's meetings, and among his district visitors. He urged the general adoption of the after-meeting, as being the key to the success of the services, and added that if the Spirit led him to adopt Mr. Moody's style of preaching he was going to do it.

Rev. Robert Taylor, of Norwood, gave some intensely interesting facts respecting what had transpired in the inquiry-room at

Camberwell-green Hall. He had to do what Mr. Moody called "police work" there, and in this capacity he was able to take a general view of the inquirers who, night after night, thronged the rooms. One or two things had struck him. First, the large number of old people who came as inquirers, and who went away as very young Christians. He was afraid that, in their anxiety to shut up and shut in the young, they had been in danger of shutting out the old. They had fallen into the unbelief of Nicodemus, who said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" But many blessed births of the old had been seen in the inquiry-room at Camberwell. He was also struck with the amazing variety of opinion—religious opinion and no opinion—represented. One evening he gave up his seat in the hall to a distinguished literary man, who lately wrote that "there was a Power above us that, at least, we know to be working for righteousness." One evening, in the inquiry-room, he met a young woman, and asked if she was anxious. Yes, to know if there was a God. Did she not believe it? Well, the sum of her belief was that "there was something above us." He could tell of a wife, deserted by her husband, who had been in such utter misery and agony that she had twice contemplated going to London-bridge to commit suicide. In that inquiry-room she was brought to faith in Jesus Christ and peace with God through the preaching and singing. Afterward she prayed so beautifully for her husband that the lady who conversed with her was deeply touched as she listened. She did not pray that he might be restored to *her*—now she did not care so much about that—but that God would bring him to *Himself*, and that they might be reunited in heaven. He could tell of several Roman Catholics brought to simple faith and sweet peace in Jesus. He could tell of a man who for twenty minutes hid his face from the lady who spoke to him, so deep was his distress and shame. He afterward told her how he was standing at St. Giles's, and tossed up whether he should go to the theatre or the meeting. It was "Heads the theatre, tails Moody and Sankey.' It was tails. He went to the meeting, was led to go into the inquiry-room, and, as he described it in a letter to the lady

who was the means of bringing him into light, "She fought manfully with him for the Lord Jesus," and he went home a rejoicing believer. These were but few specimens of hundreds of cases he could quote, and when friends said to him the night before, with sad hearts, they were so sorry the meetings were over, he could only reply, "Yes, and I am so glad the work is so gloriously begun."

Rev. G. Flindt of Denmark-hill also spoke of the work in the inquiry-room at Camberwell. He said that one result of the services had been to increase the local congregations. In his own church they had, on several occasions, not had standing-room during the visit of the evangelists. He had learned this lesson: that if the ministry is to be useful, a personal Christ must be lifted up. A man in the inquiry-room had said to him, "It seems as if that man (referring to Mr. Moody) had his Friend quite close to him, and he was talking about him." Only eternity would reveal the good that had been done in the South of London. The night before, at the closing service, there were scores of anxious ones who came asking if it was possible to get a grip of the hands of the evangelists, and thank them for what had been told them about the Lord Jesus Christ; and tears of gladness flowed down many a furrowed cheek when they were asked to go home and tell God all about it, and thank Him for the messengers He had sent. One remarkable circumstance in connection with the Camberwell services had been in the attendance of a number of medical students from the various hospitals. Some of the medical men in the neighborhood had found time and opportunity to invite them to their houses to dine, and afterward had spoken to them about salvation. If only half a dozen young students were brought to Christ, what might not be the result when they were attending the sick-beds of those who should be committed to their care? The South London committee were one hundred strong, and they were going, by God's grace, to work shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in this blessed work.

Rev Marcus Rainsford said he felt we were living in days which many had looked and longed for, but had not seen. He

thought that God had been working much more with the masses than the ministers. For his own part, he had learned much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to London. Many prejudices had been broken down, many difficulties removed, and many a lesson learned that he would never forget. He had been taught by a costermonger how to preach the Gospel. He was talking to a costermonger one evening, and trying to show him the great salvation, when a bright-looking young fellow came up and quietly put him aside, saying, "Sir, I found Christ last week; I think I can talk to this man better than you." "Well, let us hear what you have to say." "I never heard such lingo," said Mr. Rainsford. "Now, Joe, s'pose it was all up wi' yer; mother starvin', wife starvin', children starvin', and the mackerel nowhere. S'pose I see yer lookin' very pale and sad and miserable; and, says I, 'Joe, here's a fat half for you.'" (I wondered what that was, but the other seemed to know all about it.) "I give it yer with all my heart. Away you go to Billingsgate and spend the fat half." (It means half a sovereign, and a sixpence means a "thin half.") "You get the mackerel, and bring it home; you get the money, and you bring home some bread; yes, there it be at home; now what would you say?" "I would say, 'Thank you; God bless you!'" "Well, say that to Christ, for He didn't give you the fat half, but the whole." And that was the Gospel as ably and spiritually preached, and as blessedly preached, as the Archbishop of Canterbury could preach it. After some further striking experiences, he expressed a hope that the work would go on after our brethren had left, and that many would be found to imitate their example in telling of Jesus to all around.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said, nothing but the positive command of Mr. Moody would have induced him to come forward on the present occasion and say but a few words in the presence of so many ministers of the Gospel. But as Mr. Moody had asked him to speak of what had occurred during the past four months, he did so with the deepest sense of gratitude to Almighty God that he had raised up a man with such a message and to be de-

livered in such a manner. And though Mr. Moody said they were not to praise him or his friend Mr. Sankey, yet if they praised God for sending them such men as these, they did no more than express their admiration of the instruments that He had raised up, while they gave Him all the glory. He had been conversant for many years with the people of this metropolis, and he might tell them that wherever he went he found the traces of these men, of the impression they had made, of the feeling they had produced, and of the stamp that he hoped would be indelible on many of the people. He could speak that as the truth as to many parts of London, and the lowest parts of London. Only a few days ago he received a letter from a friend of his, a man whose whole life was given to going among the most wretched and the most abandoned of the populous city of Manchester, and who spoke of the good that had been effected there by the preaching of Moody and Sankey. A correspondent in Sheffield had also written him that he could not satisfy in any degree the wants of the people; that they were calling out for tracts and something that should keep up the appetite that had been created. He said, "For God's sake, send me tracts by thousands and millions!" Even if Messrs. Moody and Sankey had done nothing more than to teach the people to sing as they did with energy and expression, such hymns as "Hold the fort, for I am coming," they would have conferred an inestimable blessing.

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn commencing, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," after which he said that when they got to their own country they would often sing this hymn again, and they trusted that God's blessing would accompany the singing of it. They asked their friends here to pray for them, and that the Lord would continue to bless them. They would be glad to hear from their friends here, and they trusted to hear that the work was going on.

Mr. Moody said he would ask them to spend a few moments in silent prayer, but before they did so, he begged to thank the ministers for the sympathy they had shown them in the past two years. They had had nothing but kindness shown them. He

also wished publicly to thank the committee, and also the stewards, who had manifested toward them nothing but kindness. He had also to thank the reporters for the press. He knew that he had made mistakes, but they had not reported his mistakes or his failings. In fact, they had all been kind. He also wished to thank the police for the considerate manner in which they had performed their duty. He had one favor to ask of them—he would not ask them to pass a resolution, for their hearts were worth more than a resolution—he asked them to pray for them, and to continue to pray for them as they had done for the last two years. He now asked them to pray for a short time in silence.

The congregation then bowed their heads, and, after the lapse of two or three minutes, audible prayer was offered, after which Messrs. Moody and Sankey hastily retired, in order to escape the painful ordeal of bidding so many of their friends a formal good-bye.

CHAPTER XXI.

Farewell in Liverpool.

Turning reluctantly away from London where they had triumphed gloriously under the Great Captain Christ, they were received at the place of final departure from Great Britain, in the following manner:

About a quarter to three o'clock, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with many well-known friends, were greeted by an audience that crowded every nook and corner of the Victoria Hall. The heartiness of the welcome found vent in a universal clapping of hands, which, however, Mr. Moody speedily stopped by a wave of his hand. Some kind friends had placed very beautiful bouquets of flowers on Mr. Sankey's organ.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken said he thought they could not meet in that hall without feeling that the departure of their dear friends for America very greatly enhanced the personal responsibility of all who called themselves Christians. The blessing which God had been pleased to shower upon His work in various parts of the land had put them on a vantage-ground, for they occupied a better position now than they ever occupied before in this land. He did not believe that the Church of Christ had ever occupied a better position in this land than it did at the present moment; and if that was so, their responsibility must be proportionately heavy. And if they allowed themselves to lose their vantage-ground and slip back into the dull routine of the past, they would have themselves to blame. The question before them was a very

practical one, and it was, How were they to push on the advantage? If they were really to avail themselves of the opportunity, they must expect further successes. He was apprehensive of Christian people allowing themselves to think that the period of reaction had come—that they had been having such great encouragement that for a little time they must rest on their oars. If they placed themselves in this attitude, they would have themselves to thank for it, if God turned the heavens above into brass, and made the earth as iron beneath their feet; therefore he felt it incumbent upon him to sound this note of warning. He thought that their attitude should be this: That they should thank God, and then rush on against the foe with fresh determination, believing that the victory was only commencing, and that inasmuch as God had given them a position of advantage, they must push it on and fight the battle out, until God in his own good time placed the crown of victory on their brow.

How was this to be done? God expected every one of them to come forward with the gospel of grace in their hearts; and if they realized their personal responsibility and went into the battle fully determined to win souls for Christ, England would very soon feel the results of their efforts. He desired to warn them against this season of revival being followed by a period of reaction. Before the present work closed, he thought that ministers of Christ, and also lay people, especially those who occupied influential positions, should ask themselves solemnly what were the permanent lessons which had been brought before them in this great movement. Mr. Moody had given himself up to the work of evangelization, and he (Mr. Aitken) could not help believing that the Church of Christ from a very remote period had practically ignored the evangelist's office. They had their local pastors, but he thought that the evangelist was more likely to be powerful in a locality where he was not permanently fixed than in his own country. If they were desirous to see God's work still carried on on a large scale, those whom God had in a large measure gifted with the power of the evangelist should consider whether they could give themselves entirely to the work.

He had done so, but he utterly disclaimed all credit on that score. He did not think he should have had the courage to take that step, but domestic circumstances had rendered it imperatively necessary that he should leave his flock in Liverpool. He had, however, long been convinced of this truth, that if a man was to be a practical evangelist, he must give himself over to the work; and he called upon God's people to take this matter into serious consideration, and say that the great work which had been undertaken must be followed up in all our towns and villages, for he believed that even the villages needed it more than the towns.

A great responsibility also rested on the ministers of Christ. In almost all the places where the wave of blessing had passed, there would be a large number of young converts who had given themselves over to God and wanted something to do. Their duty at this moment was to set all those young Christians to work. There were a great many ministers who fell into the mistake of trying to do all the work themselves. What was wanted to be done was to find specific spiritual work for those who had given themselves to God, and encourage them; and he wished to point out that unless this was done they must be the last persons to find fault with those extravagances which otherwise must develop themselves. If, instead of young converts being taken by the hand, they were left in the rear and not given any kind of encour agement, the result would be that they would either draw themselves up in their shells altogether, or rush into the opposite extreme.

It seemed to him that now was the golden opportunity; and unless they got their young Christians to work, they would have to regret it to the end of their days. If, after the departure of their American brethren, they resolved to have a holiday time of it, then good-bye to their usefulness, and God's blight would rest upon them instead of God's blessing; whereas, if they put themselves into God's hands, depend upon it this wave of blessing which had swept over the land was but the beginning of good things. He closed his stirring and practical address in the words of Wesley, which, he said, used to be sung at the close of his conferences:

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But send the mighty flood;
Awake the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God."

The Rev. A. N. Somerville spoke next, and it is not too much to say that the meeting was fairly electrified as "the old man eloquent" poured out the wealth of his declamation and illustration in a perfect torrent of burning words, accompanied by highly dramatic and expressive gestures. He said Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not want them to occupy time by throwing their arms around their necks and kissing them, but they had given them the motto, and that was to "advance." What, he asked, is our great encouragement? "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth; go ye therefore and teach (or disciple) all nations." Just before Christ ascended, He said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea and Jerusalem, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth." Why did the Lord Jesus tell us He had received all power? That He might confer power upon us. Mr. Somerville recounted the exploits of the mighty men in the days of the Judges, upon whom the power of God fell, and proceeded. The day has come when it will not do for us to remain within this little isle. Larger efforts must be made to proclaim Christ's name throughout the world. We read that Alexander the Great, while a young man (he died before he was thirty-two), crossed the Hellespont with only 35,000 infantry and 5,000 horsemen. He had provisions and money to last them only one month, yet they went forth and took possession of the world. What! Is Alexander the Great to be always spoken of as the only man who can do the like of this? Is Jesus Christ not strong? Why should we not gather round Him, and in the power of His Spirit take possession of the world? We must not only send out men to engage in this blessed work, but the whole Church must, by prayer and sympathy, by the voice of encouragement, and by liberal support, work together as one man for this great end. When I was in India, I felt that wherever I went I was borne up by the

sympathy and prayers of many dear friends in my own city of Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in London, and in many parts of the world besides, and I was strong through their sympathy. If a man is sympathized with and encouraged in that way, he will do twice as much as he would do otherwise. Mr. Somerville illustrated the power of sympathy by telling how Alexander the Great was traversing a desert with his followers, who were suffering greatly from thirst. Some one brought him a little water in a helmet, and as he was about to partake of the precious refreshment, he looked toward his followers, and seeing their sufferings, he refused to drink. His men were roused to action by the sympathy thus shown by their leader; they put their spurs to their horses, and sped on to a place where relief could be found. Speaking of the necessity of humility in Christian work, he quoted a beautifully apt simile, in the use of which he seems to excel. He said the Rhine, before it reached Basle, received no fewer than 1,200 tributaries. How was this? It was *by keeping at its lowest level.* If it had not, these streams would have flowed somewhere else. He roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement, that when he sat down they burst into applause, which no attempt was made to suppress.

Mr. Sankey then sang "My Prayer," a beautiful hymn of consecration. He prefaced it by saying that he would be able to go out and work better if we had the blessing of which the hymn told.

Dr. Barnardo then gave an address, in the course of which he said the question was frequently asked, "How shall we reach the masses?" He knew only of one answer: "Go and preach Christ to them." That must be the bait; but there must be something more than that. Not only must they preach Christ in His boundless love to a dying world, but there must be the hook —such an application of the truth as should enter men's hearts and draw them to the Saviour. What was the great prerequisite to success? It was given in the two words of our Saviour, "Follow me." That was the secret of successful service: there was no royal road; their brother Mr. Moody had no knack in it

God help them to follow Christ, that they may be truly fishers of men.

Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh, said he felt that the past two years had been years of great importance to the whole country, and would be remembered for many years to come as great years. One thing that had made them interesting and memorable was that religion had been made respected among the young men of the country. Young men had been apt to look down upon evangelical religion; but in the part he came from they dared not do that now, because, in all classes of the community, the very backbone of these young men had been won to Christ, and they were bearing themselves so in the ordinary business of life that it was impossible for those around them not to respect them. He never thought of this movement without his mind wandering away into the future; and he thought not only of the number of men who had been saved, but of the young men who were devoted to Christ going on in their various spheres—in the family, in social intercourse, in business, at the university, in their shops, as clerks, and in all the different walks in life—distinguishing themselves, and showing that their Christianity, instead of keeping them back, was helping them on; that their spiritual regeneration had been at the same time moral and intellectual regeneration; and that they were determined to be men in all the departments of life. He read often with pity the remarks made by some, of the weakness of those who took part in this movement. At the University of Edinburgh last April, there were only six or seven men who secured first-class honors, and three of these were head and shoulders in this work. Only one man got what was called a "double first," and that man he had heard addressing these revival meetings. That was the kind of revival of religion they were having now; and he thanked God for it with all his heart, for their preaching to young men was far more effective if they could show them that their religion was making them get on well in business, and do their business well, and come to the front in the ordinary walks of life. Let them seek to serve God by doing their work thoroughly and at the same time, standing

on that vantage ground, exhort all their brethren to get that which had made men of them.

At the evening meeting. Mr. Moody spoke of Thanksgiving Day in America, the observance of which brings all the scattered members of the household together. We were strongly reminded of this by the great gathering of friends who had come from far-off parts of the country to be present at the farewell services and departure next day. Many who had taken an active part in the London services came down expressly to say good-bye to their evangelist brethren, and not a few had come from across the border, as well as the other English towns.

We have seldom had to record anything else but crowded meetings in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, but this last evening meeting of all must have been—if that were possible—more crowded than any. As one of the local papers of next day puts it: "Every inch of space where a person could sit, or stand, or crouch, was occupied."

Mr. Sankey sang "I am praying for you," and before doing so he said: "When we are gone from among you, we hope that you will remember to pray for us, as we will surely remember to pray for you. Pray God that He may use us in our own dear land as He has used us here, and even more abundantly. May the blessing of God rest upon the singing of this hymn to-night."

Mr. Moody then commenced his address, and spoke for more than an hour, but to the very last there was the most rapt attention. By some means the gas could not be lit, and as the fading twilight deepened into darkness the scene became intensely solemn, as Mr. Moody's earnest and sometimes faltering words fell on the hushed and eagerly attentive multitude. At the close of his address he offered fervent prayer. He besought God's blessing on England and America, on the work among the young men, and on the ministers, his utterances anon being stayed by his evident emotion.

Mr. Sankey's voice found expression for the last time in the farewell hymn which he has sung at many of the towns visited, though not in London. As Mr Sankey sang it, by the light of a

candle, to the justly popular tune of "Home, Sweet Home," the audience was much moved. It was the last time many of them will probably hear Mr. Sankey's voice, and we are sure none of those present will be able to forget it.

On Tuesday evening, after the general meeting, a few friends gathered at the Compton Hotel, and two or three hours were spent in an informal conversation on the subject always uppermost in Mr. Moody's thoughts—the best way to benefit young men—to conserve and utilize in the way of righteousness, for the glory of God and the good of men, the young manhood of Great Britain, America, and the world.

We believe that if one thing more than another will induce Mr. Moody to return to Great Britain, it will be the desire to weld together its Christian young men into a band of fellow-laborers, that, by the operation of the Spirit of God, shall be in the midst of many peoples as a dew from the Lord, and as a lion among the beasts of the forest. And to tell the truth, we expect that it will not be years before we see our brethren again among us.

The last service in England was held by Mr. Moody on the morning of their departure, so that we may say they left our shores "with their harness on their backs." Mr. Sankey was not present.

The hall was opened at seven o'clock, by which time considerable crowds had gathered at all the doors, and before Mr. Moody made his appearance at twenty minutes past seven there were some 5,000 or 6,000 persons in the hall. After praise and prayer, Mr. Moody read part of the first chapter of Joshua and twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus. He proceeded to give a short address to the young men, the first part of which was an earnest plea for a systematic study of the Bible and Bible characters, and for union with some organized body of Christians. He also urged on them the necessity of having some definite work to do, and not to attempt too many things at one time. "I have been wonderfully cheered," he continued, "during the past months by the tidings coming from Liverpool. I want to say from the depths of my heart, God bless you, young men. The eyes of Christendom are

upon you. Perhaps there has not been a place where the work has been so deep and thorough as the work here among the young men. I believe it was in answer to the prayers that went up for it when we were here six months ago. And now, as we cross the Atlantic, it will cheer us as tidings come that the young men are still advancing. Do not fold your arms and say, 'We will have a good time next fall.' God is just as ready to work in August as in July. If some have gone out of town on their holi days, the work should not stop; I think it is the best time to work when many are away. Every man ought to be worth the five or six that are away. Then the work will go on. The great revival at Pentecost was in the hot weather, and also in a very hot country. People think there cannot be any interest in the warm months; but if the prayer goes up to the throne, God does not look to see what month it is. He is as ready to bless in one month as in another. Let me give you the watchword we had yesterday afternoon—'Advance.' I hope there will be a fresh interest awakened in Liverpool as there has been in Manchester. I do not know of anything that has encouraged me more than to hear of the work going on in Manchester for the last six weeks. I hope Liverpool and Manchester will shake hands in carrying on the work, and let the lies of those skeptics who say it is only 'a nine days' wonder' be driven back. I cannot talk longer. I say from the depths of my heart, I love you; God bless you, and may the power of God come upon you this morning afresh."

After the hymn, "Free from the law," had been sung, Mr. Alexander Balfour said, "I do not know whether I am the proper person on behalf of this audience to say good-bye to our dear friend, Mr. Moody, and our absent friend, Mr. Sankey; but I feel that there must be some mouthpiece to say to them what we really do feel. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts and souls for what they have come here and done. Unless Mr. Moody had been a man like a cannon-ball for hardness of material, for directness of aim, and for strength of will, he could never have done what he has been privileged by God to do. His wisdom has been conspicuous in discovering this—that our young men in Liverpool

and elsewhere in this country have been greatly neglected, and in choosing them to be, for the future, not merely the recipients of God's grace, but the distributors of it. I do feel that Mr. Moody, in having given so much attention to our young men, has really done the right thing. Many know that Liverpool has been a curse to young men. They have come here and been led astray into all kinds of mischief and wickedness. How many broken hearts are there in this country because of the mischief done to young men in Liverpool! On behalf of the mothers and sisters of this country, I want to give Mr. Moody the most heartfelt vote of thanks that it is in my power to convey; and on behalf of thousands who shall be influenced by the young men in Liverpool, I want to convey to him the tribute of gratitude for what he has done. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, I want to say this: That it is our purpose as young men to go on with the work; and, by God's grace, we shall not go back, but advance in our endeavor to do our duty before God and men."

Mr. Moody, in reply, simply said, "I will now shake hands with you all in the person of the President of the Association"; and the meeting having been closed, he returned to the Compton Hotel, surrounded by a large crowd, which sang, "Hold the fort," and the "Doxology" in the street in front of the hotel. Many of them lingered there during the hour and a half that elapsed before Mr. Moody, Mrs. Moody, and family, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove away to the landing-stage. They were followed by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude. Mr. Sankey stayed at the residence of a friend, and so escaped much of the popular attention that Mr. Moody had to undergo.

A special tender was provided for the conveyance of the evangelists and their party to the "Spain"; and Mr. Sankey, who spent the night at Edge-lane, and most of the friends, went on board of it shortly before Mr. Moody. As Mr. Sankey passed across the landing-stage, upon which a large number of people had assembled, he was warmly cheered.

As Mr. Moody emerged from the hotel, a hearty cheer arose

from the crowd, and people rushed to the door of the cab on each side to shake hands with him, and bid him good-bye. The cab was, however, immediately driven away to the stage amidst renewed and warm cheering. For some time prior to the hour at which the special tender was to leave for the "Spain," people began to assemble on the Prince's pier and the landing-stage, and when Mr. Moody arrived, there were several thousands present. A wide strip of the stage was kept clear by the police for the party to walk to the tender, and as Mr. Moody went on board he was heartily cheered, which he acknowledged by bowing. When the company were all on board, the tender steamed away. As it passed down the river, the people upon the pier and the landing-stage cheered with increased heartiness, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. Their example was imitated by the people on the ferry-boats moored at the stage or crossing the river; and when the cheering had subsided, the people on the stage struck up one of the well-known hymns. The sorrowful countenances of many of the people showed that it was with no ordinary feelings of regret that they saw the evangelists going away.

The tender reached the "Spain" about an hour before the time for the ship to weigh anchor, and the interval was fully occupied in taking leave of the evangelists, and in receiving from them or conveying to them parting words of comfort and encouragement. Mr. Moody again urged those who have been his fellow-laborers in this and other districts to remain united, and to carry on the work with courage and determination; whilst on the other hand, there were very numerous expressions of the hope that a success equal to that of the last two years may attend the evangelists' labors wherever and whenever they may be resumed. Many of the leave-takings, from their intense earnestness, were very affecting. Only when the "Spain's" anchor was being raised, and the tender was upon the point of starting, could many of the friends tear themselves away. As the last of the people "for the shore" were leaving the ship, those who were already on board the tender sang the hymn, "Safe in the arms of

Jesus." As the "Spain" moved slowly down the river, the people in the tender, which was still alongside, cheered heartily, and the passengers on board the "Spain" replied with another cheer, and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. As the "Spain" passed on ahead, the people in the tender sang the hymn, "Hold the fort," and afterwards the hymn, "Work, for the night is coming." Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey stood at the bulwarks of the "Spain" and bowed and waved their handkerchiefs until the two ships were out of sight of each other. Shortly before the tender reached Liverpool, prayer was offered up on board by Mr. R. Radcliff, and other gentlemen, for the safe arrival of the evangelists at their destination, and for the subsequent success of their labors, whether carried on in England or America.



PART III.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

CAREER AND WORK

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN BROOKLYN.

WHEN their wonderful career was over in the old country, and they returned to their native land, these laborers felt the need of rest, and desired to greet once more their kindred from whom they had so long been separated. Mr. Moody proceeded at once to Northfield, Massachusetts, to the home of his mother, where he could rest, or gather strength for the work already marked out for him and his associate in America. For great expectations had been raised by their success abroad, and eager multitudes awaited their coming. While in Northfield, delegations visited Mr. Moody, requesting his services in various cities of the Union, whenever he felt able to resume the service temporarily laid aside. While reposing among the quiet scenes of his early days, the wants of the community pressed heavily on his heart, and his old neighbors were anxious to hear him preach again. He came among them as a conquering hero, bearing rich trophies and bright laurels. The pent-up fires of religious earnestness and fervor burst forth again, and he poured out his soul to the thronging multitudes, who gathered from far and near to hear the Gospel from his burning lips. The Unitarian pastor attempted to controvert and hinder him in his work, but was cast aside as a leaf before the whirlwind. The tidings flashed over the land that God was with his servants at Northfield, and raised expectation higher than ever. But there were some who doubted. They said, and with plausibility, that the songs were familiar here, and the direct address was characteristically American, and these men could scarcely interest and hold people as they had done abroad. The answer will be found stated in the compend we have made of the reports and editorials of the

press, for the benefit of our readers who may desire a record of these glorious events, that shall stir their hearts and show what God hath wrought. Mr. Moody, after long and careful consultation, resolved to visit Philadelphia first; but, upon urgent appeals from the City of Churches, he commenced there October 24, 1875. Money was freely subscribed and a perfect Union of Christians obtained. The services were arranged to be held in the Rink on Clermont Avenue, and prayer meetings, in Talmage's Tabernacle. The preaching on Sundays began at half-past eight, so as not to interfere with the regular church meetings. An afternoon preaching service occurred at four, and a meeting at nine P. M., for young men. From the journals we gather the events of the course of revival efforts, and arrange them in such order as may convey the best general view of the whole marvelous series, without stopping to quote the several sources of information.

All calculations with regard to the coming of the evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have been at fault. The numbers interested, the assistance at hand, the religious feeling awakened, have all been underestimated. This was not a result of mismanagement,—on the contrary, the management has been singularly good,—but a misconception of the depth and earnestness of the religious feeling which awaited the coming of the evangelists and stood ready at once to aid and to respond to their efforts. This religious spirit has been lately aroused in this country by various causes, chief among which we reckon the general trade and business depression which now, as always in the past, tends, while multiplying men's troubles, to quicken their sympathetic and religious feelings. The demonstration yesterday in Brooklyn was expected to be noticeable and earnest, but in its magnitude it has proved a surprise. The reputation won by Moody and Sankey abroad specially adapted them to lead in a general revival, and led all to anticipate a great following to hear them, but that three or four times the numbers in attendance would have to be turned away was wholly unexpected. And instead of an effort being required to awaken interest and arouse dormant feelings, it was soon

discovered that the audience was as intensely earnest and sympathetic as the leaders themselves.

Some of the indications of this spirit, as betrayed at yesterday's meetings, are curious. The morning services were begun at half-past eight o'clock. Before six in the morning the crowd began to gather at the doors; at eight o'clock over five thousand persons were seated in the building, and three thousand or more had been turned away for lack of standing room. In the afternoon twelve—possibly twenty—thousand were unable to gain admittance; meetings had to be organized in neighboring churches (Mr. Sankey going from place to place singing his songs), while the sidewalks and house-stoops for blocks around were black with the constantly increasing crowd. Additional car-tracks had been laid by the street railroad companies to the doors of the building, and though cars were run at intervals of only one minute, many thousands had to wend their ways homeward on foot. The prayer with which the services were begun, though delivered by a minister whose manner is never impassioned and whose style is purely argumentative, was interrupted by frequent and fervent ejaculations from the audience, indicating the intense sympathy with the movement which existed. The songs of Mr. Sankey renewed and heightened these demonstrations, and the utterances of Mr. Moody raised the excitement, enthusiasm, religious fervor, as one may choose to call it, to the highest pitch.

These comments are founded on the reports of the first meetings, of which we have most glowing accounts, like the following.

It was early evident to the coldest and most sceptical person present at yesterday's services that the revival spirit was thoroughly aroused, and the people ripe for a great and enthusiastic religious demonstration. This feeling was manifested at the very beginning of the services, during the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Budington. Many familiar with the gentleman's manner thought that his selection for this duty was an error of judgment on the part of the managers. Dr. Budington has never made any claims to being a magnetic speaker. He is logical in style,

and his manner of delivery is polished but cold. His words would, probably, by their logical force, always keep for him the close attention of an intellectual assemblage, but they would not on any ordinary occasion arouse deep feeling or enthusiasm. Yesterday, before he had uttered half a dozen sentences of the prayer, fervent "amens" came from many lips, and there were other signs of profound emotion in the great throng.

The next opportunity which was offered for the display of this fervent and reverential enthusiasm was during the singing of the 120th Hymn by Mr. Sankey. Mr. Moody had said, immediately after reading from the Bible, "I am going to ask Mr. Sankey to sing the 120th Hymn alone"—a sharp emphasis on the last word. The instant hush of expectation as the great audience settled back prepared to hear something that should appeal to their hearts, was very marked, but as Mr. Sankey's magnetic voice and wonderfully expressive singing filled the great auditorium, the sympathy among his hearers grew and increased until it seemed as if, had he continued the sweet melody and earnest supplication, every person in the whole audience would have risen and joined with him in a grand musical prayer of mingled appeal and thanksgiving. The effect he produced was simply marvelous. Many responses, such as "Amen" and "Glory to God," were heard from all parts of the vast assembly, and at the close a great many men as well as women were in tears. Mr. Sankey's voice is a marvel of sweetness, flexibility, and strength. There is a simplicity about his vocalism which disarms the criticism that would apply to it any of the rules of art. It has a charm purely its own, which attracts and holds one with a power that is gentle but irresistible.

Mr. Moody's appearance during the delivery of his sermon was as one man standing in a sea of men and women. On all sides, and even in rear of him, were the assembled 5,000 persons, nearly all on a slightly lower plane than himself. Every one's attention was closely directed to him, and, in moments of intense utterance or emphasis of some religious truth, fervent responses came from every part of the room. And when, toward the

close of his sermon, he told his hearers that they must lay aside the world, its vanities, pleasures, parties, festivals, and its other gayeties, if they would "go up at once and take the land," the responsive "Amens," "Yes, yes," "Glory to God," and "Aye, aye," were very numerous, and came from every quarter of the auditorium. Mr. Moody's manner in the pulpit was not such as a trained elocutionist would use. He is evidently a man who in his diligent search for truths has made little study of forms. He is quick in his movements, and so rapid in speech that the swiftest stenographer present yesterday could not reproduce his language literally. He is earnest and vigorous in enunciation and gesture, and wholly without studied art. But as one listens, he becomes irresistibly convinced that an intense earnestness and unquestioning faith in the saving power of Christianity inspire the rugged, sinewy oratory of the speaker. Often neglecting a syllable and sacrificing a sound, not always correct in grammar or fluent in speech, he appears to the amazed listener a man who feels more than he can express, whose brain is big with great thoughts which speech—earnest and eager as Mr. Moody's language is—is incapable of expressing, and which, in their rapid delivery, tread so fast on each other's heels as to more or less mar each other's form.

The music is under the direct charge of Mr. Sankey. In accordance with his request the choir is composed of singers who are themselves Christians, and recommended by their pastors as such. It numbers 250 voices. There have been 500 names entered, so that there will always be a reserve force of as many more as are requisite from which to keep the ranks full. The singers have been undergoing several rehearsals, with a view to adapting themselves in various points of expression to the spirit of the words they utter. The last of these was conducted on Saturday night by Mr. Sankey. There will be one large organ to assist the choir and audience, and a smaller one upon which Mr. Sankey accompanies himself in his solos.

One of the papers said, near the close of the campaign: Moody and Sankey will advance upon Philadelphia, after their Brooklyn experience, as conquerors. There was great

anxiety about their success when they made their advent in Brooklyn a month ago. They had stirred up England and Scotland just before their arrival in this country; but still there were doubts whether the conditions here were as favorable as they had been there. The "evangelist" Varley and his assistants had carried on revival operations here last year, in the Hippodrome and elsewhere; but they were failures. Moody himself had worked among us with very slight results before he went abroad. Other revivalists had tried their powers in various places, and met with discouragement. But the very first meeting held by Moody and Sankey, on the 24th of last month, was a triumph, so far as it could be made so by the multitudes in attendance and the number of anxious inquirers. From then until now, the popular interest has not only been sustained, but has increased; and the meetings of the last two evenings, especially that of last evening, show that the revival is yet at its flood tide. It is from such scenes that Moody and Sankey go to Philadelphia. We are not surprised that the pious Philadelphians now look for great things, or that they expect a Pentecostal season without precedent in their city. We hope that, if they enjoy it, they will be the better for it, and that the fruits of it will be apparent to all observers.

Mr. Moody himself was not surprised at what was witnessed, for he said to the reporters: "I have nowhere found more impressionable audiences than in Brooklyn. In England, where I was successful, my friends counseled me against going into Scotland, saying that I could not move the cool, calculating spirit of the Scotchman; and when I started for Ireland, they told me that the volatile Irish were the last people in the world among whom I could labor with good results. But in both those countries there were as great awakenings as any I have ever seen. It made me think that hearts are the same all over the world."

"What has been the most encouraging feature of your reception in Brooklyn?"

"The union of the churches. All the clergy seem to be

working zealously and harmoniously and intelligently to carry on the work."

"And the most discouraging?"

"My inability to reach the great masses who ought to be saved. Still, they may be yet approached through the churches, for this movement has not stopped."

"Have you any estimate of the number of converts made?" asked the reporter, for Mr. Moody volunteers nothing to an interviewer.

"I have not one, and cannot make one. Many go to their own pastors, and do not come near the inquiry room, and many more of the wounded will be won if the work is carried on as it should be."

He said that he as yet felt no fatigue, and that he had been able to carry on four meetings a day in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for over two years, without breaking down. He expressed great satisfaction with the opening meetings, saying that he had never had a more encouraging outlook. Everything had been planned after the very best manner, and the indications of success were as satisfactory as any he had found abroad. The prayer meeting yesterday morning was more successful than he could have expected. In Great Britain these meetings were held at noon, but at no time was there a larger attendance than yesterday. Many of the meetings there had been overestimated in the numbers in attendance. He had yet to learn of a circumstance in this country that was unfavorable. In Brooklyn he had found a universal feeling of cordiality and support, and in all he had known of the other cities to which he and Mr. Sankey had been invited, there was the same unvarying encouragement. Some of the newspapers had stated that in New York there were some ministers who disapproved of their coming, but he had found the feeling there fully as universal and sympathetic as anywhere else. America differed in this respect from Great Britain. In the latter country he and Mr. Sankey were strangers, and many people regarded them at first from aloof, and it was only after they became better known and their work was understood that the

sentiments became cordial and the interest general. He therefore believed that a still greater work would be accomplished in the United States than on the other side of the Atlantic

Said Mr. Moody: "I am the most overestimated man in this country. By some means the people look upon me as a great man, but I am only a lay preacher, and have little learning. I don't know what will become of me if the newspapers continue to print all of my sermons. My stock will be exhausted by and by, and I must repeat the old ideas and teachings. Brooklyn every Sunday hears a score of better sermons than I can preach. I can't get up such sermons as Drs. Budington and Cuyler and Talmage, and many others who preach here week after week. I don't know what I shall do."

It is interesting to note the interest excited by Mr. Moody in such men as Mr. Beecher, the prince of preachers, who said at one of his lectures, the impression he had gained in conversation with Mr. Moody was that the number of persons who had been converted from the outside world, while not inconsiderable, has not yet been large. This leaves the comforting thought, he added, that the greatest benefit of the meetings is yet to accrue. He spoke further, suggesting different methods to prolong the Christian meetings. He could not see how they could carry on the central meetings with continued success. If every church tried to be a little Rink, and everybody a little Moody and Sankey, they would fail because imitations were very inferior. Moody was no careless worker; no man had a more definite conception of the end he aimed at. "On last Saturday," said Mr. Beecher, "I had the pleasure of two or three hours' conference with Mr. Moody in my own house. I thought I saw the secret of his working and plans. He is a believer in the second advent of Christ, and in our own time. He thinks it is no use to attempt to work for this world. In his opinion it is blasted—a wreck bound to sink—and the only thing that is worth doing is to get as many of the crew off as you can, and let her go. All that is worth doing is to work and wait for the appearance of the Master, and not to attempt a thorough regeneration of a com-

plicated state of society. He thinks that Christ may come even to-morrow. I should be a burning fire all the time if I believed like that, but I do not say that I must believe like that to be a burning fire."

Mr. Nordhoff, an accomplished literary gentleman, wrote of the evangelists a capital review for the "Herald" from which we copy:

Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full dark beard, rather small eyes and an active, energetic, but not nervous, habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, and can be heard and understood in every part of the Tabernacle or the Rink. In the latter place he has spoken to 7000 people. He gesticulates but little, and his gestures are evidently extremely unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, and hearing him perhaps a dozen times, I have never detected him in any attempt at eloquence. He is evidently, by his pronunciation, a Yankee, clipping some of the minor words in his sentences, as the farmers in the interior of Massachusetts do; but he has no "Yankee drawl." He speaks the language of the people, and has the merit of using always the commonest words; and that he had no early educational advantages is plain from his frequent use of "done" for "did" and other ungrammatical colloquialisms. In short, his appearance is not imposing; his figure is not graceful, but that of a farmer or hard-working laborer; his voice is not melodious, nor has it a great range; his language is not choice. His externals, therefore, are all against him.

In spite of all these disadvantages he has succeeded in attracting in England and here vast crowds day after day, which, at some of the Brooklyn meetings at least, are composed largely of cultivated people; he has, evidently, succeeded in interesting these crowds in what he has had to say; for nothing is more remarkable at the meetings than the absolute quiet and order, the attitude of interested listeners, which prevails among the audience. He has so entirely controlled his audiences that all

noisy manifestations of religious feeling have been entirely suppressed; and at the same time no one who has sat in the meetings at the Rink or the Tabernacle can have failed to see that Mr. Moody's manner of presenting his subject is to an extraordinary degree effective in moving the hearts of his hearers, in stirring devotional feelings, in producing a profound impression upon them of the importance of the message he has to deliver.

Indeed, it has been a common remark that the audiences were even more remarkable than Mr. Moody, for not only are they spontaneous gatherings; to some of the meetings admittance can be secured only by the presentation of a ticket, and these ticket meetings, where each person must be supposed at least to have had a desire to attend strong enough to induce him to take the trouble of securing a ticket, are as crowded as any others. Nor are convenient hours selected for the meetings. There is one from eight to nine in the morning, which yet has seen the Tabernacle filled with an audience, at least a third of whom were men. There is another at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again not less than a third of those present have been men. After the Rink meeting in the evening there has been held a meeting in the Tabernacle for young men exclusively, beginning at nine o'clock, and this, too, I have seen crowded, the large auditorium being on several occasions incapable of holding all who came. Nor is this all. Not the least remarkable evidence of the real and profound interest excited by Mr. Moody's exhortations is seen in what are happily called the "overflow meetings," composed of persons who could not gain admission to the regular meetings where Mr. Moody exhorts and Mr. Sankey sings, and who adjourn to a neighboring church to listen to some other preacher and to sing the songs which Mr. Sankey has made familiar to them. If any considerable part of the crowds who go to the meetings were composed of the merely curious these "overflow meetings" could not exist.

Nor is even this all. Mr. Moody does not hesitate to advise people to stay away from his meetings. He has repeatedly

urged that his labors are for non-church goers ; that he desires room left for this class, and he has taken special means to exclude from some of his meetings all who regularly attend a church—that is to say, he does not court his audiences, but the contrary. If you go to hear him it must be because you want to ; if you go the second time it must be because he interested you the first.

I have heard him a number of times, and always with interest and gratification ; and it seems to me that this arose mainly—aside from the interest which any thoughtful man may have in this subject—because he gives the impression of possessing remarkable common sense, the clear head of a business man, and a habit of attending to the one thing which he has on hand and making all parts of the audience do the same. The meetings are opened and closed promptly at the preappointed hour ; there is not even a minute of time lost during the meeting by delays ; his own prayers are brief, very earnest, and directly to the point ; and his exhortations are a running commentary on passages of Scripture which he reads rapidly, always asking the audience to turn to the passage. Indeed, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned, there is little or no " machinery." He opens a meeting as though his audience were the stockholders of a bank to whom he was about to make a report. He has the air of a business man to whom time is extremely valuable, and slow and tedious people are evidently a trial to him. In some of the prayer meetings persons in the audience take an active part ; and it happened not seldom in those that I attended that some earnest but indiscreet soul made a long and rambling prayer. Mr. Moody knew how to bring back the assembly to the strict object of the hour. In one of the morning meetings a clergyman made a very long, loud, and rambling prayer, full of set and stale phraseology. The moment he ceased Mr. Moody said, " Let us now have a few minutes of silent prayer ; that will bring us back to ourselves and that's where we need to get." After a brief but impressive silence Mr. Sankey spoke a few words—pertinent, pointed, and forcible—of prayer, and the meeting proceeded.

I hope I shall not be thought disrespectful to the clergy if I say that the prayers some of them speak at these meetings contrast unfavorably with the brief and pertinent petitions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The formal and thread-bare phraseology of the former is strikingly inappropriate in such meetings as these, and seemed to me often to jar painfully on the feelings of the people around me.

Again, in one of the morning meetings prayers were asked by various individuals in the audience for people in whom they are interested. One asked the prayers of the assembly for his sister; another for her brother; one for her mother; sons for fathers; fathers for sons and daughters; wives for husbands; one for a church out of town; another for a church in New York. Finally a man shyly asked the prayers of the congregation for himself. Instantly Mr. Moody said, "That's right. I like that. I like to hear people ask prayers for themselves. That's where they are often most needed." Such an incident seems to me to show that he is not an enthusiast who has lost his self-possession; and indeed this is evident at every meeting. He is, of course, enthusiastic in his work, but with the sobriety of a business man or of a general in battle.

Again, he is never in the least afraid of his audience. Indeed, no one can hear him without feeling that he is entirely unconscious, as much so as a child. His own personality does not trouble him. Thus at the Rink one evening, while impressing upon the assemblage the importance of immediate conversion, he said: "I wish that friend over there would just wake up, and I'll tell him something which is important to him." And again, at another meeting, he said: "Salvation is offered to every man in this Rink, now, to-night, at this very moment; to that man there, who is laughing and jeering—the Son of Man comes to him to-night and offers salvation."

Though he aims to reach more particularly the non-church-going population, he concerns himself also about church-goers. "The churches," he said on one occasion, "need awakening; it is too easy now to be a church member. If you pay your

debts and keep out of jail, that seems to be enough." At a meeting for young men, held at nine o'clock P. M. in the Tabernacle, he said, "You don't need that I should preach to you. There is too much preaching. It's preach, preach, preach, all the time; and you, young men, have heard sermons enough here in Brooklyn to convert every one of you. What you nee is to work among yourselves. Let the converted speak personally with the unconverted—friend to friend. Then you'll see results."

He has a good deal of dramatic power, and sometimes is very effective in a natural but strong appeal or statement. "When the prisoners at Philippi with Paul cried Amen," he said, "God himself answered them Amen!" Speaking of the probability that we forget none of the events of our lives, and that this is, perhaps, to be a means of punishment in a future state, he pictured an unrepentant sinner awakening in the other world, and his misdeeds coming back upon him. "Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!" he said, suiting the action to the word. "Do you think that Judas, after nearly 1,900 years, has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver? Do you think that Cain, after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Able when he slew him?" he continued. In speaking of Bible incidents or parables he usually brings them in a dramatic form—as when he remarked, "If I want to know about some man in Brooklyn I don't ask only his enemies, nor only his friends, but both. Let us ask about Christ in this way. I call first Pilate's wife"—and relating her warning to Pilate went on to call other witnesses to the character and works of Jesus.

He has made an extremely close study of the Bible, and is evidently that formidable being, a man of one book, and thus he is able to give often a novel view of a Bible passage. Thus, speaking of Jacob, he remarked that his life was a failure; pointed out that Jacob himself had complained of it, and enumerated his tribulations, which followed his misdeeds. He enforced upon the audience the necessity of reading the Bible biographies not as though they were the lives of saints, but the truthfully written lives of mortal men, in which their bad as well as their good deeds were set forth for our instruction.

He has in perfection that faculty of epigrammatic statement which one often finds among the farmers and laboring people of New England, and this has sometimes the effect of humor. Thus, preaching at the Rink from the text, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also," he remarked: "If you find a man's household goods on a freight train, you may be pretty sure to find him on the next passenger train." On another occasion he told of a woman who came to him saying that she had sought Christ without avail. "I told her there must be some mistake about this, because an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour could not need three years to find each other." Speaking of persons who were ambitious to make themselves prominent, he remarked: "It does not say, make your light shine, but let your light shine. You can't make a light shine. If it is really a light it will shine in spite of you—only don't hide it under a bushel. Let it shine. Confess Christ everywhere." "Satan got his match when he came across John Bunyan," he remarked. "He thought he had done a shrewd thing when he got the poor tinker stuck into Bedford Jail, but that was one of his blunders. It was there that Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and no doubt he was more thankful for the imprisonment than for anything else in his life."

Speaking of the goodness of God and of "grace abounding," he told a striking story of a rich man who sent to a poor friend in distress $25 in an envelope, on which he wrote, "More to follow." "Now," said he, "which was the more welcome—the money or the gracious promise of further help? So it is with God's grace; there is always more to follow. Let us thank God, not only for what he gives us, but for what he promises—more to follow." Contrasting the law and the Gospel, he said. "Moses, in Egypt, turned water into blood, which is death. Christ turned water into wine, which is life, joy, and gladness." Speaking of future punishment in one of his Rink sermons, he said, "God will not punish us. We shall punish ourselves. When we come before God He will turn us over to ourselves. Go and read the book of your memory, He will say." Urging the duty of immediate repentance and the joy in heaven over a



THE OPENING SERVICES AT THE BROOKLYN RINK



repentant sinner, he said, "If the President should die to-night, or if the Governor of the State should be shot, that would make an outcry here. But perhaps even so great an event would not be mentioned in heaven at all. But," said he, raising his voice a little, "if some sinner in this assembly were just now converted, there would be a great shout of joy in heaven." Dwelling upon the certainty of future punishment, he remarked. "Some people doubt it; they think God is so loving that He will make no distinctions in another world. But do you imagine that when men had become so wicked that God sent a flood to exterminate them because they were not fit to live on earth—do you suppose that when the waters came and drowned them, He took all this wicked generation into his bosom and left poor righteous Noah to drift about in his ark? Do you suppose that when His chosen people crossed the Red Sea, and Pharaoh's host were drowned, God took those idolatrous Egyptians directly to heaven and let the children of Israel wander miserably over the desert for forty years?"

Speaking of the real objects to be attained by prayer, he said, "If you have a thorn in your foot, you are to pray, not that God shall relieve you of the physical pain—He can do that too—but what you are to ask Him for is grace and strength to bear the pain patiently. We should thank God for our tribulations; they are sent to us as blessings; they bring us to Him." Again, "Many things we want God knows are not good for us; if He gives them it is that we may learn through suffering; if He withholds them it is because He loves us." Again he said, "Suppose a man going from here to Chicago, who knows me and my wife. When he gets there he goes to see her, and he says, 'I saw Mr. Moody in Brooklyn.' And then, when she is naturally anxious to hear all about me, suppose he goes on to speak about himself, to tell her how he felt on the cars and where he stopped, and what he said and did and ate. Would not she presently tell him that it was not him she wanted to hear about, but me?" Nor is he backward in impressing upon those who listen to him their own responsibility. "People attending these meetings during these two weeks," he

said, "will be either better or worse. They will not go away the same men and women. If I did not want to be a Christian do you think I would ever go where the Gospel is preached? If any of you have made up your minds not to be Christians I advise you to get up and go out at once. It is not safe for you to be here."

I do not know whether these passages which I have given from Mr. Moody's exhortations will seem to those who read them as forcible as they were to me who heard them. I took down at the time what appeared to me his most striking utterances, as the best way of showing wherein his power over his audiences consists. That he is a man of genuine power there can be no doubt. He has gathered, and held in silent attention, and deeply moved, some of the largest assemblies that any speaker has addressed in America; at least in our day. For my part I do not doubt that his words have left a lasting impression upon a great many men and women. And he has done this without frantic or passionate appeals; without the least of what we commonly call eloquence. He has none of the vehemence of Peter Cartwright or Elder Knapp, and he possesses none of the personal advantages or culture of an orator. Instead of all these he has a profound conviction of the reality of the future life; a just idea of its importance compared with this life and of the relations of the two, and an unhesitating belief in the literal truth of the Bible. It is, of course, his own deep and earnest conviction which enables him to impress others.

Mr. Sankey has an effective voice, a clear pronunciation; and, I should think, a quick ear to catch simple and tender melodies. His singing was, I suspect, more effective and affecting in England than here, because the hymns he sings were not as familiar to his English hearers as they are to Americans, most of whom have been brought up in Sunday schools, or have heard their children sing their Sunday-school hymns at home. He is evidently a favorite with the Rink and Tabernacle audiences, and he has a pathetic and sympathetic voice. But to me the main figure is Mr. Moody. Of course a daily paper is not the place in which to discuss his theology,

even if I desired to do so. Those to whom his creed is false or offensive need not go to hear him. But as to the general tendency and usefulness of his work, it seems to me clear that if there is a future life, it is useful to have it and its relations to the present life sometimes brought vividly before men and women actively and anxiously engaged in the daily struggle for bread. Mr. Moody addresses himself to a multitude thus absorbed; his exhortations raise them for a time out of themselves, out of sordid cares and engrossing pursuits, and present to them in a vivid, epigrammatic, often pathetic, always simple and natural way, the greatest questions and interests which can be brought to the consideration of a being gifted with immortal life. It is surely a great merit to do this, and to do it as these "evangelists" do it—calmly, without mere passionate appeals, without efforts to capture the imagination of their hearers, and without noisy or disorderly demonstrations among their hearers.

Turning, now, from this thorough and just estimate of these men to the results of their labors, we find many incidents of thrilling interest. The requests for prayer at the morning prayer-meetings revealed the universal awakening that has seized upon the whole people; and they also exposed the pitifulness of our human condition, by unveiling the vast variety of needs pressing on the hearts of myriads of sufferers. Says one report:

The requests for prayers exceeded in number those of any previous day. There were twenty-five for cities and towns, twenty-seven for revivals in churches; one for the evangelists now laboring in Minnesota, one for the Oswego State Normal School, one for a young ladies' boarding school; eight for Sunday-school classes; six for Sunday-schools; four clergymen for themselves; seventeen for drunkards; and four hundred and forty-seven for different persons, many being from parents for wayward sons and daughters, and from wives for their husbands. Mr. Moody then offered prayer.

Mr. E. W. Hawley then read requests as follows, all heads being bowed in silent prayer during the reading. Requests for a sceptic 88 years of age, who will not hear of Jesus; for a father,

three sons and a daughter; for a daughter, father and mother sixty years of age; for four sons and one daughter; for two young men yesterday in the meeting in the church; for a young lady who is a backslider; for a mother who is sick; for a daughter and son; for a wife, husband and three daughters; for a sister and three brothers; for a person sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt; for a young man, an only son; for a sick mother; for a brother that he may be restored to health; two requests for backsliders; for a person very sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt; for a young man, an only son; for an organized band of praying young men; a father for himself and six of his family; a wife for a husband given to strong drink; four requests for church members who have an appetite for strong drink; three requests for an aged mother, for a friend in danger through strong drink; three requests for husbands and wives; four requests for unconverted husbands; two requests of mothers for health of their sons; for one who feels if she delays longer she will be shut out from God's grace; a widow for six children; for a husband and father bitterly opposed to attending church; for sixteen young men by class-leader; a request for wives given up to the intoxicating cup; four requests for fathers from sons; one for a nephew; a father and mother for seven sons, two of them intemperate.

The reports brought into the morning meetings indicated the immediate results of the work: A woman came into the inquiry meetings broken hearted. She was a wife and a mother. After she had laid hold on Christ herself, she wanted us to pray for her husband and children Last evening she came in, leading that husband by the hand. That man got up and said he would accept Christ. This mother, six months ago, received a letter from her mother in England, asking that when our American friends (Messrs. Moody and Sankey) came to America, they would come to their meetings. Another letter was received from Scotland by an infidel from his mother. He last night came to the inquiry meeting. I talked with him He had a fearful struggle. He was a civil engineer. For a good many years he had roamed around the world, preaching

against Christ. He did not believe that he preached. It was the devil in him. He was on a vessel in a storm, and as they thought the ship was going down, he, like a poor coward, fell on his knees in prayer. But after the storm he forgot it. For the last two days this man has been in terrible agony. He said: "I am in terror; my heart is broken. I'll lay down the weapons of my rebellion. I'll write to my mother in Scotland about it to-morrow." Keep on praying.

At the inquiry meeting there were two or three hundred seekers, many of them youths of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

A curious scene was observed at the entrance of the chapel of the Simpson M. E. Church. A man and woman of middle age and well dressed, coming down Willoughby avenue with the throng after the services in the Rink, stopped at the gateway in front of the chapel. After a moment of hurried, earnest conversation, the man stepped backward away from the woman toward the chapel steps, all the time looking reproachfully at her. He mounted the steps and was about to cross the threshold when the woman stepped quickly forward and, putting her face between the iron bars of the fence, said, in troubled tones: "I will not go in that place; you shall not; come away at once." She walked hurriedly away and the man followed.

Yesterday, at our Sunday-school, in place of the usual closing exercises, we invited the scholars to remain for a prayer-meeting. Five hundred remained. Twenty rose and asked for prayers, and seven, we think, found peace in believing. Last evening at the Rink very many souls were brought to Christ. In the inquiry-room it seemed as if all on each side of me were anxious to find Christ. Going home last night, as I walked down the street, I talked with three young men.—one of them was anxious, but hesitated. I said to him, "You can be converted before you reach yonder lamp-post, if you will." When within twelve feet of it he stopped still, and after a struggle said, "I will," with intense feeling. I turned to his companion, and after a struggle he said, "Yes, I too." The third companion still remained. We knelt down with him around the lamp-post,

and after a prayer he accepted Christ. The presence of God was felt in this city yesterday. Thanks be to His Holy name.

A man in the gallery said he wanted to say a word of encouragement. In the Rink a man sat before him, singing with a strong voice—a fine looking gentleman. Something said to me: "I must speak to that man. It was an effort. With trembling voice I said: "Are you a Christian?" "No; I can't say I am." I asked him to go to the inquiry-room. He said "No; it is to conspicuous." I said, "I'll go with you; people won't know which of us is a sinner." He said, "Pernaps, presently." I said, a few moments after, "Presently has come." He went with me, sat down and talked with me, and in one half-hour had given himself definitely to Christ.

Last night at the Rink I went to get a lady to come to the inquiry-room. I sent a lady to go for her daughter. She said, "I can't leave here at present." The lady who went for the daughter said, at the close of the Rink meeting, she felt so impressed that she must pray for some one who would not come to the inquiry-meeting. She rose up and prayed in the body of that church. Pretty soon the daughter came running into the church, almost out of breath, and said, "Your prayer has reached me. Nothing had ever reached me before your prayer." The mother also said, "Your prayer saved me;" and they sat down there and all were blessed together.

A man rose and related the conversion of a soldier with an empty sleeve, and a badge on his breast, revealing the shattered remnant of a noble man. His parents were members of the Reformed Church of Kinderhook. He came out of the army a drunkard. His wife and children returned from Sunday-school one day, and his little girl said to him, "Jesus loves you." He pushed her away in anger, and rushed out to a drinking saloon to drink. Just as he was putting the glass to his lips, a little girl rose, as if in a mirror, before him, and he seemed to hear ringing in his ears, "Father, Jesus loves you." He dropped the glass, and rushed out, and walked the streets all night in agony. He went home and said to his wife, "Betsy, I want you to pray for me." This man is now

laboring every day in Water street, New York, trying to save the lost drunkards there, without pay for his service.

Mr. Moody then related, in closing, a very affecting incident of the reconciliation of a prodigal son and stern father at the bedside of a dying mother, whose last act in expiring was to place their hands in each other's clasp. The story was so feelingly told that a spell of suppressed emotion seemed to sway the vast audience, and when Mr. Moody said, "Let us pray," while the people were silently communing, Mr. Sankey's voice plaintively breathed forth, "Come home, prodigal child." The spell was broken, and there was a wail of passionate weeping; the grief of the young man particularly, who sat near the platform, becoming almost uncontrollable. Mr. Moody noticed this at once, and checked the excitement by stopping Mr. Sankey at the end of the first verse, asking the audience to rise and sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

The self-restraint and the genuineness of Mr. Moody's work was never more signally displayed than in this slight circumstance. He might have allowed the excitement to have swept on till it became a religious frenzy, which would have been the case in a few minutes, and many mistaken religious leaders would have done so for the mere gratification of their own love of excitement. But Mr. Moody, realizing that mere excitement is not healthy, checked it, while that was possible, leaving to the influences of the Holy Spirit the completion of the work which had evidently commenced in many hearts.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, a colored minister, of Concord Street Baptist Church, said Friday morning the Lord touched him in the Rink, while Mr. Moody was preaching about Daniel, and he got up and ran home to his closet, and he was obliged now to ask the Lord to stay his hand, he was so full of the joy of the Lord.

The brother of Orville Gardner arose and said that Orville said to him, "Though I am a cripple and cannot walk, go and fight for Jesus." God is in Brooklyn and He will shake this place from top to bottom if we only trust in Him.

Rev. Mr. Murray related the conversion of a man of intellect

and character and a very dear friend, who was addicted to strong drink. The speaker invited him to go to the Rink meeting to hear Mr. Moody. He said: "I'll do it for your sake." He went and God touched his heart. On his way home he resolved he would crush his appetite and curb his profanity, and set up his family altar there for the first time in the history of his family. He met me the next day, and embraced me with tears of thankfulness that I asked him to go to the Rink meeting. We don't know what results come from little things. He asked me to come here this morning and ask you to bear him up in your prayers.

A young man in terrible agony and tears said he wanted to find Jesus. We told him how the best we could. He left the place greatly relieved. The next night he came to the platform with his face shining with joy. He went for his younger brother, and he was the next day rejoicing in Christ. Another young man came to the meeting at the Rink, and could not get in. He wandered around and went to the Dutch Church adjoining, which was empty. About nine o'clock the young man came into the young men's meeting and I prevailed on him to stay. That night God spoke to his conscience. He did not believe in anything. He went away saying that he would pray for himself. The next night he came and said, "Pray for me." Last Thursday morning, you may remember, I made a request for a young lady sick of consumption, asking that her pains night be relieved. God told me to rise that morning and make request, which I did. Friday morning her pains left her. She rose from her bed, made her little bequests of money and gifts to benevolent objects and friends. She sat up on her couch all through the evening, talking, with her mind perfectly clear. Pretty soon her senses left her, one by one. She says, "It is all dark now. I can't see, but it is all bright over there." Pretty soon she said: "I can't hear now. But Christ is here, all here; doubts are gone." At 1.30 A. M., Sunday morning she went to her rest. That prayer last Thursday morning for this sick young lady was answered. All through the last week I was praying for my own son, eighteen years old, my son

Walter. He attended meetings at the Rink several times without much feeling. He last night came out of the inquiry room with brother Sankey, relying on Jesus.

In the Simpson Church occurred a number of singular scenes. Inquirers and all who desired entrance were first directed into the main auditorium. A continuous stream of people poured in from all entrances, front and rear. Mr. Moody took charge of the meeting, and while the throng were crowding in, a number of hymns were sung. When the church was thoroughly full, Mr. Moody asked those who were inquirers and who were really in earnest about their salvation to pass into the inquiry room while the audience sang, "Just as I Am." Immediately the singing commenced, two long processions filed through the two doors into the chapel. They were composed principally of young men. After the inquirers had retired, Mr. Moody asked all who were Christians to rise. Very few were left sitting. While a hymn was sung, he went down an aisle and spoke to a few of these, and then after leaving the meeting, to continue as a prayer meeting, went into the inquiry room. The number of inquirers dealt with was estimated to be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. A number of Mr. Moody's Christian helpers dealt with many of these. About fifty gathered about Mr. Moody himself, to whom he made plain the way of life. Among his coadjutors at present is Mr. Needham, the well known Irish evangelist. Mr. Needham, as we announced, was to have sailed on the Spain on Saturday for Europe. His family were placed on board, and everything had been prepared for travelling, when about noon Mr. Moody and Mr. McWilliams came to endeavor to persuade him to remain and assist the Brooklyn work. He took two hours to pray about it, and concluded to stay. His visit abroad is therefore indefinitely postponed, perhaps until next summer. He has now no plans for the future, and will simply follow divine guidance. He will take charge of one of the overflow meetings, and in other ways aid Mr. Moody.

The Christian workers present last night were jubilant. One word was on many a tongue—"It's grand." An old gen-

tleman said: "The ice is broken." Dr. Duryea says a young man of his acquaintance, of very fine culture and wide reading, came to him, took his hand, and said: "Doctor, I'm going." He was the first to rise in the main auditorium when Mr. Moody called upon inquirers. He had read German writers on metaphysics, and become befogged and verging on Universalism, but Mr. Moody's sermon went home, and broke sunlight through the vapor and mystification in his mind. Cheering instances like these occur and attest the force of divine truth, while they uplift the courage of Christian laborers.

Many people ask, "How many people have been converted by the special services that are being held?" and they want to measure the good done by an arithmetical calculation. So many sermons preached, so many prayers offered, so many hymns sung, so many people gathered at the services, and so many converted, is the rule which some who do not understand the nature of religious work seek to apply. The number of conversions will probably never be known; certainly, it is not important that any accurate statement of this part of the work should now be made. There are, however, some questions which we have a right to ask. Are the Christians of Brooklyn being stirred up to holy enthusiasm and consecrated service? Is there any general awakening among the church members? Do they hear the call of the Master to go out into the highways and hedges—into the dark places of the city—to compel by their loving entreaty and earnest counsel the hardened and ignorant and depraved and self-righteous to come and listen to the good tidings of salvation? These are questions that may be asked, and to which answers in the affirmative can now be given. The churches of Brooklyn were never more alive to their responsibilities than now, and this gives hope that a genuine revival has already commenced, the ultimate result of which may not be estimated, and will never be known.

One of the most hopeful and encouraging features of the Brooklyn special services, conducted by the Messrs Moody and Sankey, has been the united and perfectly harmonious action of the ministers and laymen of all denominations of Christians.

Frequently may be seen thirty or forty of the city pastors gathered around the platform in the Tabernacle at the morning prayer-meetings, and all ready to do their utmost towards increasing the interest and success of the services. All minor differences have sunk into obscurity in view of the great work which is being carried on; and there is no thought of sectarianism in the heart of any man or woman actively engaged in the work of winning souls. This union spirit was, it will be remembered, also a leading characteristic of the revival movement in Great Britain.

Another feature of blessing is an increased use of the Bible by the attendants, who are constantly urged and inspired to its study by the speaker's appeals and example.

Mr. Moody's habit of Bible study has been for the past five years to rise at five o'clock and give an hour in the early morning to the study of the Bible. This is one secret of his great Bible knowledge.

Mr. Moody's Bible is an interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words: "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872.—'God is love.' W. Fay." The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling. But nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the Book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated on nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored; again a whole verse is inclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter-heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody

has preached in Brooklyn, one finds the burden of his themes often embodied one of those marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted; while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the evangelist's pen.

In combating men's trivial objections he said; one of the worst excuses is the old Bible. Of all the sceptics that I have ever heard talk against the Bible, I have yet to find the first one that has ever read it from back to back. They read a chapter here and there, and lay it down and say it is dark and mysterious to them, and they don't understand it, and they never will understand it until they are spiritually minded, for its truths are spiritually discerned. No unrenewed man can understand it. What he can know is that he has sinned. Everything tells you that in your experience in life. Your restless spirit and anxious soul, whether you acknowledge it or not, prove it. You can know from the Bible that Jesus Christ came to save you, a sinner, and prove it by trying it.

The Bible *ought to be read right through.* It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears, of God's Word. What would you know of your boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired toward the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me; I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible, he has never read it through; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not read the whole. Once two men said, "We will disprove the conversion

of Paul." They read it through—and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow.

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it ; and I appeal to you who know it best, whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

One secret of his power is well described by himself: Mr. Moody chose his subject, "The Holy Ghost," and related an incident in his early life as an evangelist, when an old gentleman had said to him: "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." Mr. Moody said he had never forgotten the advice, and had profited much from it. "The Holy Spirit is a person. We get life through the Holy Ghost. We can have no revival save through Him. He gives hope. When He arrives we lean upon something more than human supports. Men often utter the prayers which they spoke twenty years ago. We only know how to pray when we have the Holy Spirit. There are two kinds of Christians. The one class are as an ordinary well, from which you must pump all their religion. The other are artesian, and send forth the waters of love continually. If we are full of the Spirit to-day, it is no assurance for to-morrow. We must keep at the fountain all the time. Think of Elisha, how he followed Elijah and at last received his robe and a double portion of his grace. That old farmer made the mightiest prophet the world ever saw. The Church is living too much upon old manna. They think one supply enough for their life." When Mr. Moody had finished the whole congregation sang the 128th hymn, "Come Holy Spirit."

Another Element of influence has been forcibly stated: here is our view of the case: Unselfishness is the greatest power in the world. The man who gladly makes sacrifices for the honor of God and the well being of mankind wields an immense power. When the Holy Spirit is allowed to enter and occupy the hearts of men, selfishness disappears. Selfishness and the Holy Spirit cannot dwell together. It is because of the absolute unselfish-

ness of these evangelists now working in Brooklyn that multitudes hear them gladly. They are earnest and enthusiastic, not seeking their own, but Christ's glory. They themselves are nothing—Christ is everything.

Persistent effort has been made by the enemies of pure and undefiled religion to discover flaws in the character and methods of these men. The world itself, which generally delights in truthfulness, and fair play, has frowned down the effort as dishonorable. Honest Christians know well the falsity of the accusation. These self denying men have no stain of Cæsar's gold about them. They are after souls, not money. They are engaged in heaven's mission, working to lift society from the debasing bondage of Satan to the blessed service of Christ. In self-sacrifice they are strong. Consistent and self-denying lives are yet largely an undeveloped power within the Church. Unworthy membership breeds much mischief. It was at this citadel of sin that Moody and Sankey directed their first shot. The sacred fort has in too many cases been betrayed into the hands of the enemy through the foes within it. The world is not reading God's word, but scanning closely the lives of Christian professors, and they find many grievous blemishes. It is because Moody and Sankey are like Enoch walking daily with God, that they are honored and successful. They have learned that most difficult lesson that we cannot serve God and mammon. They are fully persuaded that they are their brother's keeper; and men flock after them to hear the truths of the Gospel in all their grand simplicity; to learn from men who in their lives and labors present glorious examples of the blessed influence of the Gospel message. They are bold, yet most unassuming soldiers of the cross; not afraid of the warfare, but rejoicing in the conflict. It is upon such that the blessing of heaven descends. There is no difficulty in understanding the power of these men. It is of God. They are living obedient lives. If we fail to perceive the connection the fault is our own. The scales have not yet fallen from our eyes.

Mr. Sankey's singing has caused almost as great an awakening as his associate's preaching. Choristers have probably as

seldom adopted Sankey's songs as ministers have used Moody's sermons, but the power of song has been realized as never before, the artistic quartette with its soulless music is going out of favor, and congregations are being lectured. with good effect, about their neglect of one of the most effective means of worship.

A pervading sentiment of vigor of soul and the deepest sincerity animates him. He is possessed of all the enthusiasm which fills the speech of Mr. Moody, and brands his words on the minds and in the hearts of men as by fire. But it is enthusiasm subdued to the rhythm and melody of his songs, and stirs the souls of his hearers by the feeling it awakens of genuine and whole-souled praise, such as the devout heart in moments of religious exaltation may long for but seldom attains fully. This is the impression left by a first hearing of Mr. Sankey, as stated by many, and confirmed by the almost breathless silence during the execution of his solos, and the fervor with which the vast body of the audience join their voices to swell the chorus of praise. Another source of power to Mr. Sankey is the manner in which he subordinates and modulates the organ in the reinforcement of his voice. The effect produced is something which would hardly seem attainable were Mr. Sankey to sing to the accompaniment of some other person. Mr. Sankey sings and plays with his whole soul and body. He is, however, entirely free from anything which might be called a mannerism, and his passages of greatest force are executed with great vigor and animation of body, wholly natural, and suggested by the sentiment and stirring feeling of the hymn.

In explanation of the chorus, "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," he said that during the Rebellion one of the Union officers in command of a fort closely invested by General Hood, was almost persuaded, by the distress of his men, to surrender the position, when he received a dispatch from General Sherman to this effect: "Hold the fort for I am coming—W. T. Sherman." It filled the soldiers with confidence, they kept up courage and were saved. He exhorted those present to show an equally abiding faith in Christ and they would be saved.

Mr. Sankey produced a remarkable effect by the manner in which he rendered the last line, "Victory is nigh," and dwelt with redoubled force upon the word "Hold," until the vast chorus had caught the spirit and action of the leader. Mr. Sankey also sang the verses of the 18th hymn, "Rescue the perishing," but the audience did not respond as enthusiastically as usual in the chorus. After the services Mr. Sankey said that this hymn was new, at least he had not had it very long, and that a large portion of the audience was unacquainted with the tune. He was confident they would sing it with the usual force after hearing it a few more times. He expressed himself highly pleased with the interest the audiences had shown in the singing throughout the week, and said that feature of the meetings was very similar to their experience in London.

One of the most celebrated of Mr. Sankey's collection of hymns is "The Ninety and Nine." It was a favorite in England, and is much admired here. Several statements concerning its origin have been published which conflict with each other, and no one of them, Mr. Sankey said yesterday, is correct. The true facts in the case are these: Some time in 1873, Mr. Sankey being then in England with Mr. Moody for the first time, bought a copy of *The Christian Age*, a London religious paper publishing Dr. Talmage's sermons, and in one corner found this hymn. He had never seen nor heard of it before. It pleased him, and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterward he sung it at a meeting in Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after, he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Claphane of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868 and shortly after died. She and her whole family were members of the Church of Scotland, and were not Unitarians, as stated in this country. Mr. Sankey replied to the lady's letter, asking if her sister had ever written any other hymns, and was told that she had written several others which were sent to *The Family Treasury*, a religious paper of which the late Dr. Arnot

was the editor, but only "The Ninety and Nine" was ever published. Mr. Sankey communicated with him, and received several pieces of manuscript. The only other hymn by the same author in Mr. Sankey's collection is the 43d, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." He has been gathering hymns for the past eight years, keeping a scrap-book for that purpose. Many of them are found in the common Sunday-school collections, and were not known in England before Moody and Sankey introduced them. Since that time they have become the most popular hymns in Great Britain. While the evangelists were in Scotland they at first found difficulty in inducing people to sing their hymns, as the Presbyterians preferred their version of the Psalms. The evangelists were accustomed to sing the 100th, 23d, and 40th Psalms, or the 1st, 107th, and 125th Hymns of the collection, and then ask the Presbyterian to sing "Hold the Fort," which they usually did, and at length sang any of the hymns.

The record of God's gracious dealings by the agency of his honored servants in Brooklyn promises to be eclipsed by the brilliant display of divine mercy on their work in Philadelphia; and we may bring our review to a close by giving the keynote as struck by Mr. Moody the morning of his advent in the city of churches.

"Ah! Lord God! behold thou hast made the Heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm and there is nothing too hard for thee."

"And there is nothing too hard for thee." During the past two years, into every town and city that Mr. Sankey and I have gone, we always took this verse as the keynote to our work. We generally commence every prayer-meeting by reading this verse—nothing is too hard for God—and it was a wonderful help to us. Sometimes our ways seemed hard ways. Then we came back to the old text and these ways were freed from all darkness. It sometimes seemed as if some men could not be converted. But we came back to the old text, and flinty hearts would break. At Edinburgh I was told that a young man who was pointed out to me was the chairman of an infidel club. I

went and stood beside him, and asked him if he was thinking of his soul. He turned to me and said, "How do you know I've got one?" I thought it was no use trying, but then I thought nothing is too hard for God. I asked him if I might pray for him. He said, "You may pray if you like. Try your hand on me." I got down on my knees and prayed for him. His head was held up and his eyes did not notice me, and he seemed to say to the people that my prayers did not affect him at all. For six long months prayers were daily offered in prayer-meetings for the infidel. This was in January or the latter part of December, and a year afterward, or a little over a year, when we were at work in Liverpool, I got a letter from a person in Edinburgh, who said that the infidel was at the foot of the cross, crying for mercy; and just as we were leaving England we heard that he was leading a meeting every night. I was to give you this as our key-note—nothing is too hard for God. It is just as easy for God to save the most abandoned man as for me to turn my hand over. If this is God's work, we had better cling to it; if this is Christ's work, it is as lasting as eternity itself. I have a good deal more hope of this prayer-meeting than the meetings at the Rink. It is not preaching that you want you have plenty of preaching. You have plenty of men who can preach better than I can. You have plenty of men who can sing better than Mr. Sankey can. Let this be your key-note—nothing is too hard for God to do in His great power.

I asked my boy how God created the world. He said, "He spoke." That is all; "He said, let there be light, and there was light." He can convert the thief, the harlot, the most abandoned, and another class still harder, that is the self righteous Pharisee. God can do it. Nothing is too hard for him. Let us every morning keep this text in our hearts, "Nothing is too hard for thee." Our God can do it. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the world, and our God created it. There have been eighty millions of other suns discovered, but these are only a fringe on the garments of God. Our God did it all. If, then, God is so

great, shall we not ask him for great things? We honor God by asking for great things. Alexander had a general who accomplished a great victory; and it pleased him greatly. He told the general to draw on his treasurer for any amount he wished, and directed his treasurer to honor the draft. The draft was so large that the treasurer was afraid to pay it. The emperor said, "Didn't I tell you to honor his draft? Don't you know he honors me by making so large a draft?" Don't you know we honor God by asking for great things? The church has been asking for little things too long.

Let us go now to the 20th verse. "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for me?" Just as if it pleased him. He says to Jeremiah, "Is there anything too hard for me? I am the Lord, the God of all flesh." God has shown us great things, but when we accept his truth we will see still greater things.

The next chapter, 3d verse: "Call unto Me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Now, my friends, let us this morning call upon God, and when we pray let us ask him for something. There are a great many who come for nothing, and therefore they get nothing. Let us come with some great burden upon our hearts —some great petition. Let us bring it before God. Let us try it. When a man was one time making a long prayer, and asking for nothing in particular, an old woman says, "Ask God for something, and see if he don't give it you." Let us ask for something, and we will get it. Let every mother ask for the salvation of her sons and daughters. Nothing is too hard for him. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God does answer the prayers of the faithful.

Between thirty and forty years ago, at a prayer-meeting which I held, there was a mother who had a very bad son. He was a very bad man; he was very profane and was one of the noted men of the town for his sin. And when the church was struck with lightning he said he would have given $25 if it had burned it down. During the past few weeks the Lord God has found him. He has resolved to stop swearing and come back

to church. I asked him to go down on his knees and pray. He answered that he had been on his knees all day. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God answers the prayer of faith. Let us pray.

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this "Sweet Hour of Prayer." We thank thee for the privilege we have this morning of coming to this place and worshipping, and we pray that thou wouldst give us the spirit of prayer. Teach us how to pray. May we come and ask thee great things. Nothing is too hard for thee. So we pray that thou would take the whole country to thyself and lay it at thy feet. Do a work in this country that shall make all men embrace salvation. In answer to prayer may there go up a cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Teach thy servant to preach. Send him a message from the upper world to-night, and may his words come from the heart and go to the hearts of many. We pray for these mothers that are here this morning. May they pray for their sons and daughters, that they may be saved. We pray for these Sunday-school teachers who have unconverted scholars; may they labor and pray much. We pray that the children may be gathered into the fold of Christ. May the harvest be ripe, and may we come to this place carrying our sheaves, and Christ will have all the praise and glory. Amen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Evangelists in Philadelphia.

Their advance on Philadelphia had been carefully prepared for by earnest, wise, and strong men, who arranged for a gigantic campaign corresponding with the greatness of their city, and the popularity of the men who had carried Brooklyn by storm. The freight depot, corner Thirteenth and Market Streets, was fitted up for the accommodation of twelve thousand persons, as many as it was probable the preacher's voice could reach. A grand choir of five hundred trained and superior singers was drilled to act as a choir to aid Mr. Sankey, and a union of churches effected, by which all the ablest and most efficient Christians were combined in solid phalanx. Unworn by the immense labors undergone in Brooklyn, the brethren tore themselves away from their friends there, and sped to the City of Brotherly Love, there to preach and sing of that Divine Love which is the theme of sermon and song by day and by night, wherever the evangelists set up their standard. Never had men equal advantages, and never was more expected of human beings. There was a feeling of need in the churches of something more than they had and they were looking to the men whom God had so greatly honored, and stood ready to co-operate with them. In one branch of the church, this was the testimony: Rev. W. P. Corbit spoke with much earnestness. The Methodist Church, he said, was in a deplorable condition. The chief causes were a laxity of discipline and a want of praying bands. A speedy remedy for this state of things was needed. No new agencies were wanted. The Methodist Episcopal Church, worked by its own machinery, would take the world, if it were allowed to work. It is the pioneer church in this country. The remedy is in union of effort and activity. Preachers had been preaching their heads off nearly,

and yet were effecting nothing. There was a disintegration and selfishness about the Church. Each one of the church organizations thought of itself only. There was a jealousy among the preachers and lay brethren that ought not to exist. The only remedy is union. There must be a coming together, and a return to the old circuit system. Let the preachers and people gather together as Moody and Sankey have got them together. He did not depreciate Moody and Sankey, but they had many men in their own body who were just as gifted as they, or more so. It was not Moody, and it was not Sankey, but the power which they possess of bringing good people together to work for God.

In another quarter it was said, and we may understand the language as confession: The Church was never more aggressive than now. Machinery was never better managed. There never was so much of it. The display of strength was never finer. But all this may be only equipped and organized weakness. The Church is nothing if not pious. More than this, it is very little if not consistently pious. To be zealously affected in a good cause, is good only on condition that it be "*always*." A church is an *ekklesia*—a company called out from the world. Its strength, therefore, lies in its divergence from the world. To be in it, yet not of it, is the double problem which our machinery and our spirit must combine to solve.

Christians themselves were ready to be touched with an electric shock by these surcharged evangelists. And this was early seen to be a source of weakness as well as of strength to the work. Sinners were to be reached by these fiery apostles, and the church members filled all the seats before them. So that the cry has been raised by one of the papers, and may be repeated throughout the land, that Christians may stand in the way of the fullest success of the monster meetings likely to be held all over the country.

The Brooklyn revival has been in certain features a sad disappointment to us who have taken an interest and part in it. Mr. Moody failed, it must be confessed, in his evening meetings at the

Rink to reach that outside class which he sought. The reason for his failure is so discreditable that we almost hesitate to give it. But it must be confessed that it was the dishonesty, the selfishness of excitement-seeking professed Christians, that made these meetings a partial failure. Mr. Moody tried his best to open the door into his meetings to those who are not church-goers, and to shut it against church-members. He begged these latter to stay at home. He plead with them; but they still would come. He then issued tickets, that were offered only to the non-church-goers; but the conscience-hardened professors would rob their unconverted neighbors of their tickets and lie their way into the Rink, and then have the face to stand up when all Christians were requested to rise, and thus flaunt their hypocrisy in the face of the evangelist. Our words are strong, but the responsibility of souls is on the head of these "Christians," who have yet to learn that Christianity means honor and truthfulness. We do not like to say these words; but we commend them now to the members of the Philadelphia churches. In a famine, that man, or crowd of men, were beneath all contempt who, with cellars stored with grain and their cheeks standing out for fatness, should crowd the bureaus of public charity, and prevent the poor from receiving the dole that should save them from starvation. But nothing better, nay, worse, has been the conduct of these greedy professors, very many of them from our cities, who have pushed the Brooklyn hungry, starving poor away from the Gospel feast. May the Lord not have mercy on their souls until they repent.

It is an unusual spectacle to behold Christians so eager to be fed or taught, and it is probable that the blessed results will appear in thousands of churches.

A Scottish Sunday-school teacher says: "I venture to send you the following letter from London, because of the reference to young women's meetings, which are already proving so useful to the many girls in our country who consider themselves too grown up and too dignified to attend Sunday-school. The letter tells its own story, but I may just add, in thankful acknowledgment of our loving Father's willingness to bless the feeblest attempt

of the weakest beginner, that that young lady was the very first stranger I ever spoke to about coming to Jesus. It was only the night before, while Mr. Moody was preaching, that I myself got into the sunshine; and when that next night she sat beside me looking so sad, I could not help saying to her, 'Jesus has made me so happy, won't you let him make you happy too?' She seemed just waiting to be taken by the hand, and went with me almost at once to the inquiry-room.

"I write now in testimony of the fact that I am one of the many, many 'church members' who will thank God through all eternity for sending Messrs. Moody and Sankey to our country; for, through their means, we have been led to exchange our hopes and fears for a glad *certainty*, and we can now say, '*I know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that *he is able to keep* that which I have committed unto him.'

"'On his word I am resting, assurance divine,
I am "hoping" no longer, I *know* he is mine.'

"The following is the letter to which I have referred:

"'LONDON, *October* 3, 1875.

"'DEAR MISS ——: I feel that I have neglected this duty too long. I ought to have written to you before. You were the means in God's hands of making me one of his own children. Oh, how happy I have been since the night you won me for our blessed Redeemer! You do not know who I am, but possibly you may remember me when I tell you that you gave me a red hymn-book of Mr. Sankey's with your address in it. It was at the Agricultural Hall I met you, and you took me into the inquiry-room. After talking to me for some time you brought me to Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody handed me over, with several other young women, to a gentleman from Newcastle, and before I left the inquiry-room I had found Jesus as my Saviour. How precious he has been to me since that night! I went to hear Mr. Moody that evening out of mere curiosity, and had you not taken me into the inquiry-room, possibly I should have gone

away unimpressed. Afterward I went several times to hear Mr. Moody at the Opera House. I heard the address to the converts there, and may the burning zeal I felt created in my breast that night continue. How I wish I had more leisure to work for Jesus, and more boldness. I became a member of a little chapel close to home soon after, and, as Mr. Moody advised, I went to the pastor first, and asked him for work. He found me something to do among the aged. One of my old people cannot read, and others are so old they cannot see. One poor old body is bed-ridden. It is very pleasant work, but I always felt I was not actually winning souls for Jesus, they being mostly Christians. I have been asking God for some time to open up a way for me, and now my prayer has been answered in a way I hardly expected. Our dear pastor has planned a young women's meeting, which is to be held one night in the week from half-past eight till half-past nine; rather late, but that is the most convenient hour for business girls, whom it is principally for. The plan is that each worker is to give out not less than one dozen invitations; these are to be given in the streets, as the girls leave their different business houses. There never has been anything of the kind done in this part of the vineyard. The invitations are very neat, and not like common circulars or bills. Outside there is printed an invitation and a warm welcome for Wednesday next. Inside there is a small address telling them how pleased we will be to see them; also, that if they are strangers from home in London, they will meet many who can sympathize with them, being also far from home. We had a large meeting of workers. I do not doubt success. It has been made a great subject of prayer, and God has promised that where two or three are agreed on one subject he will grant their request. Will you pray for us?

"'Etc., etc. C—— W——.'"

In this way the seed sown may yield bountiful harvests year by year. Mr. Moody, in his first sermon at Philadelphia, said: "Letters come in from all parts saying that the prayer-meetings are four or five times larger than ever before; the prayer-meet-

ing connected with one of the largest churches in New York, at which before only a few people attended, has, during the last few weeks, crowded the lecture-room; all this shows that the spirit of prayer is coming on the nation. God is ready to give us a blessing. I never had such large prayer-meetings in any of the cities in Great Britain as we had in Brooklyn. Some say this is all sensational. If you can get three or four thousand people to meet together and pray, not to hear some man, but to meet God, and call on God, it shows God is in the movement. This is no sensationalism or false excitement. If we can but stir up the people to pray, the blessing is ours. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel than to preach like Gabriel."

It was amazing to note how the subject of religion was handled by the secular press, whose readers numbered millions; and their utterances deserve to be gathered and reperused and studied, for their corroborative testimony to the importance and thoroughness of the movement. They used language like this, which deserves the consideration of professed Christians as well as worldly people: "With all this we are quite well aware that there is a large class of thin-brained, vacant-minded persons for whom life has nothing serious except personal discomfort, and who are most flippant over the weightiest problems of existence; and that these stand ready upon the slightest pretext to make the whole business a jest and turn it into ridicule. But however lightly they may treat the matter, however much they may burlesque the actors in it, and make of their zeal and devotion a mockery and a jest, one thing is certain, that no man or set of men can make a religious movement of the importance of this one ridiculous unless it be the men themselves who are engaged in it. So long as they are sincere and earnest and can forget themselves in the greatness of their work, nothing can withstand them, and certainly nothing can detract from their dignity or belittle their efforts. But the emotions lie close together. High religious sentiment is of a brittle edge, and easily crumbles into silly sentimentality. Faith lies very close to superstition; it is but a step from trustfulness to blind credulity. There are well-marked



MR. MOODY'S FIRST SUNDAY AT THE DEPOT



metes and bounds which cannot be disregarded in the presentation of religious truths and the expression of religious sentiments and emotions. Within these limits the advocate or exhorter is invested with a grandeur of personal dignity which belongs to the man who is saturated with his belief, and who, in utter unconsciousness of self, is rapt in the contemplation of what he conceives to be the absolute and awful truth. These limits overstepped for an instant or by a word, and his power is gone. Between pathos and bathos the difference is less than of a letter; the step is that 'one' from the sublime.

"It should not be forgotten by the leaders in this revival movement that religion is by no means all emotional; that it rests on reason and common sense, which its ministers and missionaries must not affront by lack of logic, or shock by shallow illustrations and weak appeals.

"The attitude and act of prayer are beyond all other things in life invested with solemnity and clothed in mystery. It is the supreme act of faith; approached by the penitent with doubts and questions and infinite wondering; only slowly apprehended, and so immeasurably vast in its meaning to the helpless soul struggling upward on it, that man at his very best can only throw himself upon it in utter self-distrust and leave the rest to God. The questioning men and women, longing to learn the truth and to lead true lives, get no light nor comfort from any flippant illustrations of the power of prayer. They excite doubts instead of removing them; they confirm skepticism and awaken no conviction; they do not attract but repel the sincere seeker after truth. The work in hand is of too great moment to be handled without the profoundest care and the most thoughtful consideration of every word spoken and every act done.

"It cannot be denied that a 'revival of religion,' as it is called, adds largely to the merely moral strength of society and increases the number of those who honestly mean to do right. Every reader has known within his personal experience more than one instance of a bad nature made better, of a degraded character elevated, of an unwise life made true and rational, by the acqui-

sition of religious motives. Hypocrisy, humbug, conceit, vanity, fanaticism—these are words which fall easily from our tongues; but the fact remains that hundreds and thousands are really in earnest. These accessions to the right-doing side of the population cannot be otherwise than of good import. It is unfair to weigh ordinary spiritual experience against that of larger natures —of Fénelon or of Pascal, of Wesley or of Channing. The real question is, Have we here a man who has resolved to walk uprightly in this world for the rest of his days? If so, then society gains a good man in the place of a bad one, or one who might at any moment have become bad; a good citizen instead of a possible felon; a faithful mechanic or tradesman instead of a cheat; an honest merchant instead of a fraudulent bankrupt, a devoted instead of a neglectful parent; a good Samaritan instead of a liver for self alone. These surely are acquisitions which even the world need not despise.

"Apart from the more solemn profession of the religious convert, is his promise that he will be honest and kindly; that he will neither lie nor cheat nor steal; that whatsoever of good his hands may find to do, he will do it; that he will refrain from the vices which degrade and impoverish and kill; that he will no longer be selfish and ungenerous, and that his works shall prove the vitality of his faith. There has been so much loose talk lately about religion and churches and preachers, that we are in danger of forgetting that all our lives we have been surrounded by thousands of excellent men and women made gentlemen and ladies by grace, full-hearted and full-handed helpers of the sick, the needy, and the suffering, doers of the work whenever and wherever opportunity has offered, lovely in their lives and credible because involuntary witnesses of the reality of their faith. To the number of these a season of marked religious interest unquestionably must make large additions; for though the weak may fall away, though the most vociferous may grow silent and the warmest cold, there will always be a remnant of stronger natures abiding to the end."

The chief purpose of Messrs. Moody and Sankey is the con-

version of souls to Christ. What sort of men and women they expect their converts to become, their preaching and exhortations abundantly proclaim. Let us now look in upon them, the first Sunday in Philadelphia, Nov. 21st, 1875.

While the heavens wept over the departure of the evangelists from religious Brooklyn, the driving rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of thousands who were anxious to attend the initial services of the expected revival. From every part of the city the worshippers came, and for almost an hour hurrying streams of humanity converged to a focus at the old exhibition building. The police arrangements, as indeed all the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors and the maintenance of good order, were perfect. By eight o'clock the grand auditorium was about two-thirds full, while the stage was occupied by over eight hundred persons, a large proportion of whom were ministers. Among the more prominent clergymen present were Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of the Episcopal Church; Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., of the Baptist Church, the committee who have been training a class of three hundred for services in the inquiry rooms. Also on the stage were 500 singers selected from all the choirs in the city, and thoroughly drilled in Mr. Sankey's songs by Prof. Fischer. In the middle and close to the front of the platform sat the evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, and the "sweet singer," Ira D. Sankey, surrounded by the gentlemen who were mainly instrumental in persuading the revivalists to come to Philadelphia. Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, who have had almost all the great work directly under their charge, were seated on the right of Rev. Dr. Newton, who presided over the opening services.

At precisely eight o'clock the doors of the vast auditorium were closed, and the hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

was sung with fine effect by the choir. Dr. Newton then made a

fervent prayer for the success of the movement so well begun and asked for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on all workers in the cause. The 24th hymn,

"Rejoice, and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle,
His cross, and His tomb,"

was next given out, and hundreds of voices in the congregation soon joined in to swell the harmonies of the great choir on the stage. Then upon the little platform or pulpit in front ascended the leading spirit of all this congregation of worshippers, Mr. Dwight L. Moody. His appearance created a momentary stir of sensation throughout the hall. Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes, and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and, indeed, harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, yet can be heard and understood in every part of the building. He gesticulates but little, and his motions are evidently unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, but, though he seldom makes any attempt at rhetorical display, he possesses and uses with marvellous effect a dramatic power which clothes the most trite sayings with the thrilling beauty of fervid eloquence. But, after all, the great secret of his power over a vast assembly seems to lie less in what he says or his manner of saying it than in his personal magnetism, which affects those who are too far off to hear almost as strongly as those who crowd about his feet. Before Mr. Moody spoke the first word he glanced quietly about him for a moment, and almost instantly every whispered tone was hushed, every breath bated, and throughout the congregation of six or eight thousand persons not a sound disturbed the strange stillness which seemed to have been produced by some mighty strength of will possessed by the very unevangelical-looking gentleman standing on the platform.

"Now," said Mr. Moody, after announcing his text, "what is

the use of these special meetings? I have been asked this question often. Are there not churches enough? Are there not ministers enough, and services enough, and sermons enough? Yes, if sermons could save sinners, there have been enough preached to convert the whole of Christendom. We have only come to help you. In time of harvest extra help is always needed, and, my friends, the harvest is here now."

He closed an earnest sermon on work as follows:

"While at Brooklyn, one teacher worked night and day with her class, and one evening told me with heartfelt joy that she had twenty-seven young ladies in the inquiry-room. In less than two weeks the whole twenty-seven experienced a change of heart. Don't think because your children are little or young that they can't share the blessings of this revival. Bring them here, and we will save them. The power of Almighty God," added Mr. Moody, suddenly elevating his voice, "is in this hall this morning. *Do you doubt it?*" he asked, turning to the clergy upon the stage. "No," "No," "No," was answered. "Some time ago," continued the speaker, "a lady where we were stopping remained away from her Sunday-school, saying that there were only five little boys in her class, and one day could make no difference. Did you ever stop to think what there may be to save in five little boys? In one little tow-headed boy may sleep the Reformation. In another may be a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Bunyan. Little did Andrew know what he was doing when he brought Peter to Christ. May each one of you hunt up some Simon Peter and bring him to Christ; find some persecuting Saul and bring him to Christ. One lady in London, by tireless and prayerful labor, succeeded, by the assistance of her husband, a wealthy barrister of the metropolis, in converting one hundred and fifty of their friends and acquaintances. In speaking of it with grateful joy, she said, 'We did not work; we just laid ourselves out for Chr st.' That's the way to do it. Don't count your strokes; just lay yourselves out. God help you to lay yourselves out for work. Go ye all into the vineyard! Don't wait for the harvest, for—hark!"

At this exclamation a thrill of indescribable anticipation seemed to pass through the breathless assembly, and then, after a pause, during which only the patter of the rain-drops on the roof could be heard, the speaker concluded with:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?"

The tones of Mr. Moody's voice had hardly ceased before the same words were repeated by Mr. Sankey's musical voice in a beautiful hymn:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

In the afternoon the throng was immense. For a considerable time before the hour for the commencement of the services the hall was crowded, and the number anxious and clamorous to obtain admission was greater than that within. Thirteenth, Juniper, and Market streets were filled with people, and all the doors were guarded by an efficient police force, who kept the multitude back. Such a sight has not been witnessed for many a day, and such a congregation, largely made up of earnest Christian men and women, has never assembled in this city. There were, according to estimates made by competent parties, fully thirteen thousand persons present, and the calculation does not seem to be at all out of the way when it is remembered that there are over one thousand chairs in the audience-room, all of which were occupied. The order throughout the services was unexceptionable, and prior to their commencement there was a stillness that is rarely observed. There was neither buzz nor hum, no one seemed inclined to even whisper, and while doubtless many were drawn to the place out of curiosity, the larger portion, by their demeanor, seemed to have but one object, that of promoting the work of the great revivalists. The ladies and gentlemen of the choir were promptly in their places; and punc-

tual to time the evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, made their appearance. The latter immediately took his seat at the melodeon, while the first-named took position at the stand, and never throughout the afternoon did he sit down, but kept his eye upon the audience the entire time. The services were opened by Mr. George H. Stuart, who gave out a hymn, and after it had been sung by the choir, Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., of the Beth-Eden Baptist Church, stepped forward and led in prayer. Mr. Sankey then gave out the 116th hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing." At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. Sankey said: "We will now sing, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.' The audience will all join in the singing." The hymn was evidently popular with the masses, for it was sung with a hearty good-will. Mr. Moody then announced that he would read a portion of the first chapter of Joshua, which was subsequently made the text of his discourse. Mr. Moody spoke about twenty minutes. The two points of his remarks, upon which he enlarged and elaborated, were moral courage and enthusiasm, both of which, he held, were essential elements for success in the religious work. The address was stirring, earnest and effective, the speaker appearing to be anxious to reach the hearts of his hearers, and in this he was eminently successful, as more than one individual seemed to be touched by the powerful appeal made to take up the cross and enlist under the banner of the Saviour of mankind.

The hymns, "Hear ye the Battle Cry?" "Forward the Call," and "Hold the Fort," were sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus. No such singing has been heard in any of the churches, and the effect produced was all that the revivalists could have wished.

The revival movement gives promise of complete success. It is now the talk of all classes. On 'Change, in business circles, in social gatherings, on the street-cars and the trains, and in the greeting of friends in the street, the names of Moody and Sankey are on every tongue. The evangelists and their work are literally the town talk. "Have you been to hear Moody?" "San-

key's singing is better than a sermon;" "Did you hear the 'Ninety and Nine?'" "Wasn't that hymn, 'Nothing but Leaves,' impressive?" "Its Moody's earnestness that tells;" "What a team they are!"—these are a few of the thousand-and-one expressions you hear every day. There are plenty of sharp criticisms on the methods of the revivalists, and doubts enough are expressed as to the permanency of their work; but no one denies that they possess real power, unique in kind and degree, and wonderfully effective in awakening a new interest in the old doctrines of religion. A common complaint among the thoughtful people is that Mr. Moody's sermons have no direct application to the relations and duties of everyday life—that they do not aim to make men less selfish and cold-hearted and more charitable, genial, generous, and kind—that their sole purpose is to induce people to accept a certain form of faith, and to lead devoutly religious rather than moral lives. It should be remembered by those who make this criticism, that the great preacher is a firm believer in the immediate second coming of Christ. He is looking for the end of the world and the appearance of the Saviour every day and hour. No wonder, then, that he does not think it worth while to talk about business and social morality. He is perfectly consistent. Why should he try to tell people how to live, when the important thing is to prepare them for death and the last judgment? Why trouble himself about the affairs of the household, the street, and the mart, when he expects every moment to see the world rolled up like a scroll?

With few exceptions the clergy of the city are taking a hearty interest in the revival. Probably the Methodists are more active in assisting it than the other sects; but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, and, in short, ministers of all the Protestant denominations. attend the meetings in the Depot Church, and participate in the morning assemblies for prayer. The general feeling among the clergy is one of gratified disappointment at the character of Moody and Sankey's effort. They had expected to hear something much more sensational—they feared, indeed, that it would be objectionably sensational—and

they are delighted to find that Mr. Moody preaches only the soundest doctrine, and makes use of none of the theatrical devices of oratory employed by many professional revivalists. His earnest, direct, and humble appeals, his apt and familiar illustrations, and his way of preaching on a level with the hearts and heads of his hearers, is like a new revelation of the possibilities of pulpit oratory to many clergymen, whose well-turned periods and fine theological points have proved powerless to stimulate the faith of their congregations.

A Presbyterian minister, speaking to a friend after the meeting was over last night, said: "Moody's verbs don't always agree with his nouns, but I imagine that Peter the fisherman didn't talk very good grammar either. Moody's language, if not always elegant, never fails to convey the exact idea that he wants it to. Nobody can get a wrong or a doubtful meaning from it."

"I have been trying to get at the secret of his power," said a Baptist, "and I think it lies, first, in his own profound conviction, and second, in his constant repetition of the same idea, with just variation enough to keep it monotonous. By tireless reiteration he wears the truth of the Gospel into the stoniest heart. Faith in Christ is his simple and never-ending theme. Most ministers scatter too much. They seek to interest people's heads by a variety of topics. Mr. Moody hammers away at the heart with sublime persistence."

Just after the prayer-meeting this morning a Methodist minister, talking to a knot of brother clergymen, praised the revivalists warmly. "I declare it gives me new courage," he said, "to see people flocking to hear the Gospel in crowds larger than went to Barnum's Hippodrome last summer. Since the war it has often seemed to me that faith was dying out in the hearts of men. Any kind of a show or parade would draw a crowd, while we talked about the soul's salvation and eternal life to half-filled churches. I believe we are going to see a great awakening in this country. Moody and Sankey are the Lord's instruments to begin the work. We have had hundreds of better preachers than Mr. Moody, but they made no impression on the masses.

Why do thousands rush to hear him? Because the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of men, and he has been chosen to lead a great movement for the salvation of souls."

It would seem that the hold obtained by the evangelists on the unconverted masses is greater in Philadelphia than in Brooklyn. The attendance from this class is larger, and the impression produced in those who attend seems deep and influential. Mr. Moody pronounced the gatherings of the second Sunday more successful, in view of the attendance of the unconverted so early in the series of meetings, than at any other place in this country or in England. The week following showed an increase rather than a diminution of interest, and the third week opens more auspiciously than either which it follows.

The meetings of Sunday last were remarkably effective. The day was cold and wet; just such a day as would ordinarily give smallest attendance at religious meetings; such a day as would suggest to many a faint-hearted country superintendent the thought that it was about time to close the Sunday-school for the winter. But at eight o'clock on that dreary morning the Depot Church showed a gathering of some six thousand Christian workers; enough it would seem to cheer the heart of any doubting Elijah as to the faith and zeal of very many amid all the coldness and unbelief in this great city. When, at the close of his appeal to these workers to be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," in their service in God's vineyard, Mr. Moody asked those who during the coming week would endeavor to lead at least one soul to the Saviour to rise to their feet, nearly one-half of all present rose in indication of this purpose.

At the Sunday-afternoon meeting for women, at least ten thousand were present. As nearly five thousand tickets of admission had been given to women who expressed a desire to find salvation, while many other tickets were distributed without question, Mr. Moody thought there were more than seven thousand unconverted persons in the audience; certainly a hopeful gathering at such a time and place. The appeal of the preacher was most earnest. As he told of the love of the Saviour for the lost,

and of the full salvation offered freely to all, all hearts seemed to throb as one in gratitude to such a Saviour for such a salvation. When he asked those who desired an interest in this salvation to rise and stand during his prayer, hundreds rose to their feet, and afterward repaired to the inquiry-rooms for personal converse and counsel. It can hardly be doubted that that evening hour was the birth-hour of many precious souls, then brought by God's Spirit into the life of Christian love and trust. At the evening meeting, which was for men, while the attendance was not quite as large as in the afternoon, there was great seriousness, and many rose for prayers and remained at the inquiry-meeting.

For one whole week Mr. Moody labored, not for the salvation of sinners, but for the regeneration of professed Christians. At every service hundreds of long-acknowledged church members listened with bowed heads and tearful eyes to the fervent exhortations of the evangelist, who, casting aside all preconceived notions of church work, and preaching only love to God and devotion to the Saviour, brought to their awakening souls a vision of the blessings of true holiness more beautiful than even in their most unselfish moods they had ever before conceived. He did not preach, "Repent in order to avoid the wrath of an angry God," and thus wring an ephemeral obeisance from weak knees but cold hearts; he preached Christ crucified; drew for his hearers convincing illustrations of the perfect love of the Father, and urged them, with tears in his eyes, not to kneel from a sense of duty, but to cast themselves at the feet of the Saviour, and, with a heart overflowing with love, there seek to learn how to win others to the straight and narrow, but pleasant path of joy and peace.

Rev. Dr. Breed said there was a wonderful power in self-consecration; the ungodly man had at all times a traitor in the citadel of his wickedness—a conscience which would compel him to yield when assaulted by a truly consecrated heart. He once heard of a young man who had been notoriously bad, but had suddenly been converted, and was moved by the Spirit to

go and pray with every one in the village. He started, and knocking at every door, was, in spite of his past reputation, admitted and permitted to pray. The man truly consecrated to God could always have the *entree* into any house or by the Holy Spirit into every heart.

Mr. Sankey said: "Will you please turn to the 90th hymn. In that we will find a verse which should give us great comfort if we do what that verse says. But before we begin, I wish to bear testimony to the fact that we can do no good without a broken and a contrite heart. Shortly after the Chicago fire, seven men, finding that their labors were apparently fruitless, determined to seek counsel of God, and assembled one afternoon in a gentleman's office, and there humbled themselves before their Maker. I saw these men lying on their faces on the floor, praying to be emptied of self and filled with the Holy Spirit. These seven men have since been greatly blessed and greatly honored by God in their labors. Two are in the West, one in Europe, and two in this city. Now let us sing."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of the singing, said: "Send thanksgiving, but praise to God is better. What we want to do to-night is to praise God for all his mercies, for all that we enjoy, and for all the glorious promises of an immortality. There is a great deal said at our meetings about prayer, but nothing about praise. In the Bible there are more passages referring to praise than to prayer. We want Christ, and if we are heard to praise him, then will we be able to get to him. What we want to-day is a praising Church. We can be praising God every day, even when in sorrow. If we go through the world all the time with a long face, we will drive men away from Christ. There are so many people always borrowing trouble and looking on the dark side of the picture instead of praising God, that they are only in the way of men coming to Jesus. A man once severely cut his hand, and said, 'Praise God,' and," said Mr. Moody, "I thought that it was a strange thing to praise God for. On asking the man why he praised God, he said he did it because his hand was not cut off. You can see, then, that in the midst of affliction one can praise

the Lord because it might have been worse. What we want is more sunny Christian men, who always have happy countenances; they go far toward making religion attractive and drawing sinners to a knowledge of their condition and the necessity of seeking the Lord. If men praise God and are happy in the Church, the fire will be caught by others and spread until the whole Church becomes alive, and all are happy in the knowledge that Jesus is their Master. If there are any who should be happy, it is those who are sincere Christians, those who have come to Christ. The first thing a young convert always does is to pray, and when, in praising God, he sings,

"'O happy day!'

how happy he is! If the ten thousand persons present could be induced to take Christ as their only friend and sing praises to him, there would be such a shout as to almost raise the roof. We want to see the time when the streets are filled with people filling the air with songs of praise to Zion. When that time comes the people will be happy, because they have found Christ. When we stray away from God, we don't want to pray; but when we return to God, then we want to sing his praises. What we want to-day is a Church of workers, and when we have that we will have a praising Church. When a man gets out of himself, becomes unselfish, and commences to work for others, he becomes a happy man, because he is doing God's service. If you want to praise God, go and do some work, lift up somebody, relieve the sick and comfort the heart-broken. By so doing it will be the best praise that we can give to God." The speaker said that some years ago he met a man who told him that he was going to take his family of five children to church with a smile. The man said to him, whenever he passed a house on a certain street he always looked at the windows where he saw children, and he always smiled upon them. Said the speaker: "Kindness to children is never forgotten; it is the way to reach their hearts and gain their affection' The children became so fond of seeing the man that they watched for him, and finally they said he was

so good and kind, that he must be a minister. They resolved one Sunday after he passed to follow him, and they did so; when they found that he entered a church, they also went in, and after service returned home and said that they heard the best sermon of their lives. They went again, and finally joined the church. The man said that he got them in with a smile. A crabbed and cross Christian never accomplishes any good; they are stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and prevent the building up of the Christian Church. Oh that we may have live churches! What we want to do is to get rid of these dead churches, with their cold forms and ceremonies, and have them filled with live, happy people. The speaker continued in this strain for some time, and urged his hearers to come to Christ and be happy. When they did so they would continually praise Him for His goodness.

Mr. Moody then gave out the 25th hymn, which was sung by the choir and the entire congregation, led by Mr. Sankey. The people seemed to be deeply impressed with it, and such whole-souled singing by more than eleven thousand persons has never been heard before in this city. It is in these words:

We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Mr. Sankey next rose from his cabinet organ, behind which he had remained seated during the service, and said: "How many prodigal sons may be restored to their homes to-day! The re-

currence of Thanksgiving recalls to my mind a story told me by a very dear friend in Europe of a prodigal son who was saved by love. A wayward boy who could not be persuaded to do good, whose steps were only evil continually, was finally, at the request of his brothers, sent into the street. He went away, but on Thanksgiving day poor John, homesick and heartsick, returned. His father saw the poor wanderer at the door, and received him back to his arms. Then his brothers again demanded that the black sheep should again be cast out, but the father answered, 'No, no, my son John, I'll not cast thee out; come, gather around our board to-day.' This overwhelming love was too much. The long-lost prodigal wept, the family knelt with him and prayed for him, and to-day that boy is one of the hardest workers for Christ to be found in all Europe. A father's love saved him! Let us remember that. Our friends may cast us off, but our Heavenly Father will receive us if we only knock at the door. I will now sing you the hymn 'Ninety and Nine.'" Mr. Sankey here took his seat, and in a sweet voice sang with touching expression the words:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care;
Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, 'Tis of mine
Has wandered far away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Never was our National Thanksgiving more perfectly symbolized than in the scene which yesterday morning gladdened the eyes of the Evangelists as they entered the old Exhibition building at Thirteenth and Market streets to begin their early prayer-meeting. The seemingly limitless auditorium, decorated as it is

in our national colors, with wide, beautiful expanses of pure white between the relieving tints, was almost filled with eager worshippers, whose very glances beamed with praise and thanksgiving, while, with many a benison and on silvery pinions, the light of opening day, descending earthward, poured in a flood of welcome through the glass-covered roof and rested on the picture like a dove of peace.

Large as the building is and ample as the accommodations are, last evening every seat was occupied, and around the walls men were standing. Such a gathering of males in this city has never before been seen, and it is a question whether in this country for such a purpose there has ever been such an assemblage. The order was perfect, not the slightest confusion or noise was observable, but all seemed deeply oppressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The stillness was remarkable, and throughout the entire evening a whisper, if made, might have been heard. While doubtless many were drawn to the place by curiosity, it was also true that many more were there with an honest purpose and with honest convictions. It has happened more than once that men who had no idea of conversion have been brought under the influence of the great revivalists, and such most likely was the case last night, when some two hundred sturdy men fearlessly stood up in that mighty assemblage and acknowledged themselves sinners, and as being desirous of leading better lives. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and could not but make a deep and lasting impression upon very many who stood back. The preaching of Mr. Moody is irresistible in its effects; so plainly is the teaching of the Saviour made, and so convincing is his argument in behalf of the religion of Christ and the great necessity of turning away from the paths of vice, that before a person is aware of it, he is unconsciously forced to make a public confession of his sinfulness and his desire to lead the life of a Christian. Greater interest could not have been manifested than was last evening, and a more respectful hearing could not have been accorded to any preacher.

"Go," said he; "go to some hovel where a drunkard reels to

every day. See the children run away and hide in terror when the besotted father staggers up the hill; see the pale, haggard-faced wife tremble; she bears many a scar made by that strong right arm on that defenceless body. Such a man may be here to-day. He may repent at last and secure the Lord Jesus. Then, in a little while, see what a change! The little children will climb on his knee and clasp their loving arms about his neck; the wife will wear a happy smile, and instead of the drunken song, you will hear:

"'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

or perhaps he will remember a hymn his sainted mother taught him, and on the evening air will come the words:

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"That is what I call regeneration. May the spirit of prayer come on this assembly this afternoon. You may see many kingdoms, but except you be born again you will never see the Kingdom of God. You may travel through your own country, and in California stand in awe before the great trees at which so many have wondered, but except you be born again you can never see the tree of life which stands in the paradise of God. You may stand on the banks of many mighty rivers, but except you be born again you never can see the river that bursts from the Throne of God and runs through His Kingdom. You may look with pleasure upon the jewelled crowns of the earth, but unless you be born again you cannot see the Crown of Life. You may meet with princes in this world, but except you be born again you cannot meet the Prince of Peace. A few years ago I met with a man who seemed happy and yet very, very lonesome. 'Have you no children?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have one—in heaven.' He then showed me the picture of a beautiful child, about seven years of age, and said, 'I am glad she is in heaven, for while she lived I worshipped her, and when she was taken from me I almost cursed my Maker, for I was a

cursing man. And when I was still in this terrible mood I threw myself on the bed and at last I slept, and dreamed, I suppose, though it may have been a vision. I thought I was traveling along a desert waste, and at length came to a dark, fathomless river. I thought I heard the voice of my darling calling, "Father, come over; its beautiful over here." Then I saw my precious one amid a choir of heavenly beings, and she kept on beckoning to me until I attempted to cross, but found I could not ford the stream. While I was looking for some way to get over, I heard a voice from heaven saying, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I awoke a changed man, and now only live to meet her in that heavenly sphere where death can never again come. If my little one had lived I might have led her astray, but she is safe now, and I believe that a kind Father will let me follow her.' Oh! how many of you," said Mr. Moody in conclusion, "have little ones beckoning to you from the other side of the river of death? Have you children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, godly fathers, or sainted mothers in the land to come? Only go to God, be born again, and meet them in the Kingdom of God." At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Moody called upon those who desired to be prayed for to stand up, and fully two thousand rose to their feet, and stood with bowed heads and glistening eyes while the leader offered up a fervent supplication in their behalf.

Charles M. Morton, of Plymouth Bethel, Brooklyn, then made a brief address, relating an incident of the recent meetings in Brooklyn, the reclamation of a man whose home had been broken up by intemperance. When the man had been converted he came to the speaker one day and said, "I have got back my home, my friends, my wife and my children, but something that my little girl said last night made me cry. She ran up to me, and, throwing her arms around me, said, 'Papa, you don't stagger any more now.'" Now it is just so with Christians when they get the Word of God in the heart; they don't stagger any more.

Hon. S. Farwell, of Chicago, spoke of some special meetings

now being held in Central Illinois, and said the workers in his State were listening for the key-note from the City of Brotherly Love, and were anxious for an interest in their prayers at one of the meetings in Mason, Illinois. The first convert was the leader of a company of actors who had been a few evenings before performing in the same hall in which the meeting was held. He was an intelligent, highly educated man, and is now preaching the Gospel. He says: "I have served the devil for thirty years. I am fifty-one years old now. All my time and talents shall be upon the Lord," and one of the first things he told the people after his conversion was this: "I have been behind the scenes. You don't know all that goes on there. Take my advice, you church members who have been in the habit of going to theatres, and don't go there again." That was pretty good preaching for a first sermon. He now goes about the street reading the New Testament, as he used to read Shakespeare, and he tells Brother Dean that every day he finds new texts that he never knew were in the Bible at all. That might be the case with all of us, for the Spirit will bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

There was one point which ought to be mentioned in this connection. It was a matter of experience with him that very often what prevents persons who are anxious from finding peace is some difficulty in their business. There is some little thing which they are not prepared to give up. It was so with a young man with whom he was speaking last night. He found that he was engaged in the liquor business, and he told the young man that unless he was prepared to give that up he would not have peace.

Mr. Moody spoke on the prayers of Jesus, and said He was the example, for He was praying all the night before He chose the twelve Apostles; and on every occasion where there was a special communication to Him from His Father in heaven, it came in answer to prayers. What we need is more of the praying spirit, that all who come to these meetings may be reached by the Spirit of God. Even those who are unable to get into the meet-

ings are sometimes in that way led to a spirit of reflection. A man came to one of the services and found the door closed, and the words of Scripture rushed upon his mind, "And the door was shut." He said, "What if the door of Heaven should be shut?" and was led to serious consideration, which resulted in his conversion. A lady in Brooklyn had been praying that her son might attend the meetings. She had tried to persuade him, but he had refused. On the last of the services there, the young man thought he would go to the Tabernacle for the afternoon meeting. He found the gates locked, the building being full. He went into the overflow meeting, and heard Mr. Needham. That afternoon he was converted, and his mother's prayers were answered. There is nothing for which we may not pray. Jesus prayed at the grave of Lazarus; and we may bring our dead sons and daughters to Christ that He may give them spiritual life.

Rev. Dr. Newton said he wanted to relate an incident which had been revived in his memory by the observations of Mr. Moody on prayer. Forty years ago, said he, I was a student in a theological college in New York, and was brought into intimacy with a graduate of West Point Military Academy, whose brother was a fellow-student of mine. The officer was a strictly moral man of sterling integrity, but not a Christian. His brother one day spoke to him, and asked if he would not become a Christian. His reply was: "What more do you want me to be than I am now?" and his manner was such that the brother said no more, but determined to pray for his conversion instead of arguing with him. The next winter the officer was ordered out West for frontier service, and his wife, who was a lady of high moral character and great attainments, was, in consequence, temporarily separated from him, and went to live at Providence, Rhode Island. While she was there a great work of grace was progressing in the parish. She was among those who were brought to the feet of Jesus; and after she was converted, the minister, at whose house she was staying, asked if she would not join the church. She said, "I can't until I have written to my husband. I have never taken a step that we could not take

together since we were married. I can't put a barrier between him and myself until I have written to him and told him of the change in my life." She immediately wrote; but before her letter reached him out on the frontier, he had written to her, and their letters crossed. He said that for several days he had a strange feeling, such as he had never experienced before. He felt that he was unworthy and a sinner, and that he needed pardon. He had no Bible in his tent, and borrowed one from a comrade; then he read about the way of salvation, and found light. He said in his letter that he had become a Christian; so when her letter reached him, the wife was in possession of the glad news that both were following Jesus. Who can tell the joy there was in that family? Although this occurred many years ago, and the dear fellow to whom I refer is now in heaven, the impression it made upon me will never be effaced, and I tell it to-day because it may lead others to pray for the conversion of those friends who do not now feel their need of Christ.

After silent prayer for a few moments, during which it seemed that every Christian heart was lifted to God in earnest supplication—for the most solemn stillness prevailed through the house—the meeting closed with the Doxology and benediction.

MEETING FOR DRUNKARDS.

One of the most interesting meetings yet held by the evangelists in this city was that set apart especially for the benefit of drunkards who had been unable to conquer the demon of alcoholic stimulus. The congregation was much larger than on the preceding day, and, as would naturally be expected, very different in many other respects. Several hundreds of Christian workers, who have been regularly attending all the meetings, remained away in order to leave as much room as possible to those who were directly affected by the curse of intemperance. A glance over the audience showed a large number of temperance advocates and missionaries, several clergymen, and a few regular Christian workers. Almost all the other faces were new. There were old fathers whose white hairs had almost been brought in

sorrow to the grave by the wayward steps of loved and almost lost sons; aged mothers, whose doubly refined features had been pinched by suffering, and once rosy, smiling lips blanched to whiteness by long-continued effort to choke back the sobs which will well up from hearts wrung by the anguish of seeing dear ones sinking into ruin; there were pale-faced, loving-eyed sisters, whose young lives had been nothing but woe instead of innocent, hopeful joy, and whose bright smiles had long given place to sighs over the downward course of some willful brother. Here and there could be seen the bloated faces of blear-eyed drunkards, who glanced wildly around as though the strangeness of the situation was so overpowering that it required a great effort of will to remain, and not a few were accompanied by mothers, wives, sisters, or, perchance, sweethearts, who, having exhausted worldly means, had determined to lay their burden before the Lord. The great majority of all those gathered in the Depot-Tabernacle yesterday afternoon were as sad-faced and tearful-eyed a collection of humanity as it would be possible to assemble in one place. Those who had not directly suffered by intemperance grew at once into sympathy with the hundreds about them, whose heavy sighs told the stories of unutterable anguish, and this influence increased until a cloud of terrible depression seemed to hang over the entire congregation. Every class of society was represented in this throng united so closely by such painful bonds. Close to the half-starved, long-abused, yet faithful wife of some besotted brute was seated the child of fortune and culture—child no more, but an old, old woman, whose only son, still in his youth, had fallen almost to the lowest depths of degradation. Near her was a man, every lineament of whose features was some index of nobility of soul and rare talents, but whose threadbare coat and sunken cheeks betrayed to all gazes the lifelong victim of an unconquerable appetite. Just behind this group was a young girl, whose face, sweet as an angel's, was already furrowed by grief. Beside her was a father, whom she seemed to worship, and this father, broken down in health and almost ruined in mind by the excessive use of liquor, seemed at

last to have resigned himself to hopeless ruin. He gazed about in a half-sleepy, half-childish way, and several times attempted to get up and leave his seat, but the hand of the child-woman held his very tightly, and each time he would conquer his restlessness and sit down. By far the largest proportion of the congregation were women, almost all of whom had evidently clutching at their hearts the agonizing image of some past or present experience with woe in its most terrible form. As the exercises proceeded it was interesting to note the change which gradually came over the scene. As Mr. Moody declared over and over again that the God who had once cast out devils could do it now, and would do it if only asked, and as fervent supplications for this Divine interposition were made, the cloud seemed to rise from all hearts, the noonday sun poured in upon the picture like blessed rays of hope; eyes long dimmed by tears beamed with a new light; lips so long tightly pressed by anguish smiled with a new-found joy, and dissipated faces lost their reckless look and became resolute in the strength of noble determination. It is probable that more than one slave was freed, and more than one heart made happy.

Rev. Dr. Newton read the requests for prayer. He said that as the day was set apart particularly for prayers for the intemperate only, only those which related to persons held by the demon of drink would be read. Among the requests were twenty for prayers for intemperate husbands; ten for drunken fathers; twenty-five from sisters for dissipated brothers; ten from widows for intemperate sons; one for a young man struggling to overcome the demon of drink; one from a sister for three brothers, one of them a hard drinker; one from a mother in Scottsville for an intemperate son; from a friend for a young man in Newcastle, England; from a friend for a young man who earnestly desires to reform; from a sister (long identified with Methodist missions) for an intemperate brother; from a Christian for an intemperate brother-in-law in Richmond, Va.; from a mother, whose only son was rapidly hastening to ruin; from a wife whose husband has almost beggared his family, and from friends for the Woman's Temperance Society of Plymouth Church. There

were forty requests for prayers for tavern-keepers' souls, that they might be turned from the road in which they were leading so many of their fellows; two requests for intemperate and ungodly men; one against the sale of liquor on the Centennial Grounds; one from a wife for a husband; one from a father whose son, once a professor of religion, was now hurrying on to destruction; one from a mother who desired prayers for a drunken husband and son; one from a Christian lady whose intemperate husband had come to believe that not even God could save him from himself; another from a sister for a dissipated brother; another from a mother for a son who is addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks; a doctor in Massachusetts desired prayers for himself—he had long been striving in vain to overcome the habit, and now asked for higher aid. Prayers were also requested for a brother who was once a professed Christian, but who now made the hearts of his friends heavy by yielding to temptation; a mother requested prayers for four children, one of whom was addicted to the use of wine. Prayers were asked for God's blessing on the Woman's Temperance Society and their "Home for Inebriate Women;" also, for the "Franklin Reformatory Home." A wife and daughter requested prayer for a father in the liquor business. Prayers were requested for four intemperate men, three of whom were the sons of three deceased elders in one Presbyterian church, and for three intemperate brothers, the sons of a minister.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith also offered a fervent prayer for the salvation of those who were unable to take even the first step towards saving themselves. He asked for comfort for aged hearts, for wives and daughters and sisters, so that they could feel to-day the joy of thanksgiving, and asked special blessing on those who were engaged in the unhallowed traffic, that they should be taught that all happiness on earth or in heaven would be lost if they should continue in their present course.

The congregation then rose, and with heartfelt earnestness translated into the harmonics of sound the words of the 3d hymn:

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford."

Mr. Sankey stopped the singing at the third verse and said: "Now we should like to hear every one in the house who believe that they do need the Lord join in that chorus:"

"I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh! bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee."

Thus adjured, every voice seemed to combine with every other to fill the grand auditorium with the musical reverberations of the beautiful supplication, and the waves of harmony rolled mountain high through the seemingly limitless structure.

The secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Cree, spoke of the case of a drunkard who had come into his office and asked special prayers for strength to resist temptation.

Another case was mentioned of a poor man who came into the inquiry-room with a heart almost breaking, and said he wanted the people to pray for him, but could not write a line, and was consequently unable to send in a request without help. It was also requested that prayer be offered for an unworthy son, who had for years resisted every effort to bring him into the right way, and also for his companion, with whom he had become united within a few weeks. Rev. Dr. Hatfield, in referring to the course of intemperance, said there was, humanly speaking, no hope for a drunkard. Only in rare instances could the victim of alcoholic stimulants be saved. But nothing was too hard for God to accomplish, and he wanted his hearers to try and have faith in what seemed an utter impossibility. At one time the speaker could not force himself to have full faith, but a number of instances which had since been brought to his attention, had proved to him how weak had been his confidence in God. One of these instances was the case of a man who was so completely ruined

by drink that when at last he showed some sign of repentance the speaker thought he must have some evil design. But the man was prayed for again and again, and these prayers were answered, for he has been a sober, industrious, respectable citizen for the last eighteen years. "Father" Martin next offered a prayer for the salvation of drunkards. Mr. Moody said he noticed an aged man the evening before urging a young man to go into the inquiry-room. Afterward, when he went into the room, he met that father and the youth together and prayed with them. The old man, with tears in his eyes, then said: "Mr. Moody, I live twenty miles out in the country, and came all the way here to-night to thank you; for this afternoon I received a letter from my son, who has been attending these meetings, and is now converted." "Is this young man also your son?" asked the speaker. "No," was the unexpected reply; "he is a stranger to me." "This," continued Mr. Moody, "was the most beautiful part of it. The old man had come to thank us for assisting in his son's conversion, and had seized the opportunity to urge some other man's son to seek the Lord. Now we ought to lift our eyes above all human belief, and remember that Christ has the power to help every one who asks for his divine aid. But some say, 'It has become a disease with me; I can't help myself; my soul don't need a physician; it is my body that is sick.' But don't you suppose Christ can heal the body? He has power over disease. The Great Physician never fails. Some mothers say, 'My son is dead to everything that is pure; dead to everything that's holy.' You remember the child that was dead and Christ raised it up when asked to do it? You will find him able to raise up any child of the flesh, whether dead or not. Christ has power over devils, over disease, and over death. In London I saw a great many incurable hospitals. They did not need anything of the kind when Christ was on earth. No case was incurable then. Now let us pray that he will cure this disease of drunkenness.

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for such a Saviour as Thou hast sent, and now we come to-day to ask that Thou wilt rebuke the devils who have taken possession of fathers, and

brothers, and sons, and cast them out; make bare Thine arm to save these drunkards; bless these strangers who have come to us to-day. They are strangers to us, but not strangers to Thee; Heavenly Father, help them, raise them, so that soon a band of men who are now the slaves of strong drink may be working for His glory. While the infidels are mocking and scoffing and saying, 'God cannot save drunkards,' O God! make bare Thine arm and show them Thy strength; show them that God can save the lowest drunkards, and it will be to Thy great glory. Amen."

The 56th hymn was then sung as follows:

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

Chorus—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!"

Rev. Dr. Breed arose and said he had long felt the strongest sympathy for those who were suffering from that particular evil, and he knew there was not a minister living who did not feel in the same way. In all such cases the man was still the same. It was only the appetite which was unconquerable. All had heard of the member of Congress, who, when asked to sign the pledge, said, "Sign it, yes; and then I would cut off my right hand if that would compel me to keep it." Don't think there was no hope. A lady of this city, who once had a drunken father, many and many a time had gone out to look for him at night, and, finding him in some saloon, would stand in the cold and snow until he came out. The touch of her hand would turn him, and he would follow her staggering to their home. One evening, while the keen winds of winter swept down every street, and a freezing sleet covered everything with a coat of ice, she attempted in the same way to lead him home, but he staggered and fell on the pavement. She bent over him, trying to revive him, and when he

returned to consciousness her hair was frozen to his lips. She succeeded in getting him home alive, and in less than one month afterwards he completely reformed. A converted rum-seller in the audience then arose and said he was once a dealer in the accursed stuff, but now thanked God that he would never again touch the hell-distilled fluid or raise it to the lips of a brother. Rev. Dr. Newton prayed earnestly that all who were struggling for salvation might be saved by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and that those who had sunk so low that they had no desire to rise might be brought to see the terrible error of their ways and helped to redeem themselves before it was too late. The congregation then united in singing the 89th hymn:

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Chorus—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

This hymn was sung with a will, all joining most heartily in the chorus. It was then announced by Mr. Moody that another meeting of the same character would be held next Friday noon, and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Sankey, with all his enthusiastic love of the Father, for whose worship all hymns were written, never forgets that flesh is very weak, and must be helped by all the means which can be provided. He therefore usually selects hymns for the opening praise with a light, joyous melody, which soon brings all hearts into sympathy, so that, as the services proceed, the majestic movement and grand harmonies of familiar long-metre hymns do

not roll ineffectively around souls still insensible from worldly influence, but sweep in resistless waves of music along the tenderest chords of the human heart, lifting the soul far above the burden of clay which weighs it to the earth.

When a meeting is held specially for young men, it is always better that those for whom it is intended should take the most prominent part in the exercises; but every one who has had the management of such gatherings will readily appreciate the difficulty that is always experienced in carrying this rule into practice. What is needed to make young men's meetings full of interest and productive of benefit is short addresses, prayers, and little crumbs of experience incident to a young man's life; and when twenty or thirty participate within an hour, each contributing to the spirituality of the occasion, there never need be any fear of a dull meeting. A word of encouragement from an old Christian, who has a young heart, is always welcome and beneficial; but when the aged brethren monopolize three-fourths of the time, as is sometimes the case, with long, prosy, and wearisome sermonizing, all the soul of the meeting is effectually stamped out, and the time is, of course, then wasted.

Throughout the series of deeply interesting gatherings of young men, held in the North Reformed Church, Brooklyn, under the excellent superintendence of Charles M. Morton, this difficulty was not unfrequently encountered; and the same evil began to show itself in the meetings held here nightly.

A happy suggestion was, however, made and acted upon. Mr. Moody announced on Sunday that the following evening a fathers' meeting would be commenced at Dr. McCook's church, Penn Square; "and henceforth," said he, "nobody over forty years of age will be admitted to the young men's meeting. I put the limit at forty, because that will just allow me to go there when I want." The fathers' meeting was accordingly held on Monday night, and last evening it developed into a parents' meeting, both fathers and mothers being invited to attend for prayer and conversation in regard to the conversion of their children. Mr. John Field has been chosen as the leader; and it seems likely that

this new feature will speedily become one of the most important auxiliaries of the revival work. The leader last evening delivered a brief but very impressive address, relating an incident connected with his own personal history which touched every heart; then the meeting was opened for prayer and short testimonies, many petitions being offered for unconverted parents and children out of the ark of safety.

Said Mr. Moody: "I was never more shocked than on one occasion when a father said to his son, after he had returned from a meeting of this kind where he had given his heart: 'My son, I always hoped that you would become established in business before you gave attention to matters of religion;' but I don't believe one father out of ten millions would say such a thing as that. It is better to go up to heaven from the poor-house than to go down to hell in a gilded chariot. What is there to be gained by losing your soul and thinking only all the time of riches?" The speaker said that he would rather lose his eyes ten thousand times over than to lose his soul. He then narrated an incident of a little child who had been run over and killed, and the news was taken to the father by the superintendent of a Sunday-school in Chicago, and when the superintendent told the father he arose like a wild man and rushed to the mother, and she cried out to be taken to see the child; but the good man told her that the child's body was so mangled that it could not be recognized by her. The superintendent said to Mr. Moody that he would rather do anything again than to bear such news to a family and witness such a sight. The speaker said that it would be better to lose everything than lose your own souls. The little child went to heaven; it would be far worse to have borne the news that their little child's soul had been lost. Let the news go up to heaven to-night, "Saved." Strive to enter heaven by the straight way. A man has but to will to do a thing, and it will be done. God has done all he can for you. He has sent his only Son to save you, and if you will to be saved you will find comfort, peace, and happiness. It is for you to decide to-night whether you will serve the Lord or will take the side of Satan. Since the fall of

Adam, Satan has been an usurper; he has no right to this world. The Son of man has come to seek and save; he is here now to seek and save. Are you willing to be saved now? No matter how dark and deep your sins may be. He can pardon your sins if you will only come to him. Christ comes to you to-night to carry you over the dark river, if you will only let him. Sinners, won't you come to Jesus to-night?

Meeting for Women.

The afternoon service, which was exclusively for women, may be said to have commenced the actual work of the revival. The meeting was one never to be forgotten by any who were present. At two o'clock the doors were thrown open, and the crowds began to pour in until before half-past three all available space was crowded. More than eleven thousand women gathered at this religious service, the ushers and reporters being the only men allowed on the main floor. By far the larger portion of the occupants of the platform were ladies representing the upper and middle classes, while here and there could be seen poverty-stricken needle-women who in their battle for life had been unable to find time to think of the life to come. Fully three hundred members of the combination choir were in their seats, and on the stage were many prominent clergymen. Said the evangelist: "You have seen the murderer before the court of justice. If he had a mother she was there with him. She was not ashamed of him, but would say, 'Guilty or not guilty, he is my boy, and I love him.' How such a mother clings to her son's side every moment possible! How she watches every witness who comes to testify against her own! How she weeps and prays with him in his narrow cell, and when at last the verdict comes in 'guilty,' the loving heart-strings break at last, and the mother is carried fainting, almost dead, from the room. But her boy still lives for a few hours, and she comes back. She follows him to the scaffold, and suffers a thousand deaths while he is suffering one.' At this point the loud sobbing of a woman in the audience be

came so painful that for a moment the speaker could not proceed. Recovering himself, he said: "Such is a mother's love, and yet your Heavenly Father loves you more dearly, more devotedly than a mother ever can." All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and at least three thousand persons stood up.

INQUIRY-MEETINGS.

Mr. Moody then arose and said: "I want to say a few words to you to-day about the inquiry-rooms. Many persons talk about them as though they were something new, and ask what is the object of such places? We have been much hindered in our work by people who, night after night, come as spectators, as though we were all on exhibition. I think it is very strange that any Christian should not understand the object of inquiry-meetings, for they are not an innovation. Look at the third chapter of Luke and at the ninth verse: 'And now also the axe is laid at the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do then?' Then there was an inquiry-meeting at once. The people became anxious about the salvation of their souls, and wanted to know what they should do to be saved. 'He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.' That was an inquiry-meeting. All the people wanted was a little advice, and that was given them. 'Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do? And He said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.' That was another inquiry-meeting. 'And the soldiers likewise demanded of Him, saying, And what shall we do? And He said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.' You see all classes of hearers were asking, 'What shall we do?' They were given special answers for special cases, and that constituted an inquiry-meeting. Even John could not preach so plainly but that his hearers

wanted more expounding. The object of inquiry-meetings is to answer those who have special questions to ask. Many persons may be affected by a good sermon or touched by a fervent prayer, but each one may have peculiar difficulties to overcome, and unless these can be presented to some Christian who, having been through the same trials, can advise how to get rid of them, even the most anxious souls may go away discouraged, and, what is worse, remain away. In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read, 'Now Jesus sent the multitude away and went into the house; and His disciples came unto Him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. There was another inquiry-meeting at once. Even the faithful disciples of Jesus had questions to ask as soon as opportunity offered. In the fifty-first verse we find that the Master himself opened an inquiry-meeting, for it says: 'Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto Him, Yea, Lord.' There, you see, He was encouraging them to make inquiry. This is the only way the Truth can be preached and be made effective. We must get right in among the people and answer the numberless questions which confuse groping minds if we wish to bring souls to Christ. If there were more inquiry-rooms there would be more effective preaching. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we read: 'Then came Peter unto Him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?' This was an inquiry-meeting started by Peter, and it is a very good thing that Peter went to the Lord with that question, for otherwise we never would have had this blessed answer: 'Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.' Christ always encouraged His followers to come to Him, and He was always ready to answer their inquiries. The preaching that does bring inquirers is just the kind the devil does not want.

"Another inquiry-meeting is told of in the 19th chapter of Matthew: 'And behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' In the 24th chapter of Matthew, still another inquiry-meeting is

spoken of: 'And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?' These all show how they used to have inquiry-meetings in the days of Christ. In the 2d chapter of the Acts we read: 'Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart and said unto Peter and to the rest of the Apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' In the 8th chapter of the Acts we hear of an inquiry-meeting that did not take place after a sermon or in church, but way off in the desert. Philip found a poor eunuch out in the desert and quieted his anxious spirit by telling him it was only necessary to believe in order to be saved. The eunuch was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing. The Bible is full of accounts of inquiry-meetings. While Paul was at Rome there was at all times anxious persons hastening to his house and inquiring, 'What shall we do to be saved?' They did not go there to kiss Paul's great toe, but to find the way of life. Some people say you should not speak to persons after they have been listening to a good sermon, for you may disturb the seed already sown. Don't you know it's the devil who is most apt to disturb the seed? We should not only sow it, but harrow it down. All the workers in the inquiry-rooms should carry their Bibles and have them ready for just such cases. When the inquirer is seeking for light, you need not talk to him; hold up just the right passage from the Scripture and let him read it. The third class are those who are not convicted of sin. I met a man last evening who acknowledged that he had not been in a place of worship for eight years, but still he was very anxious to have me understand that he was not a bad man, though he did admit that now and then, when he became angry, he would swear. Now I knew the only way to do in his case was to get the law on him. So I turned to the 3d chapter of Romans and read to him: 'And it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one.' Then I turned

to Isaiah and showed him that the thoughts of the Lord could not be his. The only way to convict a man is to bring the law of God to bear on his conscience, and then when he fully feels his wickedness teach him to lift up his heart in prayer to God. There is generally in the inquirer either the spirit of the Pharisee or the spirit of the Publican. God be thanked for the spirit of the Publican. Don't give comfort to the Pharisee, or to the unconvicted. Show them plainly their wickedness. But when they are convicted and feel that nothing ever can wash away their sins, turn to the 1st chapter of Isaiah and show them the 18th verse: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What more comfort could be asked than this? Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors, yet the Lord can make them white."

The inevitable question, asked and answered so often, What is the secret of the power of these men? recurs to each new community where their influence is directly exerted. The frequent motive behind the inquiry is personal desire to enjoy and employ this secret in the service of Jesus. This becomes every honest worker, and justifies the attempt to unveil the hiding of their influence, for the information and inspiration of those who would fill the earth with redeemed souls. And, again, in the midst of our gathered threads, we insert the answers to this problem, that they may be woven into the beautiful robe of their wonderful career.

There are two points here to be considered: 1. The occasion met these men, and, 2. They proved equal to it. If the capability had not been in them, they would have dropped into obscurity like hosts of others. But it is no less true that for lack of occasion great powers often lie concealed, not only from the world, but even from him whose they are. In Chicago, hundreds, even thousands, gladly heard Mr. Moody, and he there proved his efficiency in every department of the work he undertook. Had he not, it is by no means probable that a larger opportunity would have opened to him When the enlarged opportunity was

given, he showed a breadth of comprehension, a depth of insight, a control over large masses, and a mastery of the myriad details of a great undertaking, such as his work in Chicago never would have called for. There is another consideration. Mr. Moody's powers have had development; his capabilities have not only been educed, but they have been improved by exercise.

Mr. Moody talks as if he knew just what he wanted to say, and was determined to say it. In this he is an example to Sunday-school teachers.

Mr. Moody's Christian experience was of a most positive kind; and a vivid realization of the appalling fact that on every hand men were perishing eternally moved him to the work which has now grown to such great proportions. In awakening the consciences of the unconverted and stimulating the activities of Christians, he possesses a rare power that none can fail to recognize. Herein lies his greatness. No one will claim for Mr. Moody the richness of language, the resistless pathos and humor, the wonderful mimicry and dramatic power that characterize the great temperance orator. But Mr. Gough does not more thoroughly hold an audience than Mr. Moody. We have heard the latter when every eye and every ear in his vast audience were riveted upon him—the place, the man, all else in the universe forgotten, while his homely sentences and pointed illustrations issued forth hot and glowing, radiant with quaint touches of imagination, and varied by occasional sallies of quiet humor, the whole saturated with sincerity and marked by the simplicity of a child-like faith. This was oratory of the truest sort. There are many men who talk as effectively as Mr. Moody *for a little while*, or occasionally. They can get the sympathy of an audience when they chance to be in the vein; but it is a very different thing to be *master* of an audience. Mr. Moody is always that; at his best superlatively so.

A minister who went to hear Mr. Moody preach was surprised that there was so little of plan or of argument in his discourse, that it was made up so largely of declaration and appeal, and he wondered how such preaching could prove so impressive. In-

deed, he was sure that a sermon of that kind was not likely to convince an unbeliever; it seemed, in fact, only addressed to those who admitted the truth of the great facts which the preacher emphasized. The minister was pleased with Mr. Moody as a man. He admired his earnestness and his desire to win souls to the Saviour; but he could not think his sermon as a sermon amounted to much. Something else than such preaching, he was confident, gave Mr. Moody the ears of the multitude.

Yet, just here, that minister made a great mistake. It would have been a blessed thing for him and for sinners about him if he had recognized, in what he counted the lack of Mr. Moody, one of the sources of Mr. Moody's special power as a preacher. That minister thinks it always his duty to argue with unbelievers. He is a little in doubt himself on most points, and he sees that others are. He opens discussion with them in every sermon, and at the sermon's close neither he nor they are quite convinced. He does not rest down on the Word of God with such positiveness that he has no thought of its being in question. Hence he never proclaims, declares, preaches the truth in confidence. He is called a good sermonizer, but his sermons neither convince unbelievers nor arouse the careless to seek salvation; nor yet do they reassure distrustful Christians. If he would but believe with Mr. Moody's confidence, and declare the gospel with Mr. Moody's positiveness, he would have more of Mr. Moody's success in bringing his hearers to a sense of their danger, and to an acceptance of the full salvation to which he points them.

Two men were riding in a street-car together. One was a skilled infidel and controversialist. The other was a simple-hearted Christian layman. The infidel sought to provoke an argument as to the Bible and its truths. The believer's response was. "I cannot argue the case with you. I am not competent to that. But this I do know. With all my heart I trust the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I only wish you had the joy in him which I have." The infidel's unexpected answer came promptly: "There you have got me. I can't answer that." The assurance which enables a child of God to testify for Christ and his salva-

tion is more effective than the most carefully constructed arguments for the reasonableness of God's plan of redemption.

The one unmistakable cause of the great interest attending these two brethren is the conviction that God is with them. Among the natural agencies which he is using through them are:

(1) An irrepressible ardor of personal conviction;

(2) The simplicity, quickness, and brightness of the speaking;

(3) The speaker's utter forgetfulness of himself; no parading of his own sanctity, or humility; of his own goodness or badness, or of himself in any way.

(4) An unaffected, loving regard for his fellow-men; a real and affectionate interest in them; and a hearty, genial way of showing it.

(5) The entire naturalness of manner wins and holds attention. There is none of that straining after effect which is so apparent and so odious in some professional "revivalists;" no solemn farce, no cant, no sentimentalism. He appears to be among evangelists what Walter Scott was among writers—a sturdy, wholesome, *manly man.*

Mr. Moody owes none of his success to fiery enthusiasm, sensational exhortings, or clever advertising, as many devotees, not to religion but to special church organizations, so confidently asserted. He owes it all to simple earnestness, unerring judgment, and that never-failing conservator of human effort—method. Most of his brothers of the cloth, knowing that their congregations are composed of representatives of many classes and conditions of life, and honestly desiring to preach and pray as much for one as another, forget that homœopathic principles cannot be extended to include the soul diseases which the Great Physician came to cure, and thus continue to dilute the current of their endeavor by attempting to preach on all sins and to all sinners at the same time, until such infinitesimal portions are dispensed to those who need special aid that their work is, after all, but love's labor lost. Mr. Moody, from the very start, has been as systematic in his work as an astronomer laboring to master

the secrets of some newly-discovered planet. He is not content with simply giving his life to the cause of religion, trusting to some higher power to carry home the arrows shot at random, but so husbands his strength, so concentrates his energies, and so persistently directs his efforts to the special work of the moment, that every word is made to tell, and each succeeding sentence carries more and more conviction to the hearts which it is intended to influence. It will be remembered that, contrary to all precedent, the evangelist commenced his work of regeneration, not with the unconverted, but with professed Christians. Ignoring the sins of sinners, he preached only of the sins of saints.

For one whole week this unexpected but perhaps not unnecessary prelude to the regular programme was continued, and during that time it is possible that not a few really earnest and devoted lovers of their Master discovered that in the crowning grace of charity they were sadly lacking, for Christian bounty should be as boundless as the sea and Christian love as deep. During the past week Mr. Moody has worked exclusively for those who, while not doubting the truth of Revelation, have failed to follow its teachings or come into full sympathy with its consoling spirit. These divided from the Christian workers, the professed infidels and unbelievers in the plan of the Atonement, were again subdivided by Mr. Moody's system of teaching into as many different classes as their varied needs seemed to require. For each special services were held, at which special arguments and appeals were employed to reach their particular cases. There were meetings for men, meetings for women, meetings for mothers, for fathers, for young men, for parents, and last, but not least in importance, for drunkards. At each one of these assemblages the services, from the opening prayer to the benediction, were conducted exclusively and most heartily for the spiritual benefit of the class which had responded to the call.

Curious as it may appear, the great evangelist seems instinctively to have adopted in his spiritual warfare with Satan precisely the same tactics which, originated by the first Napoleon, was the secret of his numberless and marvellous victories. Napoleon

never made a direct movement until he had so divided the battalions of the enemy that by a *coup d'etat* he could concentrate his whole force on one subdivision, thereby gaining a certain victory without material loss, and thus continuing until the enemy was reduced to fragments and routed. The evangelist, in his crusade against evil, follows exactly the same plan. Instead of imitating the Church and firing indiscriminate and ineffective rounds into the well-trained ranks of the enemy, he persuades the sinners to divide themselves into clearly-defined classes, and then concentrates his whole force on the separated fragments, with, as a result, an amazing number of unconditional surrenders. But, besides Mr. Moody's earnestness and attention to system, there is back of all an overpowering strength of will, made peculiarly effective by a large amount of animal magnetism. These qualities combined would raise any man of ordinary intelligence above his fellows; but when this power is controlled by intense religious feeling, it not only raises the leader above his fellows, but his fellows above themselves. Who shall describe the evangelist's preaching? He is not oratorical or rhetorical or even logical. His brightest ideas are not æsthetic, and his most effective appeals are not pathetic. Still, he has the faculty of selecting out the very arguments or illustrations which will most affect the particular heart he desires to touch, and of presenting those arguments or illustrations in such a gleaming light of plausibility as to throw into a shadow every opposite thought which chance may evolve. When speaking to parents, he invariably tells of the beautiful children who stand beckoning to their loved papa and mamma from the summerland; when talking to sons and daughters, he adjures them by their white-haired father or sainted mother to hasten onward to the place of pure delight where all who love may be again united. He appeals to husbands to reform for the sake of their loving wives and innocent children, and to wives to come to the Father for the sake of their wayward husbands and helpless babes. There may be art in such methods of making truth patent, but with Mr. Moody it has the effect of the perfection of art—artlessness.

THE HARVEST GATHERED.

THE third week of the evangelists' labors among the unconverted in Philadelphia, drew to a close on Saturday, Dec. 11th.

At the end of a fortnight their special work, that of arousing members of churches to activity and individual effort, was probably as far advanced as in Brooklyn when the evangelists had ended their month's labors; but, then, it must be remembered that the City of Brotherly Love had caught inspiration from the glorious and successful meetings in Brooklyn, which will always be remembered as initiatory of a revival that promises to be widespread, if not national, in its influence and extent. There were some difficulties to be overcome when the work was begun in Brooklyn, which did not present themselves in Philadelphia. When the evangelists came here on the 21st of November, it was no longer a matter of doubt that in their own land, as well as in the British Isles, great crowds would be attracted to listen to Mr. Moody's earnest talks and Mr. Sankey's sweet gospel sermons in song. Something of the methods by which the multitudes were to be reached and brought under religious influences had begun to be appreciated; the efficiency and important mission of the inquiry-meeting were recognized, if not generally, at least in part; and so the special work in the City of Churches, while it has brought forth lasting fruit in the conversion of many souls, and might have been still more effective had it been of longer duration, was also influential here in Philadelphia, and in many cities and towns, through the medium of the press, as sounding the preliminary bugle-notes which called the Lord's hosts to battle.

There have been held during the last three weeks thirty-eight meetings addressed by Mr. Moody, nine of them being specially for Christian workers, fourteen for the general public (these had an average attendance of eight thousand), and fifteen daily prayer-meetings, at which the gatherings have been on the

average about three thousand. If the congregation had been composed of new faces at every service, more than two hundred thousand of the citizens of Philadelphia would have been reached, but most probably half of each audience has been made up of substantially the same people. Of the remaining one hundred thousand, however, there is every reason to believe that a large proportion were of just the class sought to be reached in these special services—namely, those who are strangers to religion. Many who have not been attending any place of worship for a length of time, have come into the depot church and heard the Gospel faithfully preached. Thus it will be seen a widespread influence is being exerted throughout the families of this great city by these special meetings beyond that which could have been brought about through the regular services at the various churches.

A great work has been done amongst the young men. Meetings are conducted each evening by Mr. John Wannamaker in the Broad and Arch M. E. Church, at which the average attendance has been little short of five hundred. Here many conversions have taken place; young men have learned to talk to young men, and with loving entreaty and kind sympathy lead them to Christ. Mr. Moody spoke to those who gathered at this meeting, and incited them to band themselves together for a canvass of the city, that they might bring many strangers to the meetings and make their influence felt in all parts of Philadelphia. Not only was this work recommended, but hints were thrown out that a still more important mission might be given to the young men of this city. Philadelphia, he said, was a great centre, and there are hundreds of towns and villages in all the surrounding country where special meetings might be held and become productive of most wonderful results. "A thousand young men are wanted," he said, "to devote themselves to Christ's service."

Excursion trains are running almost every night, bringing in hundreds to the meetings. Thus the village churches and country ministers will be aroused, quickened, and encouraged, and a spirit of energy and Christian zeal very widely infused.

Women's meetings are being held every afternoon in Dr. McCook's church; but with one or two exceptions, these gatherings, although attended by four or five hundred persons, have not been as profitable or enlivening as they might be made. One defect has been that the singing is not sufficiently hearty or congregational—not more than one out of twenty of the sisters seem to take any part in the service of song. There is also a tendency to long speeches; and altogether greater heartiness needs to be infused into the meetings in order to make them as useful as such services are designed to be.

Judging from Mr. Moody's own words, the results have been more than satisfactory—they have been surprising. More converts are believed by the evangelists to have been made during the past week than in any other week ever spent in America. The inquiry-rooms, so often explained and so ably defended by Mr. Moody, have been full almost every evening, and a large proportion of those converted have at once become workers for the salvation of others. There were on Sunday three regular services; the first in the morning for Christians, the second at four o'clock for women, and the third in the evening for men. At the early morning service the evangelists were greeted with a congregation of over 6,000 Christian workers, supported by an excellent voiced and well-drilled volunteer choir of 500 members. This choir has been so perfectly trained, under the direction of Mr. Fischer, that it has become one of the best organizations of its kind ever drawn together in the city. The services opened with the 11th hymn,

> I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
> A dear, loving Saviour, though earth friends be few;
> And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me,
> And oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too,

which was sung by the whole congregation with much spirit and rare grace of expression for a body of 6,000 or 7,000 singers, most of whom were strangers to each other. The words, "For

you I am praying," were repeated in the softest of echoes. The 87th hymn,

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Chorus—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me,

was next sung by the choir, led by Mr. Sankey, whose sweet voice rang out pure and clear above the multitudinous harmonies, like the notes of a silver flute amid the fortissimo tones of a powerful orchestra. Wm. B. Dodge, of New York, then made a prayer, asking that in the spirit of the hymn just sung all might move forward through the day, and that the Lord might grant to each and all a Sabbath day's blessing. He prayed that all might be quickened in their efforts for the advancement of His glory, and that clearer views of the beauty of salvation, as well as of the pains of eternal death, might be given. He prayed that His servant, Mr. Moody, should be strengthened and be able to speak like a dying man to dying men. The 79th hymn,

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

was next announced. This, whether regarded from a Scriptural, poetical, or musical standpoint, is one of the most beautiful hymns in the collection; and it has become such a favorite that nearly all singers have learned it, and now as the familiar notes of the chorus are touched by Mr. Sankey, the sweet melody, rich harmony, and rather intricate movement are perfectly followed by thousands of voices. The last verse, "Sowing the seed with an aching heart, was sung with affecting expression by Mr. Sankey, and as the echoes of the solo died away the choir could be

heard repeating the chorus in whispers of melody. Mr. Moody then arose and read a part of the twelfth chapter of Romans. After which the 170th hymn,

> Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
> "Who will go and work to-day?"

was sung by Mr. Sankey to the beautiful tune of "Your Mission," which became such a favorite with the martyred President Lincoln.

The theme and spirit of the two compositions are very similar, the latter being religious, while the original, though far from irreligious, was still better adapted to secular than purely devotional occasions. Mr. Moody made a fervent prayer, thanking the Father for the success of the past three weeks, and asking for blessings on the week to come. He prayed that all the workers in the harvest-field might be strengthened and filled with zeal for the work. The congregation, with Mr. Sankey, sang with inspiring earnestness the 110th hymn to the familiar tune of Antioch. As the stanzas were concluded, Mr. Moody arose and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Occupy till I come." Luke xix. 13. He said the Church had been divided by some one into four very familiar classes. First, there were the destroyers, who found their way into almost every congregation and proved destructive to prosperity, as well as peace and harmony. Then there were the obstructors, who continually opposed every movement, whether for good or ill. Next came the idlers, and finally the workers. "Now, which of these four classes do you belong to?" continued Mr. Moody. "I shall judge no man; take your places as you please; but if you have faith in Christ you must desire and occupy till he comes. The Church seems to have gone into camp and become demoralized. Some of its members have gone in simply to sleep and rest. I heard of one man who left one church where he had been a hard worker and wanted to enter another, but said he did not want to do any work. 'Oh!' said the minister, 'you have made a mistake; you should apply to my neighbor, who is pastor of the

Church of the Heavenly Rest.' I think very many more churches could appropriately be named the Heavenly Rest. Some people think because they can do but little their efforts are of no use. When Moses told Pharaoh that his God could remove the plague of the frogs, Pharaoh said, 'Oh! I don't think much of your God if he is the God of such an insignificant little thing as a frog.' 'Yes,' replied Moses, 'but there are a great many of them.' Let us remember that we may be little, but if there are only a great many of us we can do a great work. We must remember that each one of us has talent peculiar to himself. I can't sing like Mr. Sankey, or carry on business like Mr. Stuart; I am not an organizer like Mr. Wannamaker, yet if I use my half a talent as such a man as Rev. Dr. Dodge uses his ten, I will receive the same reward." Mr. Moody here spoke of a number of interesting instances of men using for the Lord such talents as he had given them, referring particularly to a Quaker in London, who, being unable to talk, sing, or otherwise labor, had expended his fortune in printing and circulating tracts. "This man," said Mr. Moody, "has already sent out more tracts than all the American and the London publication societies combined, and he is now in daily receipt of piles of letters from people who have been converted all over the world."

The speaker also told of a gentleman of fortune in England who had spent the past nine years in searching through the slums of London and educating the gamins whom he rescued. Referring to the responsibility which all Sunday-school teachers assumed, he told of a little girl who was converted by her teacher (who probably afterwards forgot all about the child); that child grew up, became the mother of ten sons, all of whom were led into "paths of peace," and six of whom became ministers of the Gospel. Mr. Moody continued at some length exhorting those who had already received the Saviour to do all in their power to save others. At the conclusion of this sermon, those who were willing to try to save even one soul during the week were called upon to stand up, and fully two-thirds of those present rose to their feet. The persons who desired to become Christians

were next requested to rise and one-half of the remainder stood up.

The women's meeting in the afternoon was thronged with worshippers, every available space being occupied and thousands being compelled to turn sadly away from closed doors. Mr. Moody opened the meeting by announcing the 37th hymn—

Tell me the old, old story.

This was sung by the ten thousand voices with an effect hardly to be described. Wave upon wave of the richest harmony swept in great billows of musical sound from one end of the mighty structure to the other and finally seemed to die away among the sunbeams which rested gently upon the windowed roof. The last verse was so inspiringly rendered that at Mr. Moody's request the lines were repeated. After a few moments spent in silent prayer Bishop Simpson offered up a supplication imploring the Father to send on every one of the vast assembly the blessings of His grace, that all might feel that Christ had made them whole. He thanked the Lord for the wonderful effusion of His Spirit which had accompanied the labors of His servants, and prayed that they might see the multitude turning from worldly ways to paths of holiness and peace. A new hymn,

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,

was next sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus:

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

Mr. Moody then read from the 12th chapter of St. Matthew the parable of the ten virgins, and as he concluded Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the new hymn, "The wise and foolish virgins." The latter part of this hymn is an adaptation of Balfe's "Too

Late," and was rendered by Mr. Sankey with rare beauty of expression.

Mr. Moody next read a few verses in the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, in which the parable of the marriage supper is written. "I wish," said Mr. Moody, "to call your attention to the words, 'I pray thee, have me excused.' Though 1,800 years have rolled away, we find people still with one consent praying to be excused. It was not a pestilential hospital to which they were called, but to the marriage-supper. To-day the King of kings sends an invitation to every human being to be at the marriage-supper, and yet how many want to be excused. Suppose the Lord should take you all at your word and then lay the hand of death upon you? What a wail would go up from this city of Philadelphia! Suppose He should cease trying to compel you to come in, and just quietly shut the door upon you, have you ever tried to think of the anguish which such a change would bring? If all who wanted to be excused should be taken away, the grass would soon be growing in the streets of Philadelphia. There would be a good many shops shut up, there would be no saloon-keepers left, and I would have a very small audience here to-morrow night. Now, look at the excuses which these three men gave: the first said he had bought some land, and must needs go and see it. Now, when men buy land they go and see it before buying it, and even then would not start off at supper-time. The answer bears on its face the fact that it was a downright lie. The excuse was manufactured. The second man had a more absurd excuse than the first. He said, 'I have bought a yoke of oxen and must needs go and prove them.' That excuse was manufactured also. Men don't buy oxen and then prove them; they prove them first and buy them afterwards. More than that, the morning not the evening is the time to prove oxen. That excuse shows in itself that it's a lie. Then the third man could not come to the supper because he had married a wife. Why, if he had a wife, this fine banquet was just the place she would most like to attend. That excuse also was manufactured. Just notice how miserable all these excuses are. Now, I want to

ask this audience just one question, Have you got a better one? Can any one get up here and say, 'Mr. Moody, I have a good excuse'? I never saw any one in my life who had a better excuse, and few have as good ones, yet even these, poor as they are, are manufactured. Look at some of the excuses we hear in the inquiry-rooms. Some say, 'Oh! it's so *hard* to serve the Master.' This is a mistake, Christ is an easy Master. 'The way of the *transgressor* is *hard*.' I stand here as a witness that my God and my Saviour is not a hard Master. Another excuse is that the inquirer don't understand the Bible. Now, I don't believe that excuse will stand the light of eternity. I never met skeptical people that have read the Bible from back to back, and I know there is no book more misjudged. People will seldom judge of a new book until they have read it, but they willingly judge God's book before looking into it. More than that, the Bible was not made to understand. Don't give up the good old Bible until you can get a better book. You won't want to stand up before God and say: 'Lord, I was not saved because I did not understand the Bible.' Others excuse themselves on the plea that there are so many hypocrites in the Church and they don't like such company. Now, I admit that there have always been hypocrites in the Church, but is that a good excuse? If every man on the face of the earth is a black-hearted hypocrite, is that any reason why you should be? But if you don't like hypocrites you had better go to Christ, for not one of them shall sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Stay away, and you'll go with the hypocrites through eternity. Again, I fancy that there is one in the audience who says, 'I am so vile that Christ won't receive me.' I know there is not one of you who can show me a place in the Bible where it says any one is so wicked that forgiveness is impossible. There is not a mother in the congregation who would not forgive a wayward child, and there is not a sinner in this assembly who cannot obtain forgiveness of the Heavenly Father." Mr. Moody concluded with a touching incident in his own experience, relating in affecting tones the simple story of a brother lost for years and years, but

at last found and clasped in a forgiving mother's arms. All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and about 3,000 stood up, and afterwards, while the congregation united in singing the 91st hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," passed into the inquiry-rooms. These rooms soon became filled, and the overflow were provided with seats in the large hall on the northwest corner of the building, where Mr. Moody himself prayed and talked with those who had been affected by the services.

The Depot-Tabernacle was crowded to repletion at the services held in the evening, and the most encouraging part of it was that the 11,000 persons assembled were all men. It has frequently been asserted that while Mr. Moody's touching prayers and simple addresses, combined with Mr. Sankey's singing, might easily attract large audiences of ladies, it would be impossible to fill the structure with representatives of the masculine gender. It has been proved by Mr. Moody, beyond doubt, that the consciences of men can be easily reached by honest, earnest endeavor, and manly argument, when showy but soulless phrases would hardly penetrate beyond the ear.

Jesus, lover of my soul,

was sung by the united tones of at least ten thousand male voices, led by the clear sopranos of the choir, with an effect as grandly beautiful as surprising. Rev. Dr. McCook then offered up an opening prayer, beseeching the Father to hear the supplications of his servants as they asked for mercy and forgiveness. He prayed that His Holy Spirit might descend and fill the great multitude as in the days of Pentecost, so that all could be won in sweet and holy subjection to Jesus Christ. He asked for faith to lay the petition from all before the Lord in the name of Jesus; and blessings were particularly asked for those who were seeking Jesus. At the conclusion of the prayer Mr. Sankey took his seat at the organ, and with marvellous power of expression, sung the 6th hymn:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.

Mr. Moody then called attention to the 14th chapter of Luke, beginning at the 16th verse. After the parable of the marriage-supper had been read Mr. Sankey sang the 81st hymn:

The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory,
Beckons thee on.
Ref.—Room, room, still room,
Enter now.

Day is declining and the sun is low.
The shadows lengthen,
Light makes haste to go.

The refrain was sung by the choir in the softest of musical whispers, having the effect of the distant melody of heavenly choristers. Mr. Moody then arose and repeated the sermon of the afternoon, on the subject of the "Supper of the Lamb." While the leader spoke of the three excuses, and showed how absurd they all were, the attention of the vast audience became more and more intense, until, as he began to exhort his hearers to come to Christ, to forget self and seek the forgiveness of a loving Master, the vast sea of faces, as if by some irresistible fascination, turned fixedly towards the speaker, and every glance became fastened on the lips from which Christ crucified was preached. Then, as he concluded and called upon those who desired prayers to stand up, several hundred strong men arose, and trembling with emotion, waited with bowed heads while Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the 38th hymn:

Come home, come home,
You are weary at heart;
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh! come home!

As the echoes of the song of invitation died away Mr. Moody lifted up his hands in prayer, saying: "Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this invitation to be at the marriage-supper, and we pray that we all may accept it. As these who stand up pray to God, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner,' may Thy Holy Spirit search them out. May these young men have courage given them, and let them not be ashamed of the Word of God. If there is a prodigal child here, oh! help the wanderer in his efforts to return." At the conclusion of the prayer over 1,000 men accepted the invitation to go into the inquiry-rooms, and as the throng were pressing forward the vast assemblage sang the 86th hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

This hymn was repeated, and with each stanza hundreds more arose and joined the throngs pouring into the rooms where the Christian workers waited to receive and comfort them.

Never was the Gospel Truth presented to erring man with greater force, and at no time since the inauguration of the meetings have such great results been seen. Hundreds flocked to the inquiry-rooms, all anxious to know more of the love, mercy, and tenderness of the Saviour, and very many more left for their homes for the first time giving any heed to the warning words of Him who came upon earth to call men to repentance, and who died that sinners might be saved.

At the Monday morning roll-call Mr. Moody said that, as usual on Monday, the early meeting would be devoted to reports of progress from all sources. He began by reading an affecting letter from a convert, who was spoken to only a week before. In the note the writer said he had not been in church ten times in as many years. But when he listened to the sermon his heart broke, and returning home, after being spoken to by Mr. Moody, he wept for his sins, and, finally, surrendered unconditionally to Jesus. A man in the audience next arose, and told of two brothers who started out one Saturday morning, became intoxicated, and continued in that state until Sunday afternoon, when

their mother requested prayers for her wayward boys. Both afterwards went separately and accidentally to the revival meetings, and, to the surprise of both, they met each other in the evening converted men. Mr. Cree spoke of a young man who, after many struggles, rose for prayers, and was finally converted. Rev. Mr. Culver spoke of the work at the Grace Mission, where fifty persons went into the inquiry-room, and thirty declared they had found peace. Many more cases had been noted in the congregation. A clergyman in the press-box said that at a previous service he spoke to a man who happened to be seated at his side. The man acknowledged that he had come to scoff. He went to the inquiry-room and was converted. Mr. Sankey referred to three men who had spent the whole of the morning meeting scoffing at the services, but who, upon being spoken to in a kindly manner, were easily led into the inquiry-room and soon afterwards led to the foot of the Cross. A number of clergymen gave the most encouraging accounts of the progress and effect of the revival in their churches. Several young converts present related their experiences in their journey from darkness to light.

A young man in the back part of the audience arose, and in a trembling voice thanked the congregation for prayers and work which had helped to bring him, broken-hearted and repentant, to the foot of the Cross.

Rev. Dr. Newton next called attention to the total absorption of the woman, in the chapter just read, to the will of God. She had a submission and a sublimity of confidence which all Christians should endeavor to emulate. When she was asked if all was well, she answered, though she knew the child was lying cold and lifeless on his bed, "It is well." "Let us, too, remember," continued the speaker, "that even if our prayers should not be answered, even if our dearest joys should be stricken from our lives, we should be able to say 'It is well.' The great principle of this movement should be entire submission to God and unfaltering confidence in his love."

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart next arose and related an affecting incident of a man who came into the inquiry-room on the previous

night, and after long years of infidelity at last was able to return to the wife, who had been so long praying for him, a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey also spoke of two cases for which he desired special prayers: One was a man who came to him night before last and said he was one of eleven children, and all had become Christians but himself. He said he had once come to the meeting in hopes of finding Jesus, but could not. He came again on Sunday, "And then," continued the man, "when I heard Mr. Moody tell of that little child beckoning from the other side of the dark river I thought my heart would break, for I had lost my only child only three weeks before. Oh! cannot you help me?" "I prayed with him there on the street where we met," added Mr. Sankey, "and he went home with a changed heart." Another case mentioned was that of a young girl who was converted on the previous evening and afterwards informed Mr. Sankey that she was the niece of an eminent clergyman in Belfast, Ireland, with whom the speaker had long been acquainted. "I told her to write to him at once," said the speaker, "and to tell the uncle who had so often prayed for her while he has been carrying on the good work that his loved one had found Jesus clear across the sea."

Love to Christ will enable us to make sacrifices for him without feeling it to be a hardship. In illustration of this, Mr. Moody related a touching story of the wife of an Indian missionary giving up her children to the care of Christian friends in this country so as to go back to the mission field where her own and her husband's labors had been before greatly blessed, and saying, just before she parted from them, "I want to say good-bye without a tear, for I would not like my children to think that it cost me tears to serve Christ." Then besides working from love, let us also put ourselves in sympathy with the people we want to influence for good. A man who had just come out of the penitentiary and had no friends, was won and his hard heart broken by just the kiss of my little girl. Let us put ourselves in the place of those who are in trouble and distress; get in sympathy

with them; then the Lord will bless our efforts. We must have a heart to weep with those who weep. I heard a beautiful story told by Mr. Mingins, in New York. He said a lady came into the office of the City Mission and wanted a few tracts. She didn't feel as if she could do very much of active work for the Lord, but felt like giving away a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail, a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered, but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, "My God, what did you do that for?" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said, "Oh, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly, Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

There were those who were affected to tears, so pathetic and yet so strikingly truthful were the words of the revivalist. All who heard him could not but have been convinced that the speaker was in earnest, and that he felt that the obligation that rested upon him was so great that unless he presented the truth in a manner not to be mistaken or misunderstood he would be coming short of his duty. The meeting was beyond question the most effective yet held, and showed the great power possessed by the evangelist. The singing of Mr. Sankey was in keeping with the preaching by his co-laborer, and very many were visibly affected by it. A spirit that can scarcely be understood and may be ascribed to the Most High seemed to pervade the place.

At a meeting presided over by Mr. Wanamaker, he said: "These are golden days for Philadelphia. But a little while and we were all under a shadow. The traveller who has been to Interlachen will remember a feeling coming over him as of some impending shadow of gloom. It was in some such shadow that we were until now, like a mantle covering us come these days of brightness. To-night let this vast congregation join in the solemn

prayer, he continued, to the Lord for the great and glorious work that is now progressing amongst us." The hymn,

> Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come,
> Go look on His cross and His tomb,

was sung in such a beautiful and touching manner that an old gentleman sprang up at its conclusion from his seat in the platform and exclaimed: "I have frequently heard it said that Jesus loved a musical heart more than a musical voice. If that is so I can tell you that here we have learnt how both can be united?" The old gentleman's remark appeared to intensify the quiet feeling felt by every one present as the musical sounds in waves of melody rolled along the peaked roof of the immense structure. Mr. Wannamaker at this moment requested the choir to sing

> I am so glad that our Father in Heaven.

"I want to utter a word of thanksgiving," said Mr. Sankey, "for having been permitted to witness in this dear land this glorious spectacle. Often in the British islands have Mr. Moody and I wondered, and hoped and prayed that we might be able to spread the old story amongst you all. When your chairman came to us in England and told us that a wave of prayer was going through this city, we were encouraged. We now praise the Lord in our hearts that we have come, and that our efforts have been beneficial in their results.

A gentleman arose and said that although he had attended every communion in his church for the last thirty-two years, he never knew what it was to carry Christ in his heart until two weeks ago. A city missionary, who has been holding meetings along the wharves, said that within the last week he had been more than ever successful. Degraded men and women had fallen on their faces before the Throne and cried for mercy, and every day the good fruits of the present revival were becoming more and more manifest, even among the outcasts who would never enter a church or any building where Christian people

would be willing to congregate. Mr. Wannamaker acknowledged that in all his experience he had never seen so encouraging a revival among the young men. Every service had been crowded, and there never had been sufficient time to accommodate all who desired to speak or pray. "This depot," continued the speaker, "may be from this day forth the starting-point of many trains to heaven. Only keep on praying, and before spring comes to us again five thousand young men will welcome it as Christians."

Said a gentleman: "Among the most conspicuous persons at the Rink in Brooklyn was a man of over fifty years, by profession a reporter, apparently of the sensational sort. Entering into conversation with him the second evening, we found him partly intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and professing infidel principles. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city jail, for misdemeanors committed while under the influence of liquor, although originally a man of culture and polish.

"Time passed, and at one Friday evening meeting the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat at the Simpson Church. I accosted him once more, and this was the answer:

"'I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who under God has been the greatest blessing of life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian can face. And I am a Christian, a new creature—not reformed, you can't reform a drunkard; I tried that a hundred times—but regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on "Love and Sympathy" ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as had been condensed into those ten days. My children know the change; my wife knows it; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been so utterly taken away, that I only loathe what I used to love.'"

The most interesting part of the meeting was the story told by

Mrs. Keen, of the way in which she was led, when 19 years of age, to give herself entirely to God; of how many times she felt that she must give up everything to God before she could work for him, and how at a ladies' meeting she was afraid to rise and say that she would give up her will to God because the ladies would say she was such a young giddy girl. It would be all gone to-morrow, "and," said Mrs. Keen, "they did say so But I felt from that hour a different being. That it was all between God and myself, and it mattered not if I was thought singular, so long as I had this sweet feeling of rest and peace in my own soul. The thought came, Can I give my will to Him? but I said, Lord, I take Thy will to be mine, so mine must be Thine."

At the close of the morning service an inquiry-meeting was opened in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, and was continued all the afternoon. The attendance at this meeting was very large and the converts many.

Mr. Moody arose and said: "I will open the meeting with a very few remarks about the inquiry-room. We have a great deal of trouble with people coming into the inquiry-room on outside business. One man pressed past the ushers yesterday and wanted to shake hands with me just because I was born in New England; another wanted to see me because I once lived in Chicago; others want to present requests for friends; others want to talk on all sorts of subjects, and because I cannot attend to them think I am very rude. Now I don't want that impression to get abroad, and therefore ask all who desire to talk with me on purely personal or general subjects, to try and find some other time for seeing me." The leader next read from the 5th chapter of Romans, beginning at the 7th verse. Continuing, he said in all cases where persons had been blessed in the Bible they were asked to go home and tell their friends, and when they did this, either then or now, many more souls were at once led to Christ. He hoped that all young converts would confess Christ before the world, and thus be the means of leading hundreds and thousands of souls to the Saviour.

"After a man is a Christian I would work him day and night.

I believe that for one man killed by over-work in the cause of Christ ten thousand die from laziness."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of his address, read a letter which he had just received from Manchester, in which a lady stated that all on behalf of whom she had requested prayer during the services in that city had been converted, except one, her brother, who had left his wife and family after bringing dis grace upon the family, and whose misconduct was breaking his father's heart. "This is really a story of grace," said Mr. Moody; "for this lady says in her letter: 'If he would but come home there will be no reproach. Nothing but love.' Perhaps this man may have wandered in here this afternoon, or he may be in this country. Let us pray that he may be brought back, and that his family may rejoice over the return of the wanderer.

After preaching his famous discourses on Heaven, Mr. Moody turned the tide of men's thoughts very sharply, and preached on "Hell," taking as his text two words from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, "Son, remember." "I can well imagine," said he, "that if you had known what I was to preach about to-night many would have staid away; but I cannot afford to have it said that I held services in Philadelphia for four weeks and never once spoke about hell. 'Son, remember.' These are the words of the Lord himself. If any one of you has a servant, and you send him with a message, if he keeps back a part of your message because he thinks it too harsh you would dismiss that servant at once. I must deliver the message that the Lord has given me as I find it; and if you have any quarrel about these words it must be with God and not with me. The thought that we take memory with us into the other world is very solemn. We talk about forgetting things, but the fact is we never forget. Twice I have been very near to death; and all my past life came rushing back upon me; everything that I had done crowded upon my memory. My whole life came up before me, tramp, tramp, tramp. When God says, 'Son, remember,' all the past will be recalled. We talk about God's book of record; but we will need no one to tell us what we have done, for He makes

every man keep his record. Talk about God condemning us why, we shall condemn ourselves; we won't want any one to condemn us. Memory will come up against us, and there will be no need of any witnesses to prove our guilt.

"A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend who said there was plenty of time for his boat to pass through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a mad-house. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were: 'If I only had!' and he has gone constantly repeating the vain regret. That will be the cry in the lost world, 'If I only had!' That is the cry of men who were living in Philadelphia a year ago. Ask the man in prison what it is that makes his life so wearisome, and he will tell you, 'Memory, memory.' And in the prison-house of hell it is memory that makes the place so awful—to think what they might have been if they had but accepted Christ when He was offered to them. A young man met the deacon of a church one Sabbath morning and asked him the terrible question: 'How far is it to Hell?' 'Young man,' was the reply, 'don't mock such a serious reality, you may be nearer to hell than you think.' They had only just turned the corner of the road, and ridden a few yards, when his horse threw him and he was picked up dead. Some of you went out of this building last night laughing and making merry; you mocked at the idea of heaven, and when its joys were offered you, you kicked them away like a foot-ball; but the time will come when you will remember that service. Some may go out to-night and drown the memory of this text in drink, but it will come up in the other world and then you can't drown it in drink. No doubt all the six thousand years Cain has remembered the terrible sin he committed, and has heard the voice of that loving brother whom he murdered. Has Judas ever forgotten how he betrayed the Son of God with a kiss? How that word has gnawed away at his conscience these eighteen

hundred years! I tell you there is coming a time when you can't forget. Memory is the worm that dieth not. It is the same Bible which speaks of heaven that tells us of hell. There is no place in heaven for unprepared men—for those who are unredeemed. Besides, what are such men going to do if they get there? Do you think that these rumsellers, who are destroying so many souls, bodies too, as well as souls, and making so many widows and orphans—are they going to heaven without repenting and turning to God for salvation? Or these men that are cursing and blaspheming God—can they join in the songs of heaven? Your own reason tells you no. Now mercy and salvation are offered, but in the lost world there will be no 'Jesus passing by,' no praying mother, no praying wife there; they will be in another world, and between these is a great gulf fixed. Remember, you have got a praying wife to-night, perhaps she is sitting by your side. You can be saved to-night. God offers you salvation and mercy, and warns you, and pleads with you to be saved.

"It is but one step out of yourself into Christ. Perhaps a loved minister has been pleading with you for many years—there will be no ministers there. You may laugh and scoff at these meetings—but there will be no special meetings in hell. And this service to-night will come to you by-and-by; you will remember how the preacher plead with you from this pulpit, and how Mr. Sankey sang. There will be no young man there putting his hand on your shoulder and asking you to be saved; no Sabbath-school teacher to lead you to Christ. Why not say now, 'I will turn to the God of my mother; I will this night seek salvation,' for God says: 'Then shall ye find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

"I have heard people say, 'These meetings make men worse instead of better.' That is true—no one can pass through these special meetings without becoming either better or worse. When people have been stricken down by your side, and you still go on living in sin, you will soon get more and more hardened. The sermons that now move you will make no impression."

Mr. Moody related an incident of a man in Chicago who twice

determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness, he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying: "Not yet, I have got a fresh lease of life. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." "I asked him," said Mr. Moody, "How dare you take the risk?" He said, "I will risk it; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul, Mr. Moody. I have made up my mind." I never left a man with a sadder heart in my life. The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for me, and she said, "He don't want to see you, but I can't bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind. He says, "My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a week." I tried to talk and pray with him, but it was no use; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. "Pray for my wife and my children, but don't waste your time praying for me." His last words were: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and then the angels bore him away to judgment.

Dr. J. Wheaton Smith offered the closing prayer, and from two to three hundred persons entered the inquiry-rooms, while the congregation sang: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The number of workers in the inquiry-rooms is gradually increasing; frequently upwards of forty clergymen, with many other Christian men and women, were engaged in conversation with those who are anxious to find salvation.

Prayer for the intemperate was again the theme of the noonday meeting, as on the two previous Fridays. There were not less than five thousand persons in attendance. Mr. Moody said he would again call attention to the new birth. "I don't know," said he, "of any other refuge for a man addicted to strong drink. Unless Christ give him a new nature, all his good resolutions and his efforts to reform himself will be of no avail. You can't find anything in Scripture which will justify a man in the belief that he can reform the flesh. It is only when the new life is given by God that he can resist temptation. Flesh is flesh, and you

cannot improve it. Some one has said, 'God never mends anything; He creates anew." It is of no use to go and tell a man he ought to reform; just tell him to give up trying and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. God does not put a new piece into an old garment. When God saves a drunkard He takes away all the appetite. Then a man does not have to give up the drink; he does not want it any more, has no desire for it. Why I would just as soon go and eat mud as go into a saloon and drink. I have got something better.

"Some say, 'Oh, but I want something as a stimulant.' Suppose you do, you can get better stimulants than drink. When the Spirit of God fills a man's heart, and he gets thorough acquaintance with his Bible, he has the best kind of stimulant. God wants every poor drunkard to become a partaker of the divine nature. Of course the natural man don't know what we are talking about; we must be born of God before we receive spiritual strength; with God's life in us we shall overcome. A man who has been intemperate for thirty years, and who would drink five glasses before breakfast, has just been reclaimed; he says that all the appetite has been taken away. God can do this for every poor drunkard in Philadelphia, and he has done it for many during the last week or two."

Mr. Moody then read a letter from an inquirer who, while trying to do right, knew his love for Christ was not the motive. He had come to a meeting hoping some word might be spoken which would help him to decide the question, What should he do to be saved? Mr. Moody continued: "It is better to have love for Christ than to lead a blameless life without love. Now, the subject for to-day will be backsliding; but I wish to say, first, that very few who call themselves backsliders ever slid forward; they entered the church for some personal, social, political, or business reasons, and when they left it they were no worse than when they went in. Now, I want to speak to those who have really once been born of God. Such men may have slid backwards, but they are never satisfied, for any man who was once converted finds the world spoiled for him. In the 2d chapter of Jeremiah

you will find the question, 'What iniquity have your fathers found in me?' What iniquity have you found in God that you should leave Him? That's what the question means. A backslider don't leave a congregation or a people; he leaves God. In the 19th verse you will find the words, 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee.' Do not think God can let such faults escape. The backsliders are the unhappiest mortals on the face of the earth. They seem to think it's a very light thing to break God's law, but God will punish them. God says to the backslider, 'I am married to you; I am merciful; but only acknowledge your sins and I will forgive you. Turn, O backsliding children! saith the Lord, for I am married unto you.' What words can be more beautiful than these? Why is it that these men have left such a Father? If you will only come back now you will have a warm welcome. But I believe many backsliders are still Christians outwardly, but they have been moving away in heart. They neglect secret prayer and become very formal in public devotion. Now, one very great comfort is to treat Christ and think of Christ as a personal friend. If I should go from here to Chicago, I should bid good-bye to my friends here before I started; but did you ever hear of a Christian going to Christ and saying: 'Oh, Christ! you have been a dear friend to me, but I must bid you good-bye now. I am going away from you, and never expect to call again. Good-bye, for I am going back to the world?' Did you ever hear of any one backsliding in that way? I never did. You do not bid farewell to Christ; you just run away from him without saying a word. All you need do now is to come back, and Christ will receive you."

Sunday, the coldest day of the winter, seemed most forbidding for an early service. Nevertheless, at the eight o'clock service a congregation of seven thousand gathered to listen to Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel." Anticipation of a rich feast seemed written on many faces, for a goodly number had heard of the remarkable impression made by the delivery of this address [illegible]oklyn and in the cities across the Atlantic. Mr. Moody

had an audience more sympathetic and thoroughly earnest than perhaps any that has gathered on previous Sunday mornings. All had gathered expecting to obtain a blessing and to learn some great lessons from the life of one of the greatest Bible characters; and we venture to say no one went away disappointed. The meeting had been advertised as specially for young men, and probably three-fourths of those present were of that class. The address was a rapid review of the life of Daniel; and great emphasis was laid upon the fact that at the age of seventeen he and his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not afraid to come boldly as God's servants. When ordered to eat meat and drink wine from the king's table, which had been offered to idols, and therefore was forbidden to the Jews, they refused. That is often the turning-point in a young man's history to be able to say "No," when the first temptation of city life is presented to him. During an address which lasted three-quarters of an hour the most wrapt attention was given throughout.

Mr. Moody spoke in the afternoon in continuation of his last Sabbath afternoon's subject, which was on the text, "I pray thee, have me excused." Many people, he said, made the doctrine of election an excuse why they cannot accept salvation. He believed that the world had nothing to do with that word election; it was only intended for the church, not for the unconverted; the only word that the unconverted have to do with is "whosoever;" Christ settled the question by telling John to write, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." "Do you think that God offers the cup of salvation to all men, and then, just as you are going to drink, he snatches it away, and says, 'Oh, but you are not one of the elect?' God doesn't do anything of the kind. Some young people say that religion is going to make them gloomy, and they want to enjoy life before they accept salvation. Who told you that lie? Pardon for the condemned, bread for the hungry, a feast in the wilderness—are these likely to make men gloomy? None are too young, and a marriage feast is just the thing likely to make the young happy.

Some people stumble over their intellect, and say they can't understand religion. There are hundreds of things we believe that we cannot understand. Many parts of the Bible I don't understand; but I am not going to fight against my Lord with my puny reason.

"That excuse will not serve us on the last day. We can't say then that we didn't come because God gave us too much reason and intellect. Some make the excuse that they are too bad. We preach a Gospel for the very worst; but you can't clothe yourselves with your own righteousness; you must have the righteousness of Christ. Many think they must prepare themselves. God wants you just as you are in all your guilt and rags. If you come as princes He sends you away as beggars; if you come as beggars He sends you away as princes. Just because our hearts are so bad is the reason we need a Saviour; the harder the heart, the more need you have of Christ. Nobody tells us we must weep over our sins so many hours; it ain't necessary to shed tears to get into the kingdom of God. Feeling is the last plank the devil throws out just when a man is almost ready to step on the Rock of Ages. All you have to do is to believe—not believe yourselves, but believe in Christ. You can't give a reason for not accepting the invitation. All your excuses are a tissue of lies. Do you say you have not time? Make time. Say, as a lady did last week, 'I won't leave this room until I have found salvation;' and she went out soon after rejoicing in sins pardoned."

At the close of the sermon no less than five hundred rose for prayer, and a very solemn feeling was prevalent throughout the vast assembly.

In the evening the same sermon was preached by Mr. Moody to a crowded audience, of which the greater portion were men.

The afternoon service was the most effective in results of any that has yet been held. Three inquiry-rooms were thronged. Those who sought religious conversation were for the most part such as were evidently under divine influence. It not unfrequently happens that persons embrace the invitation to the inquiry room

just for the purpose of airing their religious crotchets, or seeking the evangelist's opinion upon some peculiar tenet to which they may be attached. Some are anxious to have an argumentative encounter on a doctrinal point, or an intellectual set-to as to the reasonableness of some plain statement of Scripture. All such receive the cold shoulder from both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, as well as from most of their fellow-workers; and the cavilers and questioners are beginning to learn that the inquiry-room is no place for them unless they come prepared humbly and honestly to seek direction from the Holy Spirit through conversation with Christian men and women.

Rev. Dr. C. D. Cooper said: "Probably no man has ever addressed a more distinguished congregation in this city than that to which Mr. Moody preached last night. While we are asking blessings for others, do not let us forget to pray that the words spoken in the ears of the President, his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and many members of the Congress of the United States, might prove to each one of them words of salvation. What an influence would go out through the distant parts of our beloved land if truth and righteousness should prevail in the hearts of all who fill important offices at the seat of government."

Rev. J. Wheaton Smith then prayed very fervently for the distinguished men who were in the congregation last evening. "We pray," said he, "for the Chief Magistrate of these United States. We thank Thee, O God, for what Thou hast wrought by him in the past, and for the honor given him amongst men! We pray for a still greater glory to rest upon him—the crown of a forgiven sinner. Help him to feel in the discharge of his important duties that there is a duty which he owes to himself in regard to his own salvation."

The occasion of these remarks and this prayer was this: A large party of gentlemen from Washington, who were invited to visit and inspect the Centennial preparations, took occasion to hear the evangelists, and on Sunday evening, the 19th, the following distinguished persons were upon the platform: President

Grant; Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy; ex-Gov. Jewell, Postmaster-General; ex-Secretary Borie; Hon. George Bancroft; Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Court; Governor Hartranft; ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey; ex-Governor Bigler; Hon. Thomas A. Scott; Col. Fred. Grant and lady; Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Judge Buell, of New York; ex-Speaker Blaine; Hon. Morton McMichael; General Patterson; General Garfield; Senator Christiancy, of Michigan; Senator Wallace and wife; ex-Senator Cattell; Congressmen Wells, of Mississippi; Thompson, of Massachusetts; Purham, of Florida; Judge Pierce; Messrs. George H. Stuart, G. W. Childs, and John C. Bulli.

When these prominent and well-known men appeared on the platform there was quite a commotion in the congregation, and many evinced a disposition to applaud.

Bishop Simpson made the opening prayer, and pleaded very earnestly for a blessing upon the President and his Cabinet, for the Governors of States, and all in authority.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Moody preached on Sunday night. He had contracted a severe cold, and the exertion of speaking during the early services of the day, and conversing with the inquirers for an hour besides, had rendered him very hoarse. As he warmed up in his discourse, however, his voice became, for the time at least, stronger and clearer, and he spoke with almost his wonted earnestness—at fully his usual rapidity. Governor Hartranft, on leaving the building, said that he had heard so much of Mr. Moody's power to influence a great popular assembly, that he had in advance formed a very high estimate of his ability as a public speaker. After listening to him he had come to the conclusion that all his friends had told him of Mr. Moody was by no means exaggerated.

President Grant expressed himself as greatly pleased with the entire service, being especially gratified with the singing of Mr. Sankey. Ex-Speaker Blaine thought Mr. Moody was a wonderful man, and others of the distinguished visitors who occupied seats on the platform expressed themselves in similar terms of

During the progress of the revival, the question often recurs as to the results achieved by such vast expenditures and labors. These are well summed up in the following paragraphs:

Thousands of men and women gather every day in the week out of the busy masses of this great city to hear the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and directness. Very many of these hearers are not in the habit of church attendance. They are told plainly of their need of salvation, and urged to yield themselves to the service of the Lord Jesus. Many others of them are professed followers of Christ, who have been cold and inactive in his service. They are called on to be up and doing for their Master, and are told just how and where to work for Him. Each day hundreds of the unconverted from among these hearers ask the prayers of Christians in their behalf, and enter the inquiry-rooms for personal conversation with God's children as to their needs and duty. Many of the church members also are beginning Christian work with new zeal and new efficiency. Many of those who have not been avowed disciples of the Lord Jesus declare their readiness to trust and serve Him heartily. Moreover, hundreds of requests from those outside come up daily for special prayer, and on these calls God's children plead with Him for answers of peace accordingly. There are meetings for particular classes from time to time. Christian workers are appealed to as such. Sunday-school teachers receive special instruction. The unconverted are invited and addressed by themselves. Young men are brought together and counseled religiously. Drunkards are talked to plainly and prayed for earnestly. Women and men meet by themselves, and sermons are preached for their exclusive benefit.

All this in itself is a great matter. No ordinary curiosity would bring together such audiences day after day for weeks together. Mr. Moody is now well known, and most who cared merely to see and hear him have been gratified. His style of preaching is so simple that many who hear him wonder at its power; but there is no diminishing of the crowds in attendance week by week. No undue excitement gathers and holds these

hearers. All is quiet and calm at the meetings. The preacher makes no effort to sway his audiences by strong appeals to their passions. The choice he sets before them is simply that which the gospel offers wherever it is faithfully proclaimed. The interest in the meetings is a healthy interest in the cause and truth which they represent. The fact that it is exceptional—or unusual—only makes it the more important. Men of marked influence in the community, who have been known in almost every sphere but that of personal religion, are from time to time seen in attendance at these meetings, on the platform or in the body of the house. Even if they come from curiosity alone, there is reason for rejoicing that they are at last curious in this direction. It is well for them to turn aside from their usual occupations and hear the gospel preached. If many who are accustomed to follow their lead in other things imitate them in this, there will be a gain thereby. It is a good thing to have it fashionable for sinners to listen to straightforward earnest appeals to repent and be converted.

The record of these meetings is given day by day in the daily papers. The words of the preacher are repeated by the press throughout the country, so that hundreds of thousands have the gospel preached to them morning and evening from one week's end to another, through this agency alone. Editorial comments in the secular papers on this theme are frequent and pointed. Indeed, both Christians and the unconverted have been wisely counseled and cautioned by many a secular paper "leader." This in addition to all that the religious papers have to say on the same important subject; and it can hardly be doubted that the tone of the religious press as a whole has been elevated and bettered through the influences of which these meetings are an outgrowth. It can safely be asserted that never before was so much prominence given by the secular press of the United States to religious matters and to the direct presentation of Christian truth. The revival of 1858 bore no comparison with the present revival in this particular.

In the churches of Philadelphia there is more than a common

interest in Christ and his salvation. This is true almost without exception, even if in any instance the pastor himself fails as yet to perceive it; for the churches are not so shut out from the prevailing current of popular feeling that they can be excluded from an influence as general as that which now pervades this community. Those pastors who participate most heartily in the special revival meetings naturally share most richly in the attendant blessings; yet all have new opportunities of hopeful work in their fields of church labor. If there is no considerable gain in any of these churches, it will not be because there is no special interest in religious things in that church and in the community about it. On all sides unsaved men and women are unusually ready to be conversed with, prayed for, taken by the hand and led to a waiting Saviour. All who make the experiment of introducing the subject of personal religion, in conversation with those whom they meet in business or in social intercourse, find signs of this peculiar readiness—one of the most hopeful signs in any season of revival.

These results are in themselves great results. If they are to be counted unimportant, then may also the ordinary preaching of the gospel in our sanctuaries, and the attendance thereat of Christians and of unconverted hearers, be looked at as of little worth, because so few new converts are made each week, so little progress is marked in Christian attainment, and so many days of attention to the world and its interests follow each day of pausing to consider the things of God. The beginning is good. "The end is not yet." How much more is to come out of this revival work cannot now be known. Up to this time there is every reason to rejoice in what God is accomplishing through this agency.

A weighty responsibility rests now in the churches, and on all Christian workers in this city, and elsewhere as widely as the knowledge of these revival meetings extends. God is doing great things before us all. He has called the attention of the community to the theme of personal religion. Multitudes who were thoughtless on this subject a little time ago are now thinking about it earnestly. They are easy of approach. They would like

to be talked with. They are not yet ready to go to any pastor's study and ask the way of salvation; not yet, perhaps, to go into the inquiry-rooms at the Depot Church. But they are thinking of themselves as sinners in need of a Saviour, and the one thing lacking to turn their steps thitherward may be a word from a Christian believer of their acquaintance. If this harvest time passes and they are still unsaved, others than Mr. Moody and his immediate co-workers in the present series of meetings will have a share in the blame. Systematic, earnest, untiring work on the part of Christians far and near, in the line of direct, personal visitation and appeal, to induce those who are now without a trust in Christ as their Saviour to come to Him in penitence and faith, is the urgent demand of the hour. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Mr. Moody says truly, that the test of a revival is the prominence it gives to Bible study, the power it has in turning men to the examination of God's Word, that they may learn therefrom of their danger, their need, their duties, their encouragements, their helps, and their hopes. From the days of Nehemiah down to the present time, every true revival of pure religion has shown itself in a new interest in God's law and testimonies on the part of leaders and people.

Hence it is that the present great revival is a blessed and hopeful revival; for it secures a prominence to God's Word beyond anything which has been known since "all the people" of the Jewish nation "gathered themselves together as one man into the street," to hear and study "the book of the law of God," "day by day, from the first day unto the last day" of the protracted meeting which followed their return from captivity.

Never in the best days of olden time was there anything like the present interest in Bible-study, in the home, in the Sunday-

school, in the social religious meeting. More people are studying the Bible than ever before. A larger proportion of all the people are engaged in this study. The study is more systematic, more intelligent, more thorough, and more fruitful than at any former time. This interest in Bible-study is not by any means exclusively a result of the meetings led by Mr. Moody. It is a result of the work of God in which the Moody meetings are a single element, and of which they are an evidence rather than a cause. But Mr. Moody works in the line of God's providence in this particular. He values Bible-study. He urges it on all. He leads many to it. Through his labors and appeal Bible-study increases, and its methods improve.

It was a remarkable and a most gratifying fact, that at the early morning meeting last Sunday, at the Depot Church, on a dark, damp, chilly day, from six to eight thousand persons came together expressly to be told how to study the Bible to best advantage. Mr. Moody said that he counted it the most encouraging meeting he had ever attended in America. If he had been told five years ago that that number of persons would come together for such a purpose, on such a day, in the city of Philadelphia, he would have said that the man was crazy who suggested it. A very large proportion of all present at that meeting had their Bibles, and used them freely, and very many in the audience were taking notes freely, as Mr. Moody told of the methods he valued in the effort to search out, and to profit by, the truths of the Bible. It was pleasant to hear that building "rustle wi' religion," as the thousands of Bible leaves were turned together at the leader's call.

If Mr. Moody's work in Philadelphia had no other result than the bringing of disciples, old and new, to the more intelligent and systematic study of the Bible, it would prove a rich blessing to the entire community. The entrance of God's words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple. God's words are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The believer is to be sanctified by God's truth. God's Word is truth.

How to Use your Bible.

I have been wonderfully cheered, said Mr. Moody, in going to the young men's meeting, to hear so much scripture quoted. Any revival that don't bring people to their Bible is a sham, and will last only for a few weeks; but if the people are brought to love the Word of God, there will be a revival that will last 365 days in the year.

In Nehemiah viii. 2, we read that Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation both of men and women in the street, and he read therein from morning until midday; and in the eighth verse, it is said, "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." I can imagine the priest reading the passage over twenty times until the people understood it. Bible Christians are all the time rejoicing in the Lord, for the Lord is their strength, but the people who neglect their Bibles are in a backsliding state.

Mr. Moody quoted Jeremiah xx. 9, to show that Christian men are constrained to open their lips and speak for the Lord. He said: If the Holy Ghost is our Teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself.

There are three books every Christian ought to have. The Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the "Bible Text-Book," published by the Tract Society.

Newspapers only tell you what has taken place; this book tells you what is going to take place. Take up one subject at a time. Take up "love," and spend a month upon it. Take a concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "faith;" it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith than to pray for it. Then take up "blood;" it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. Nine-tenths of us read

the Bible just to ease our conscience. You do not get the whole Bible by reading it in that way. In family worship people often put a mark in their Bible to know where they left off. I hoed corn when a boy, and I used to put down a stick to know where I left off; so it is with reading the Bible. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A man had better spend a year over these four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of everything, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God, the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now suppose it is the will of some man, giving you a great inheritance, you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword and fight in the promised land, but he told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scripture. Peter quoted Scripture at the day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. This is the sword of the Spirit. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose. If you lose your health, you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God.

When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the

Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many of the houses of the upper classes. An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever study the life of Job?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said: "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderful wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, but he says, 'I am vile.' Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven.

We want the Word of God so hidden in our hearts that we will be constrained to speak of Him. Many flinty hearts and scoffers have come to the meetings, but before they left they have been converted to God. A man while in a saloon picked up a newspaper containing a report of one of the meetings, the first line of which was, "Where art thou?" The man was struck with it, and said to himself, "I am not in the right place," and left. He came [redacted] meetings and was converted, and is now, said the speaker,

leading a Christian life. We must take the Bible without prejudice, and not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. He advised all to have a Bible which they could call their own, and to get the best that could be procured. It might be said that it cost too much money; but so much the better, it would be valued all the more, and would stand usage longer. He had carried the Bible he now used to California and to Europe and back, and nothing would induce him to part with it. It had been a great comfort to him, and he had found much pleasure in it. It might be argued that the kind he recommended is too large for a man to put in his pocket. Then carry it under your arm; you should always be willing to show your colors. In studying it, it would be well to have a copy of Cruden's Concordance and a Scriptural text-book. These three books make a very good library. There is no better book to study the Bible with than the Bible itself. It is the best news-book that there is. The newspaper only tells of the news of the day, while the Sacred Volume tells of what will take place. The Book should be taken up topically; that is, take "love" as a topic, and see how much the Bible has to say upon that subject. By that means you learn all about it, and can readily answer any question that may arise upon that subject. After that the word "blood" can be taken up, in order to find out how often that word occurs in the blessed Book, and how it is used. So other topics might be studied, such as "Faith," "Heaven," "Charity," and very many others. By this means a very good knowledge will be obtained of the Bible. Those who do it in that manner will be surprised at the amount of information that they obtain and the interest they will take in it. The Book will become very precious to them, and they will never want to be without it. A man once asked the speaker what was the best life of Christ. He replied that he did not know. Matthew wrote a very good account, so did Mark and Luke, but the speaker liked John's account the best. Some people read the Bible as though they did it merely to ease their conscience. They take it up, perhaps, and read a chapter without reflection, and then lay it aside with a mark indicating where they left off, just as they

would do with any other book. If you ever expect to understand the Word of God you must study it; you must, as it were, dig and delve through it. A great many people carry the Bible in their hands instead of their hearts. The speaker then illustrated how the Book should be used. He said that if he were to go and hear Dr. Newton preach a sermon he would turn to his Bible, which he always carries with him, and on the margin mark down some of the heads of the discourse, with the date, and five years after these heads would freshen his mind upon the sermon. He said that every one in studying the Bible should make notes on the margin of any matter bearing upon particular passages. It impresses the subject upon the mind, and in after years, if the necessity occur for a recurrence to it, an explanation can be given at once. The speaker gave some further illustrations showing how he had impressed sermons upon his mind at the time of their delivery by making notes upon the margin of the leaves of his Bible, and how he had studied up the subject.

In connection with these valuable instructions, as to how to study God's Word, the following letter from Mr. Moody to "the recent converts in Great Britain" will have an interest to many in this country; not only to "recent converts," but to some who have long been counted as believers.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Since returning to America, in response to my invitation, I have received precious communications from many of you. Were it possible, I would gladly reply to each; but, as I have not opportunity for this, I shall avail myself of the columns of *The Christian* to send to you all a few words of greeting.

I praise God continually for what he has done for you in saving your souls through the blood of Jesus Christ his Son. You are much on my heart, and in my prayers. But most glad am I to know, that when I cease to remember, Jesus himself hears each one of you in continual remembrance before his Father. You are graven upon the palms of his hands (Isa. xlix. 16), and written upon the heart of his affections (Ex. xxviii. 29); and of

you he has said, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28).

You have taken the Lord Jesus for your Redeemer, and it has become eternal salvation unto you. Now, Jesus is something more to you. He has become your High-Priest. His great business in heaven to-day is *to represent you*—your needs, your infirmities, and your trials. I want you to know this very fully; for no other truth can give you more daily comfort, or more firmly establish you in a constant holy walk. Having died to save you, Jesus lives to keep you. At the cross he washed you from the condemnation of sin; at the mercy-seat he will cleanse you from daily defilement.

Some of you have written me how old besetting sins are annoying you. Take them straight to Jesus. Don't rely too much on yourselves in overcoming them; don't follow human advice too much, or copy the example of other people too much in gaining the victory. Spare yourselves this weariness. Cast it all before your blessed Advocate, and let him bear you and your burdens too.

And do not, above all, forsake your Bibles. You can never separate Jesus the Word made flesh from the written Word. He who proclaimed himself *the Way*, declared also that he was *the Truth*. Pack your memory full of passages of Scripture, with which to meet Satan when he comes to tempt or accuse you; and be not content to simply *know*, but strive to *obey* the Word of God. *Never think that Jesus has commanded a trifle, nor dare to trifle with anything he has commanded.*

I exhort the young men to be sober. Exercise yourselves unto godliness; run the race according to Paul's motto, "Looking off unto Jesus"; draw your inspiration and power directly from himself.

I exhort the young women to great moderation. Your sphere of testimony may not be public; your place of usefulness may not be large; in your own homes "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Keep one little thought in mind—"I have none but Jesus to please." And so make your dress as simple as you

know will please your Lord; make your deportment as modest as you know will commend itself to him.

And for you all, "among whom we have gone laboring," our prayer is, "That your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God" (Phil. i. 9, 10, 11). Mr. Sankey joins me in Christian love.

Your brother in Christ, D. L. MOODY.

Brooklyn, November 12, 1875.

Among the most effective presentations of truth made by the evangelist are the discourses on Noah. Mr. Moody preached from Genesis, chapter vii., verse 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He said it was a loving invitation from a personal God. This communication came to Noah, that God would destroy the world, that his Spirit would not always strive with man. This was one hundred and twenty years before the flood that he told Noah to build the ark. Grace always precedes judgment. You find that when Christ came into the world He came in grace, and then judgment followed. Mr. Moody's description of the entry of the animals into the ark was very touching. God shut the door of the ark. As in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the last days. He told an affecting incident of a mother who told Mr. Moody that her daughter wanted her to go into the inquiry-room. She went into the room with her daughter, and they were both blessed. He mentioned a young woman who was converted at Edinburgh, and was killed by an accident on a railroad. At the conclusion of the sermon some five hundred rose for prayers. This was one of the most solemn meetings ever held.

In his second sermon he said: Some persons say that they do not believe that there was a flood, and others say that they believe in the New Testament, but cannot accept the Old Testament. It won't do to reject any portion; for if you do, you will

have to reject it entirely. . The speaker said that he firmly believed that there was a flood, and there is abundant testimony to prove it. He was not present to defend the Bible, for it defends itself. He had a message to deliver, and he would do it to the best of his ability. He then went on to describe the ark built by Noah, and said that the old man was ridiculed and made fun of, but he had faith in God and obeyed His commands. The speaker had been hooted at after leaving the meeting in the afternoon, but he did not care for it, for he knew that every man who stands up for Christ or endeavors to serve Him must expect to be jeered at and ridiculed. The people thought Noah mad; but did you ever notice that the man who is mad thinks everybody else mad? There are many who think that the men who serve the Lord and preach his word are mad. What about the man who deals out death and damnation, and robs his fellow-men of their brains and money, and robs their families of support? Is that man who brings about so much wretchedness insane? Oh! no! no one calls him insane. The man who goes home and beats his wife and cruelly treats his children is not called mad. But the one who works for Christ and cares for his family is mad. The speaker then went on to describe the gathering together of every living thing in the ark, the closing of the door by God, and the great flood that followed, which lasted forty days and forty nights. This portion of the discourse was the same as that given in the afternoon. He said: Thank God the door of mercy is now open. He begged all who would be wise, while God is offering mercy, to step within the door ere it be too late and the door is closed. The speaker said the past year had been the best of his life, and he has prayed that the last Sunday of the year would be the best that he has yet experienced by the conversion of hundreds and thousands of souls. When God shuts the door it will be too late—the day of grace will have passed. The last day and the last hour is coming, and don't you think of it? Oh! it may be that you will never again have the opportunity of coming to Christ. The time is coming again when God will judge the world. It will be consumed, as the Lord has said, by

fire. "Come thou and all thy family into the ark." You may go away from the hall and laugh at and scorn Christ. Oh! but you may be called away without being able to see Him. Come to Him, now that He is offered, or you may never again receive the message. In 1857 there was a great revival, and all over the country people were flocking into the churches. There were men who then tried to write it down, but it was of no avail. The same effort is being made to write it down now, but they are not able to do so, because it is God's work. Oh, men! come into the ark while the invitation is yet being made. He then related an incident of a young lady who attended the meeting without any concern for herself, but before the service was over she said she would be in the ark before the afternoon was over. The young lady went to the inquiry-room and there sought Jesus. He then related another incident of a mother and daughter who attended one of the meetings last Monday night. The latter was a convert, but the other was not. He noticed them, and talked to the mother. Afterward he observed the two in close conversation, and, on going up to her, she said that she had not been induced to come to Christ by anything he had said, but through what her daughter had told her. He inquired how many fathers present were out of the ark. "Oh!" said he, "don't stand in the way of your children; come in and bring your whole family, before the door is closed." He then referred to a man who, on being converted, told how he had treated his mother; that while she was praying for him, he left home because he could not stand it. Finally he heard that his mother was sick, and he thought that he would go home, but he again thought that if he did, he would have to become a Christian to live under the same roof, and he decided not to go. Subsequently he heard that she was very sick, and he started for home, and on reaching there he found that his mother was dead. He then visited her grave, and he cried to God for help. He was thus left without father and mother, and he then cried to God for help and found Christ. The man told his hearers in Chicago that he would give all in the world to have his mother and father back, and he besought

those who had mothers not to treat them unkindly. Said Mr. Moody, "Won't you now come in the ark and be saved, for the door may be closed when it is too late for you?" An invitation was then extended to all who desired prayers to stand up. A large number of men responded to the request.

Ex-Mayor Story of Boston then most fervently prayed in behalf of those who had risen.

So clear and unmistakable is the plan of salvation presented that the most illiterate can readily understand it. There is no chance for the slightest excuse; no one can plead ignorance after hearing the warning words of the evangelists, or say that the opportunity was not offered them of coming to the Saviour. Some of the most remarkable instances of conversion have taken place, and many who attended the meetings with no thought of becoming Christians have, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey, been induced to enter the inquiry-rooms and make an unconditional surrender of their hearts to the Master. Every day the number of converts is being largely increased, which shows conclusively that the power of the revivalists is not of themselves, but of Him who has called them to do his work.

Old 1875 Shrouded with Prayer.—The Great Watch Meetings.

No outside attractions of holiday week drew away from the meetings at the Depot Church. Indeed, at no time before was the attendance uniformly so large, day by day, and the seriousness of the hearers so general. The interest of the week culminated in the watch-meetings of Friday night. The building was packed to overflowing, and crowds outside vainly sought admission. There were three meetings during the evening, one beginning at nine, one at ten, and one at eleven o'clock. Mr. Moody preached earnestly at each service.

"Should any people faint," said Mr. Moody, "I hope the ushers will carry them right out, and don't let me see three or four thou-

sand people straining their necks just because some one has swooned away." After a general chorus of the hymn, "Rejoice and be glad," Mr. Moody read the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. "Grant, O God," prayed Mr. Moody, "that it there be any here who have made resolutions to do better during the coming year than they did in the blessed year that is closing, that their resolves may be taken away from them, and cause them instead to put their trust in Thee." "For the last time in this old year," said Mr. Sankey, "I will sing you the Ninety and Nine. Let us ask a blessing upon its singing." The popular hymn was well rendered, and the evangelist smiled a heavenly smile of satisfaction. "A man cannot serve two masters," said Mr. Moody. "I couldn't belong to the Democrats and to the Republicans at the same time. You remember the border men in the late war when our army got among them. Oh! they were all Union men, red-hot; and when the Confederates came, then they were all Southerners, and the result was that both parties hated and plundered them. None of you, except infidels, would say that you wouldn't want to become Christians some time. Why not decide to-night, in the closing moments of the old year? All the good men named in the Bible were men of decision, and the others, Pilate, Agrippa, and the rest, wavering—'almost persuaded.' When Egypt was so troubled with frogs that the king couldn't stand it any longer—it was frogs, frogs, nothing but frogs everywhere; he couldn't move his foot without treading on a frog—he called Moses, and says he: 'Moses, I want you to get rid of these frogs for me.' Moses says: 'When?' 'Why—a—a—to-morrow,' says the king. He had no decision, and wanted to keep the frogs for another night. You must come down with the 'I will!' If there's no God to punish sin—if there's no hereafter, let's turn our churches into theatres; if the Bible is a tissue of lies, let's build monuments to Voltaire and Payne; if there's no hell, 'let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' I believe that the hand of God is upon this nation, and that things are going to be worse if there's not more repentance. I know what keeps men from deciding; it's some darling sin. 'I like to

play cards and I can't give it up;' 'I love my rum-bottle—oh, my darling rum-bottle, how can I part with you!' Sinner, this may be your last chance to decide. Oh, for Christ's sake—for your own sake—trust, believe! throw yourself into the arms of the Saviour, who alone can bless you with a Happy New Year."

Ten o'clock was announced, the first service closed, and several thousand departed, their seats being taken by new-comers. At eleven o'clock occurred a repetition of this egress and ingress, and the last portion of the watch began.

A little after ten o'clock, Mr. Moody called the Rev. Dr. Plumer, an aged minister, to what he called the "witness-stand," and interrogated him as to his Christian experience. It was a novel way of doing things. Mr. Moody asked questions as if doubting the Word which he so often preaches, and the venerable doctor answered. The following is Mr. Moody's own account of this original episode:

In response to a request for an account of the watch-night inquiry-meeting, when the Rev. Dr. Plumer was questioned by me as to the great truths of salvation, I give the questions and answers, as I recall them, aided by notes taken by others at the time:

DR. PLUMER.—I wish to give a year-text to this assembly. It is from the 73d Psalm: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

MR. MOODY.—Dr. Plumer, we speak of the duty of "conviction." What is conviction?

DR. PLUMER.—Conviction is a clear persuasion that a thing is true. Religious conviction is a clear, settled persuasion of five things. *First.* That I am ignorant, and need instruction. *Second.* That I am guilty, and deserve wrath and not pardon. *Third.* That my heart is vile, and must be renewed. *Fourth.* That my condition is miserable; I am "wretched, and miserable, and poor." *Fifth.* That I am helpless; I am without strength; I cannot save myself; I cannot think a good thought without divine grace.

MR. MOODY.—What is the use of conviction?

DR. PLUMER.—The use of conviction is not to punish a man for his sins; nor is it to make him any better. The devils in hell have been under an awful conviction for a long time, and not one of them is any better. The sole object of conviction is to light up the soul to the faith of Jesus. The sole object of conviction is to bring the sinner to accept salvation by atoning blood.

MR. MOODY.—Is any given amount of distress necessary to genuine conversion?

DR. PLUMER.—Lydia had no distress—we read of none. God opened her heart, and she attended to the things spoken by Paul; but the jailer of Philippi would not have accepted Christ without some alarm. If you will accept the Son of God, you need have no trouble; there is nothing in trouble that sanctifies the soul.

MR. MOODY.—Well, Doctor, what is conversion?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, there is such a thing as conversion! If there was not, everlasting chains and darkness would be our doom. To be converted is to turn from self, self-will, self-righteousness, all self-confidence, and from sin itself, and to be turned to Christ. The turning-point in a man's conversion is his acceptance of Jesus Christ; that he closes in with Christ and gives him all his confidence.

MR. MOODY.—Why must a sinner come to Christ for salvation?

DR. PLUMER.—Because Jesus Christ is the only Saviour. All the angels in heaven and all the saints in heaven and earth cannot save one sinner. He must come to the Saviour. I will tell you why. Here are quintillions of tons of atmospheric air, why does not that support life without your respiring? You must breathe it, or you die. For the same reason you must make Christ yours, or you perish, notwithstanding what he has done. The sight of a river will never quench thirst, and the sight of food will never satisfy hunger. You must come to Christ and make his salvation yours.

MR. MOODY.—Can a man be saved here to-night before 12 o'clock—saved all at once?

DR. PLUMER.—Why not? In my Bible I read of three thousand men gathered together one morning—all of them murderers

—their hands stained with the blood of the Son of God. They met in the morning, and before night they were all baptized members of Christ. God added to the church in those days such as should be saved. If you are ever saved there must be a moment when you accept Christ and renounce the world.

MR. MOODY.—What is repentance?

DR. PLUMER.—It is turning to God with abhorrence of sin, and cleaving to Christ with promise of obedience. A man truly repents of his sins, who does not commit the sins he has repented of; therefore saving repentance always terminates in purity of life and reformation. A thorough change of heart is followed by a thorough change of character.

MR. MOODY.—How can I know that I am saved?

DR. PLUMER.—The fact that God is true. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." If I accept Jesus Christ it is not Mr. Moody's word, nor Mr. Sankey's, nor Dr. Newton's; it is the Word of the living God whose name is Amen. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

MR. MOODY.—What if I haven't got faith enough?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, if I can touch the hem of my Saviour's garment I shall be saved. A little faith is as truly faith as a great deal of faith. A little coal of fire in the ashes is as truly fire as the glowing heat of a furnace. Jesus says not, if you have great faith you will be saved, but "he that believeth shall be saved." Oh, come and trust him fully. Give him all your confidence, and if your faith is not as strong as it ought to be, cry, as did the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

MR. MOODY.—But I don't know that I have the right kind of faith.

DR. PLUMER.—Are you able to analyze your faith and say whether it is exactly of the right kind? The thief upon the cross did not say, if I had a little more faith I would ask you to remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. He offered his prayer with the faith he had and Christ accepted him. You must have faith in God through grace, and then your faith must have works, to be of the right kind.

MR. MOODY.—I don't feel that I love Christ enough.

DR. PLUMER.—And you never will. To all eternity you never will love him as much as he deserves to be loved.

"Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee."

MR. MOODY.—When the temptation comes, it is so much stronger than my resolution that I yield. What shall I do?

DR. PLUMER.—Look to Jesus. He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Christ can give us the strength of giants. Jesus is the best Master and the best Friend in the universe. Glory be to his name forever.

The questions and answers are worthy of preservation. It would be indeed well if the scene, on the occasion of this conference between the two men of God, could be faithfully pictured to our readers.

It was near midnight. The close of the year was at hand. The Depot Church was crowded. Twelve thousand persons sat listening intently to the words of the earnest evangelist. Mr. Moody had concluded a sermon from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." The appeal had come home with power to many who now longed for words of personal counsel, or who were burdened with anxious doubt. An ordinary inquiry-meeting, such as usually follows Mr. Moody's sermons, was not practicable then and there; for the services in the main room were to continue until the new year opened. Said Mr. Moody: "You always show an interest in the inquiry-meetings. I often see some of you who are outside looking in at the doors to see what is going on in there. Some of you have been in there. Some of you would like to go there to-night; but we've no chance for such a meeting now. So I propose to turn this whole meeting into an inquiry meeting. Here is the Rev. Dr. [redacted] of South Carolina. He is seventy-four years old. He

has been living on borrowed time for four years. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I'm going to put him on to the witness stand, and question him before you all. Dr. Plumer, will you take the pulpit?"

The venerable clergyman, with his commanding form and patriarchal presence, arose, and with tremulous movements took the stand before the vast congregation. He gave his Bible greeting from the seventy-third Psalm to the waiting hearers. Every word was spoken with distinctness and with deep feeling as if under a sense of weighty responsibility in thus witnessing for the Lord. It was a most impressive service. Many a soul present seemed to feel himself the questioner, and to listen as for his life to the answer. In that solemn hour it was as if God's prophecy for the latter days was fulfilled: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses." Their speech and their "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

The Midnight Watch.

At eleven o'clock the doors were again thrown open while the big audience sang "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing." This was the commencement of the watch-meeting proper—watching for the first stroke of the hour which marked the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Though but a few more persons got in through the briefly opened doors, it was because those who had come to stay the meeting out held on to their seats, unwilling to give up an opportunity of once a year's happening. Another solemn hymn "A charge to keep I have," and one of a joyful character "The Lord of earth and sky," were sung, Mr. Sankey standing by the organ while Prof. Fisher played, beating time by gently clapping his hands, and the Rev. Dr. March, formerly of the Clinton Presbyterian, prayed. He entreated God that all the meditations of the night should draw the congregation to a contemplation of their great blessing in Christ. The twenty-eighth hymn, 'One more day's work for Jesus," was sung,

the solo by Mr. Sankey and the chorus by the choir, Mr. Sankey substituting the word "year" for "day" and asked the choristers to do the same. The change fitted the hymn very well. Mr. Moody then began his third sermon of the evening by the sudden utterance of the words "There are thirty-five minutes left for you to take Jesus." He resumed the theme "decision," which he had treated two hours before, taking for his text the words in Matthew, "What shall I then do with Jesus who is called Christ?" If Pilate, said the preacher, had decided to follow Christ he would have been walking with Peter, John and the disciples in heaven; he would now be in the fold of Christ; but he liked popularity, and he listened to the call of ambition, and he gave Jesus up to be crucified. Every one in the depot had to go out to-night with or without Jesus; there was no more serious question to be settled in the last few minutes of the year. The Jews had said, Crucify Him! crucify Him! when the words of the text were asked of them. Would those present do the same. Let Christians in "these last minutes of 1875" lift up voices in prayer for the salvation of sinners. Mr. Moody pictured Pilate's supposed remorse on the morning after he had refused to save Christ from the cross. He followed the footsteps of Judas—this man Pilate, who would be popular with Cæsar—and put an end to his life. The man of pleasure and the woman of the world were then exhorted to come to Jesus. "How about you blasphemers who have come in here to-night? What are you going to do? Many are here to-night who have made resolutions to commence the new year with, but they can do nothing without Jesus." At 15 minutes to 12 Mr. Moody asked that all join in a silent prayer. Heads were bowed all over the building, and silence reigned, Mr. Sankey breaking it by playing the soft strains of "Almost persuaded," which he sang, or rather recited, in a broken voice. Mr. Moody asked those Christians to arise who wished other Christians to pray for them. Almost the entire audience rose to their feet. Then the unconverted were invited to stand up and ask Christians for their prayer. Rev. Mr. Johns led in prayer, remembering both classes—the

converted in need of help and the unconverted in need of a Saviour. Dr. Newton, after this, recited the Lord's prayer, and all the congregation followed. The doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was sung, and Mr. Moody said that there were about four minutes of the old year left, which he wanted spent in silent prayer. It was an awful solemn four minutes. It was so silent inside that the sudden clang of the bells and shriek of the whistles on the stroke of twelve on all sides of the building broke with startling distinctness on the ear. A few words of prayer were uttered in the meanwhile by Messrs. Moody, Sankey and George H. Stuart, the multitude still bowing their heads. The benediction was impressively pronounced by Rev. Dr. Plumer, and Mr. Moody, wishing all a "Happy New Year," closed the meeting.

Dr. Plumer said, "I wish you all a Happy Eternity," and with this solemn greeting the vast multitude passed out.

The Mid-Day Service.

At the noon service, which was specially for the reclamation of inebriates, more than a hundred requests for prayer were read for unfortunates of all ages and sexes of that class. Mr. Moody's text was, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." He told of a man who, in his drunken moments, came into one of these meetings, declaring: "John Wannamaker's catchpenny won't have any effect on me." But the question, "Where art thou?" so affected that drunkard that he was led to the Saviour. Dr. Plumer, president of Columbia College, exhorted the people, saying: "Oh, believe! Be saved! Come, ye opium-eaters and smokers, ye drunkards and ye chloral drinkers, come all and be saved!"

The hymn "Sowing the Seed" was announced. Mr. Sankey said, Before we sing this song I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns, and that is, God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position

in life came into this hall and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote down these words:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

Last night that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup, but before he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these Gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, said the question was asked: "Are there any permanent results following the labors of these two brothers, Moody and Sankey, in the only two cities they have visited in this country?" We had no substantial results in Brooklyn until the froth of novelty had blown away. In Philadelphia the froth of novelty has now blown away, and you have got to the blessed work. Every church in Brooklyn that followed up the labors of Moody and Sankey with personal effort is to-day in the midst of a greater or more limited revival of religion, and every case that has been followed up by an effort has been succeeded by a permanent conversion. Our chief difficulty was from the self-indulgence of church-members who were greedy to get enjoyment for themselves and not pass it to a dying soul. Sabbath-school teachers were quickened in their work, but the greatest results of the work have been in regard to young men. Two union prayer-meetings have grown out of the work—one in Brooklyn and the other in New York. God has blessed the labors of these brothers in reaching that class of men who are addicted to strong drink. The most significant example I have yet met with

in Brooklyn is that of a man given up by everybody. That man was picked up in the mud before my church-door many a time, and he has stood before that church and damned it. He is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, humble and in his right mind. If God will save him, He will save any man in this city.

Mr Moody said he had received a note Sunday night, asking him if a person could come to the Saviour if he wanted to, or, in other words, has one power in himself to come? To answer this he read from Matthew xi. 27, and from other portions of Scripture. If a man wants to come, no power on earth or hell could hinder him; but God will not receive any one who is not willing to give up his sins.

The only sorrowful meeting of the week is the prayer-meeting for drunkards on Friday. The glimpse that is given in these meetings into many of the homes of the great city is an appalling one. Wives, sisters, daughters, send up a bitter cry for intercessions in behalf of those who are walking in the sure way to death, and wrecking the happiness of others in the work of their own destruction. And darker still was the revelation when the requests for prayer mentioned wives, mothers, and daughters hastening to a shameless end through strong drink. One note was in behalf of a wife in a home of wealth, of social position, the slave to strong drink, "whose husband would gladly give all his wealth for the restoration of his partner and their home." Another for an only daughter given to the use of intoxicating liquors. The prayers in behalf of these cases are most urgent and beseeching, and it is a relief to these dark unveilings to know that some of the poor slaves of drink have been rescued from their bondage, and brought in humility and penitence to the feet of Christ.

In the meetings led by Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia up to this week there have been about two hundred and fifty different services, with an aggregate attendance of perhaps nine hundred thousand persons. Three hundred thousand different people in all have been in attendance. To the last, interest and numbers have increased. Sunday-school day was one of tremendous power, and its influence will long be felt among the laborers who were so fortunate as to be present. The brightest anticipations are real-

ized in the conversion of sinners and the quickening of Christians. The closing meetings were packed with the best people of the city, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. Faithful to Christ and to the truth, Mr. Moody wins the confidence of good men, and more than all, binds them closer to the Lord and to duty.

Interest Culminates.

Such an interest in any matter has never been experienced, much less in religious affairs. It would seem from the crowds and the number of anxious inquirers that the Master's cause was being taken up with the determination to carry it through to a final and complete victory, that Satan and his followers are to be overcome, and that truth and righteousness are to triumph over sin and iniquity. Whatever may be said of the meetings, one thing is certain, that an amount of good has been accomplished during the past eight weeks that is beyond all calculation. Blasphemers have been made to realize the extent of their sins; scoffers have been turned to Christ; drunkards have been reformed through the operations of the Holy Spirit, and those who denied the existence of a God have been compelled to cry for mercy and forgiveness. Where there has been strife there is now happiness; and where there was once discord there is now peace. Families have been united, and husbands and wives, once estranged, reconciled. With all this has come an entire dependence upon God, and but for the Scriptural teaching of the evangelist, it could not have been brought about. With all these evidences of the power of God, there would seem to be nothing else necessary to prove the necessity of accepting the terms of the Saviour. No happiness can be obtained outside of Him, and he acts rashly who refuses to heed the warning words of those who are holding up the cross.

Theirs is a holy work, that has the approval of all good men, and, what is better than all, the blessings of the Father. Every man or woman who has been checked while on the downward path of destruction, and through the teaching and preaching of the evangelists has been induced to look in faith for strength

to a Higher Power, has reason to thank God that the meetings were inaugurated. There have been thousands of brands rescued from the burning, and who are now tasting of a happiness that hitherto they knew nothing of. Anything that brings comfort to the sorrowing heart and peace to a family must be of God, and those who are the instruments by which it is brought about cannot but be His servants. For all the good that has been done by the evangelists and by all who are aiding them there is awaiting a reward in heaven far richer than any gift that could be bestowed by men.

So great was the desire to hear that the Depot was filled with upwards of twelve thousand persons, and the doors closed, and before twenty minutes from this time there were seven thousand persons around the several doors of the building striving in vain to gain admittance. There were two thousand persons forming an excursion party from Wilmington, Del., and Chester, Penn., a portion of whom were unable to get within the building. It was with much difficulty that Mr. Moody himself was able to force his way through the crowd that thronged the door. One of the doors was forced open and a number of persons took possession of some of the seats reserved in front for the unconverted.

Among the distinguished persons on the platform were Hon. Judge Paxson (Supreme Court of Pennsylvania), Mr. S. Iwanager (Japanese Commissioner) and friend, Rev. Wm. Harmson (Baltimore), Mr. Potter (President National Bank), W. Simes, Esq., Mr. Noblett (President Commercial Exchange Bank), Hon. Horatio Gates Jones (State Senator of Pennsylvania), Alex. Brown (banker), Rev. Dr. Aikman (Detroit, Michigan).

Before commencing his discourse Mr. Moody spoke of how unfairly a part of the audience had acted in bursting open the door and taking the seats reserved for the unconverted. Some of those people who had taken possession of those seats had been occupying them for the past two weeks, and he hoped their consciences would trouble them so they would not sleep to-night, and then they would not break the door open to-morrow. It might not be right to make these remarks in regard to all who

had come in by that door, but those whom the coat fitted might put it on and button it up tight.

At the close of the meeting three thousand persons went into the inquiry-rooms.

Such an anxious seeking for the truth has never been witnessed, and it is a question whether the same amount of positive good has been accomplished anywhere in so short a time. What, apparently, is wanted by the people is the presentation of God's Word in the same simple and easily-to-be-understood manner, as has been the case the past few weeks by the evangelists. The plan of salvation and the promises and mercies of the Father are often so mysteriously clouded, that people do not really understand what is required of them. Then again, the truth is not unfrequently presented in such an uninviting form as to rather drive away than attract sinners. The plainer it is stated the better, and the more good is accomplished. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have signally succeeded in this matter, for by their preaching, praying, and exhortation, very many who never opened a Bible are now studying the sacred volume and in it are finding comfort and happiness. It may be said with a great deal of truth that all classes have been benefited by the special religious services—ministers, Christian workers, and sinners. There never has been such a delightful period as the past two months, and all who have been privileged to be present at the Depot during the sojourn of the evangelists in this city will look back upon the period with great pleasure, for they have witnessed wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit and the blessings of the labors of the good and faithful ambassadors of Christ.

Mr. Moody's example of constant speaking reminds us of the resolution formed by Fox, the greatest of English orators, who, after one failure in the House of Commons, determined to speak on every question, and so rose by degrees to be the greatest debater the world ever saw. Mr. Moody says:

When I began my Christian course, I tried to work in the churches in Chicago, and I was told that I had better not speak. I went into the dark lanes and got meetings together. I kept my

mouth open, I did not let the church close it. Confess Christ in season and out of season, and let the devil and the world talk and throw stones at you. Your reward will come by and by. Take a bold stand for Christ. You will never be good for much for God's service until the world calls you crazy. If the world has nothing to say against you, you are not much of a Christian.

"My subject is 'Instant Salvation.' What is that? One minute Noah was outside of the ark, and the next he was in. The man, Christ Jesus, is the ark, and the moment you step in you're saved. A man came to me at a Manchester meeting, and said that it was his feelings that kept him from believing. Said I, was it Noah's feelings that saved him in the ark, or was it the ark? 'Ah, I see it!' he exclaimed; 'I've got to make a train. Good-by,' and he was off. He afterward became one of the best workers in that town. One instant Lot stood inside of Sodom, and in the next he was outside—don't you see? That's instant salvation. The blood of the paschal lamb is placed on the door-posts in a second, and the Hebrews are safe from the destroying angel." Mr. Moody made another point in the six cities of Joshua on the banks of the Jordan, and once within the walls of which a murderer was safe from the avenging pursuit of the murdered man's relatives. In imitating the actions of a man striking the bloody blow, mounting his horse, rushing at breakneck speed over the hills and through the valleys, and at last springing into the city of safety, from which he turns a look of defiance back at his baffled pursuer, Mr. Moody made quite a lively place of the pulpit, and as he shouted until he became hoarse, his dramatic display was very attractive. "As soon as we get into the city, we may stop running—we're free. When the black man in our country was in slavery, he always kept looking toward the north star; he knew there was no use in going into Pennsylvania or New York, for he'd be brought back; but he looked farther — across the Canadian boundary, where he beheld waving a flag under which no bondsmen breathed. He is pursued, he flees, crosses the line —is one instant a slave, and the next he stands under the Union Jack a free man. The Queen's soldier is enlisted by simply hav-

ing a British shilling placed in the palm of his hand—made a soldier in an instant. Do you want to know when you're a Christian? It's when you've got the British shilling. Is there one here to-night who will cross the line and be free?" [Voice, "Yes."] "Thank God—any more?" he inquired. [Voice, "Yes."] "Praise the Lord! Who else will come to Christ?" A lady arose to her feet and said, "I will." "Let us pray," said Mr. Moody, "and let all who want our prayers arise. Now, don't look around to see who else is rising." The intercession for the penitents being ended, there was a general chorus of the hymn, "Come to Jesus," and the multitude dispersed.

At the great Christian convention which assembled on the 19th and 20th of January, Mr. Moody said he had received a great many letters from ministers and others asking him how to get up these meetings, and how to conduct them. If you can get two or three ministers and congregations agreed in a town of five thousand inhabitants, let your meeting be appointed and have it advertised; and when the meeting is organized, do not change the speakers each night to please the different denominations, but let one man speak each night for at least one week, and then the people become acquainted with his way of presenting the Gospel to them. Let the meetings be short. Send the people away hungry, and they will come back again. Look well after the ventilation, and have good, lively singing. Have godly men and women to sing from the heart, and sing new pieces once in a while. The songs of John Wesley went further than his sermons.

There is no general rule as to how to pull the net and gather in the harvest of souls. There are various ways, such as getting them to go into the inquiry-room, or to rise for prayer. One way to find out who want to become Christians is to get them to do something they do not want to do. At a union meeting do not speak on controverted subjects if they are not cardinal points; but if they are, we must take a firm stand. At these meetings all denominations have given up something. The Quakers have given up something, and so have the Methodists. Dr. Hatfield

has not shouted once since he has been here. [Laughter.] The object of these union meetings is to proclaim the Gospel.

Mr. Moody expressed himself ready to answer any questions that might be asked, and these several questions were asked by the audience:

Q. If a meeting is to last one hour and ten minutes, how long should the sermon be?

A. From thirty to forty minutes. A good many people, by a long sermon, receive impressions and lose them again before the sermon is concluded.

Q. What ought to be the character of the prayers?

A. Special meetings ought to have special prayers. Regular church services pray for everything in general. This is right; but when we have special services we do not want the prayers offered for our rulers, but for the souls that are present.

Q. Where would you have the meeting held in a small town?

A. In one of the churches, if there was no sectarian feeling; but if there is a spirit among the churches to bring converts to their particular churches, then go into some public hall.

Q. In villages where there are several churches, and the church-goers are cold, and you cannot make an impression on their hearts, how would you act?

A. Go on with the regular services, but have a special service to wake them up. These special services are something out of the regular course and it sets people to thinking.

A gentleman in the audience requested Mr. Moody to repeat the questions before answering them, as the congregation could not hear them.

Mr. Moody said he could not hear some of them himself. [Laughter.]

The meeting for the hour closed with singing "Come Thou Fount of every blessing." The doors were opened to allow the departure of some, and the admission of others to the eleven o'clock meeting, the subject of which was "How to conduct prayer-meetings."

Rev. Allison Henry, of Philadelphia, made the opening prayer.

Mr Moody gave his ideas of how prayer-meetings ought to be conducted. There should be no formality. If the people will not come up and take the front seats, the minister should go down among them and take the stiffness from the meeting. The secret of the minister's success is to get others to work. People who take part in your prayer-meetings are the ones that don't find fault; but when they don't work they will find fault. In Chicago we have nineteen meetings a week, and there is no time to go to theatres, if there is any wish to go. The prayer-meetings should be open if you want to make them interesting.

Q. Do you think prayer-meetings are better than a Wednesday evening lecture?

A. I pity the church where the minister has no prayer-meeting; I do not advocate giving up prayer-meetings for lectures.

Q. Should women and children be encouraged to speak in our prayer-meetings?

A. That is a controverted point. The Presbyterians say women should be silent.

Q. Is it best to have laymen lead the prayer-meeting?

A. I think when a minister has been leading a prayer-meeting for fifty years it gets into a groove, and it would be an advantage to have an elder lead the meeting; then, in the case of a vacation, the prayer-meeting would not be closed.

Q. How is a spirit of prayer to be developed in a meeting?

A. It better be commenced in the classes.

Q. If there are members who cannot pray or speak, and yet are good, conscientious members of the church, ought they to be encouraged to speak or pray?

A. That is an important question. When I was converted, I got up in a good many prayer-meetings to speak for Christ. I had zeal without knowledge. A minister took me one side; he colored up, and I knew something was coming. He hesitated and then he hung his head. I said, "Say on." He said, "I have no doubt but that the Lord has converted you, but—ah, ah, —ah, don't you think you would serve the Lord by keeping silent?" [Laughter.] The man was honest, and if I had been

in his place I might have given the same advice. He should have told me there was some work I could do. I was two years in finding it out, and then I went into the lanes and went to among the ragged boys.

Q. Don't you think it would be a failure in a prayer-meeting if there was no effort made to bring unconverted men to Christ?

A. There should be an effort made, but it is sometimes best done by believers giving an account of the joy they experience in believing, instead of exhorting.

How to Get Hold of the Non-Church-Goers.

On this subject Mr. Moody spoke as follows:

I want to say a few words on this question if you will allow me. We have had in our city (Chicago), for a number of years, what we call a "Yoke Fellow's Band." They meet every Sunday night, say at six o'clock. We furnish them with tea. This doesn't cost much, only about fifteen cents a head; and after they have drank their tea, and prayed together, they start out to find recruits and bring them to the church. I have not known for years what it is to preach to empty seats; long before I had any reputation to draw folks we always used to have our church full. Many churches around us that had men with great names to draw a congregation, very often during the Summer season were only quarter full, or half full, but for the twelve months of the year our church would be full. It was these young fellows who brought them there. These men who bring in the recruits off of the street, found probably in some dark saloon, and brought in, will be anxious that you should preach well, and if the minister sees that his helpers are anxious that he should make an impression upon his hearers, he will preach all the better for it.

There are hundreds and thousands of young men in this country who want to work in the church, but they don't know how. They want some one to set them to work. The way we do in our meetings is this: We have two men generally go to

gether; we put them on the corners of the great thoroughfare, or we give them so many saloons, and billiard-halls, and hotels to look after. Every saloon within a mile of that place of worship is visited. Many a time I have gone into these saloons and asked men to come and hear me preach. I know that isn't a very proper thing for a preacher to do, but it's a good deal better than preaching to empty seats. Some of our brethren said they didn't like to do it; I said there were a great many things we didn't like to do. If we make up our minds to it, we can get people to the preaching. If we roll up our sleeves, they will come. Then in the summer season never mind the church, leave it to the owls and bats; if the people won't come to the church, go out on the first street corner you come to and preach, or go to the court-house square, or the park; anywhere, to get at the people. And then when you get the people, have good singing. And remember when you sing that what the people want is the words. The words, not the music, reach the soul and convert the man. And then shake hands with every one who comes. Instead of staying in the pulpit to pronounce the benediction, I used to go right down to the door while they sang the last hymn, then I'd get them as they passed out. Let the benediction go, but shake hands with them. And we must have plainer churches. And they must not have mortgages upon them. If we are all the time staggering under a big debt, we must be after the money of the people, and that will soon drive them off. When they won't come to the church, or, as many can't come—mothers, washerwomen, people with nothing to wear—why, go to them. Ask permission to go down to their rooms and hold a cottage prayer-meeting. Let them call in their neighbors. That commits these people to your side; they are then known to favor religious meetings, and good is done in that way. Don't arrange it so as to keep the hymn-books in the church all the time. Let the people carry the books home, then they'll sing of Jesus while at their home work.

In answer to question, What was the secret of your success in Chicago? Mr. Moody said: The only way I got along in Chicago

was by going to preach to the people if they would not come and hear me.

A Farewell Not Final.

At the close of the course of meetings in Philadelphia, the Evangelists were greeted in the Old Depot by an immense audience, from which thousands were excluded by lack of room, who had come to manifest their interest in the mighty work and its chief promoters. Deep solemnity rested on the vast assemblage, and many hearts were saddened by the prospect of the departure of the men who had won them to Christ, or stimulated and instructed them as Christian workers.

Mr. Moody, after making the announcements for the meetings to follow, said that the expenses of the meetings had been paid, but that this evening he would, on his own responsibility, ask for a thank-offering with which to finish and pay for the building now in course of construction for the Young Men's Christian Association. He said that he desired it also to be distinctly understood that they [Moody and Sankey] were receiving no money from the committee, and declined to have any collections taken up in the meetings. As to the photographs, they had no interest in them, and for eight years he had refused to have any taken. If any one had purchased a copy and felt cheated, he did not pity him. It is true that there is a royalty upon the hymn-books, which is paid over to a committee, consisting of Mr. George H. Stuart of this city, William E. Dodge of New York, and Mr. Farwell of Chicago. He did not know how much had been realized upon the sale of the books in this city, but in order to satisfy any one that no money has been made out of the meetings, the committee would give one thousand dollars as a thank-offering for the Young Men's Christian Association's Hall. He trusted that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars wonld be subscribed.

He read the following letter:

Dear Mr. Moody:—Through the instrumentality of the blessed meetings now closing, my darling son, a prodigal, and his wife are

now resting in a Saviour's love. The accompanying ring, the gift of one dearly loved, and so long worn it seems a part of myself, I now offer to my dear Lord and Master as a thank-offering for His unspeakable blessing. Do with it as the Holy Spirit directs. Please join with me in prayer that my son may be consecrated to God, and be the means of leading many to Christ.

He said: Enclosed I found a diamond ring with eight diamonds. One man said he would give $500 for it. If any will give more he can have it, but if not the ring will be sold for $500 and the money be given to the Y. M. C. A. Let us now go to work and praise God by giving $280,000 for this object.

The ushers then began to take the collection up, and almost immediately Mr. Moody announced that three persons had given $70,000, and shortly after that another person had given $10,000 more, and that the diamond ring had been sold for $1,000.

About $100,000 were speedily raised, a short sermon was preached, and then Mr. Moody spoke of his past nine weeks' labor as most precious weeks to him ; but one cloud crossed his path, and that was that he was now to take his leave of them. He wanted to thank the people for their attention, and he wanted their prayers for the success of the work in the metropolis of the country. He thanked the ministers of Philadelphia for their support and sympathy. He also thanked the ushers, choir and reporters, and invoked the blessing of heaven upon them. 20,000 copies of his little book for the unconverted would soon be ready, and copies would be sent to those who are not Christians if they sent their names.

Finally, he said: We love you, and we want your prayers as we go to New York. He then prayed most earnestly for all the young converts, that they may be kept true to the faith.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the happy throng dispersed.

The Last Farewell.

After a brief absence from the city, the Evangelists returned Feb. 4th, to bid a last farewell to the thousands who had learned

to follow them as the multitudes once followed the Master. The Depot-Tabernacle was packed to repletion with an eager multitude, many of whom were better content with a few square inches on which to stand, where the words of the Evangelists could be heard, than with all the pleasures of the great world beckoning from the outside. On the stage were almost all the clergymen who have taken an active interest in the movement.

Mr. Sankey, by request, sang the beautiful hymn,

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair.

The stanzas were sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus with much spirit and expression. The chorus of the last verse was sung so softly as to give the sweet effect of a distant choir of angel choristers. At the conclusion of the hymn Mr. Moody arose, and calling attention to the fact that at the last meeting a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association building, said that it was necessary to raise about $280,000, and at the last meeting only $120,000 had been subscribed. It might be supposed that this was a good deal to spend on a building, yet many citizens had private houses worth far more in actual value, and only one family could reap the benefits. But this building was to be a home for thousands of young men who might otherwise be led astray by the brilliant palaces of crime which Satan was constantly rearing for the ruin of the young. If it was desirable to redeem young men it was necessary to go where they would naturally congregate, and this association, if provided with convenient and pleasant quarters, would attract the young of all classes, and there the workers for Christ could labor. Continuing, he spoke of the advantages of the Young Men's Christian Association in other cities, showing that in Cleveland especially the results were beyond calculation. Every young man, when converted, became a Christian worker, and was it not better to have one, or two, or three thousand young men voluntarily working for God than letting the young wander in any direction, while a few hundred paid missionaries were vainly striving to stem the

tide of sin? He then told an affecting story of a boy who was taken by his father from his Scotland home, and lost in the streets of Chicago while the father was on a drunken spree. The boy became a street gamin, and grew up surrounded by the worst influences. Time passed on, and at length, through the Young Men's Christian Association, the youth was saved. Then, as the love of the Saviour pervaded his heart, the memories of boyhood returned, and he was seized with an irresistible longing to gaze once more on the face of the mother so long lost. He wrote again and again to many different addresses, but the letters were all returned. Almost despairing, he threw himself on his knees, and in anguish called on God to help him. As he prayed, the memory of a long-forgotten village came to his brain, and he seemed to hear some spirit whisper that there he could find a letter awaiting him. He wrote, and received the letter which his mother had written to him seven years before. With this as a guide he found the mother, so long lost, waiting in submission to God's will for the return of her son, and when that son not only returned, but she folded to her arms a Christian, her heart overflowed with joy, and that one moment repaid for all the long years of hopeless longing. "Was not the saving of this young man," asked Mr. Moody, "worth all the money that could be spent on any building? Did not that mother's tears bestow a double blessing on every giver and every worker in Christ?" Mr. Moody concluded by beseeching those present to each do their share towards forwarding the blessed work of the Young Men's Christian Association by aiding in the erection of a long-needed building. While the ushers were passing through the congregation with the contribution baskets Mr. Sankey sweetly sang a new solo, after which Mr. Moody made a fervent prayer for the blessing of God on the work already done, and asking that on the golden shore of the Beyond all who had found Christ might clasp hands without missing the face of one lost brother.

The 82d hymn,

> Only an armor-bearer proudly I stand,
> Waiting to follow the King's command,

was next sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining heartily in the chorus. At the conclusion of the second verse the entire congregation of twelve thousand persons rose to their feet and blended their voices with those of the choir.

Mr. Moody next arose and said: "I want to call your attention to one little word in the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Romans. That little word is *able*. God is able to hold you, and will hold you up if you have faith in His power, and are not self-confident. There are three enemies which every young convert has—the flesh, the world, and the devil. Don't think you have got rid of them. Not only do the young fall, but some of the most eminent men have fallen after years of walking in the right path. Don't think you are to be wafted into heaven without any effort. You have got to fight—it is a conflict. But how sweet is the thought that God is able to make us stand. But you must let God keep hold of you. It is a great deal better to have God take hold of you than for you to try to take hold of God for safety, while confident not only that you can stand alone, but can, if necessary, retain your grasp. Every Christian's life should be like that of the orange tree. In Florida I saw these trees growing in dry sand, and when I asked how they lived, I was told that every tree had a top root which went right down until it struck water. We, too, must find a fount so pure and revivifying that no surroundings can injure our spiritual growth. Now, I want to call your attention to the second chapter of Hebrews, the eighteenth verse. It is temptation that brings out the character. We don't want to be like hot-house plants. We must learn to overcome temptations. Our Saviour has been tempted, and He knows how to succor them that are tempted. If you are overtaken in a fault, young friends, don't be discouraged; go right to Christ in your time of trouble and tell it right out. You will find forgiveness and loving aid. Now look at the first chapter of Paul, Second Epistle to Timothy. A great many predict that these young converts will fall away. Perhaps some will. The parable of the sower is as true to-day as it was when Christ first spoke it. But if some seeds have fallen on stony ground or

among thorns, is it any sign that God is not able to keep what has been committed to Him? He is able to grant all our wants and to aid us under all circumstances. You may tremble when you look into your own heart, but you can't tremble when you look towards God. The Bank of England is protected by soldiers, who march around it all night long; so the moment your eyes are closed in sleep, God's angels are guarding you. Now, what I particularly want to say to young converts is to become united to some church. If you have got your arm around the cross, don't go to sleep there, forgetful of all others, but while clinging with one hand, reach with the other down into the water and help to save some one else who is struggling in the waves. One danger which young converts always meet is found in spiritual pride, which the devil instils into their hearts. Another danger is the possibility of becoming lukewarm and losing all pride in the work of God. Let 'Word and Work' be our watchword. If you neglect either the one or the other you won't be successful. But he who holds the word in one hand and works with the other must advance nearer and nearer to the Throne." In closing, he said: "I hate to say farewell. I hate to leave you. The hardest part of our work is when we have to say farewell to those we have prayed with and wept with. Let us pray that God may lift us higher and higher. May God bless you; may God keep you. Keep close to the Saviour; try to follow Him closer and closer every day. I don't like the word farewell. I'll bid you good-night, and by the grace of God I want to meet you in the morning where night can never come and farewells are never needed."

As Mr. Moody ceased, Mr. Sankey touched a few familiar notes on the organ, and in the next moment began in a trembling voice a farewell hymn set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The scene was an affecting one, and many were the glistening eyes among the thousands who seemed to have forgotten that the evangelists were ever to depart. A few moments were next spent in silent prayer, after which the congregation and choir sang in unison "The Sweet Bye and Bye," filling the vast auditorium with floods of musical sound. The benediction was then pronounced, and the audience gradually dispersed.

The furniture, partitions, floorings, platforms, etc., of the Depot Building were sold at auction the next morning, and realized $3,100. On many of the articles there was a very lively competition. This was especially the case in regard to the chairs which had been occupied during some period of the revival meetings by prominent individuals. President Grant's chair was knocked down to Mr. John Wanamaker for $25; Mr. Moody's chair to Mr. Stuart for $55; Mr. Sankey's chair to Mr. Field for $55; Mr. Stuart's chair to Mr. Field, for $26; Dr. Newton's chair to Mr. Stuart for $25; Mr. John Wanamaker's chair to Mr. Field for $47.50; Mr. Thomas Scott's chair to Mr. Whitney for $20; Governor Hartranft's chair to Mr. John Wanamaker for $5; Speaker Blaine's chair to Mr. Field for $5; the chief usher's chair to Mr. Stuart for $15.

Mr. Moody's platform, Bible rest, crimson plush on the pulpit, with a piece of ingrain carpet and speaking tube, were sold to Mr. Baily for $125; the towel used by Mr. Moody brought $5, and Mr. Sankey's $5.50; twenty-four car mats were sold to Mr. Davis for $69.75; a Windsor settee to Mr. Manly for $27; the dismissing gong to Mr. Stuart for $10; Mr. Baily bought a lounge for $16; six walnut cane-seat chairs for $15; a washstand for $10.50, and a walnut office table for $18; Mr. Stuart bought two walnut cane-seat chairs for $12; Mr. Marshall bought a walnut and green reps Spanish chair for $17; a set of stone china toilet ware was sold to Mr. Johnson for $10, and a looking-glass to Mr. Stuart for $6.50. There were a large number of articles sold, and the prices obtained were good.

As a fitting close of this résumé of the course of meetings in Philadelphia, we append the remarks of Geo. H. Stuart in New York:

In October last in our city we attempted a great work for God. Some had high expectations that it would redound largely to the glory of Heaven. They saw a deep spirit of prayer among the clergymen and members of the churches. And what has been the result? It has far exceeded the highest hopes of the most sanguine. We had little thought to see a hall, one-half larger than

yours, filled to overflowing every Sabbath with from 7,000 to 13,000 people, who came to hear "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." God had heard our prayer, and His work has been continued in all our churches. In my own church — an old Scotch church, which has been little disposed to unite in such religious movements—I have seen what I have never seen before during the forty years that I have known it. At the morning meetings in the depot church on Sundays, the early hour at which people came was remarkable. The watchman has told me he saw men gathering there as early as 4:30 o'clock in the morning; and on cold mornings in January, the throng was so great at six o'clock that he was obliged to open the doors. My church has had but two pastors in seventy-five years, and on Sunday next it will hold a special communion service—something it has not known in years—and fifty-five new communicants will be there. Two-thirds of them are young men. I know a merchant of your city who was led into the meetings in Philadelphia, and is now reclaimed from a long career of intemperance. I now have in my pocket a letter from his sister, expressing gratitude for what God has done for her brother. My friends, there never was such a time as the present for work—work, work, work, is the motto. We in Philadelphia have followed these brethren here in our prayers. But much will remain for others besides them to do. O, may you all learn to carry this lamp of salvation into the brothels, and houses of shame, and scenes of iniquity, and all dark corners in this great and wicked city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRINCETON REVIVAL.

PRINCETON is one of the old towns of New Jersey, famous for being the seat of learning where the Presbyterians of this region and the South chiefly educate their sons. A correspondent, of February tenth, said :

God's spirit is still doing wondrous things for us. Almost every one is awakened. Our prayer-meetings are filled to overflowing, and are characterized by great earnestness and power. Those who have lately found Christ are very earnest in leading their associates to seek Him. We hope and pray that not a single one will be left out of the fold. The visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey has been blessed to us all.

The oldest professors tell us that this is the most gracious revival the college has ever witnessed. There have already been over eighty conversions ; but we hope for still greater things.

This reference to the evangelists makes it needful to rehearse more fully their relations to this great work in that intellectual community. And we are again reminded of what has been well touched by a secular paper:

It is a little difficult to explain or analyze the success of these evangelists. We rather incline to the explanation which Mr. Moody himself always offers, that he is only the mouthpiece and expression of a deep and mysterious wave of religious feeling now passing over the nation. The disasters and disappointments of the year, the reaction against the skepticism and the selfish greed of the day, the deep religious sentiment lying at the bottom of the American character, and the eternal wants of the human heart, have prepared the minds of the people for a profound religious transformation or impulse.

The day after the final farewell at Philadelphia, the brethren

were taken to Princeton, and held a few meetings there. In the narrative that follows, we see how the way had been prepared:

The revival influence at work among the students is one of notable power. The movement is of recent origin. While Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in Philadelphia the students indicated to President McCosh their very general desire that the evangelists should be invited to spend a day at the college. The Doctor gladly undertook to extend the invitation. Visiting the gentlemen at Philadelphia, he obtained from them a promise that they should spend the "Day of Prayer for Colleges" at Princeton. Mr. Moody, however, having to go to Florida, was unable to fulfill his engagement. Then said the students, "Let us go on, as we are, and if we cannot have Mr. Moody, let us beseech the presence of the Lord." With this mind they initiated a movement which has had its fruit in an almost unprecedented interest in spiritual things, heightening and spreading day by day, and yet on the increase. Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, and Dr. Cuyler have been here addressing the students. On the occasion of the visit of the latter nearly a hundred rose for prayer in response to his appeals. This is perhaps the most opportune moment for the coming of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. A student said to me, "It is better that they should come now than that they should have come before, for now the harvest is ripe."

That an extraordinary condition of spiritual awakening is prevalent was at once manifest when hymn after hymn was given out and caught by the waiting multitude, to pass the time until Mr. Moody should arrive. And the vigor and enthusiasm with which the melodies were rendered betokened a more than superficial acquaintance with the "Sacred Songs and Solos." The sonorous voices of the students—bass, tenor, and baritone—blending together in pleasant harmony, and the evident impulse and heart with which they sang, produced a fine effect, and made music with a ring that meant something.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey stepped upon the platform about half-past seven. With them were seated Rev. Dr. McCorkle, pastor of the church; Rev. Dr. McDonald, of the First Presby-

terian Church; Professors Aiken and Green, and Mr. G. H. Stuart. Dr. McCosh sat with the audience in front of the pulpit.

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing," was the opening hymn, Mr. Sankey leading at a portable organ. After prayer by one of the clergy, Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine" with his accustomed effect. It was listened to in intense silence.

Mr. Moody said he would take a subject rather than a text. He understood that there had been quite a religious awakening in the place, and no doubt many were asking the question "Why should I be interested in the Son of God." For this reason he wished to speak to them upon "What Christ is to us." First, said he, Christ is a Saviour. He is a Saviour because man wanted a Saviour, and God, knowing that want, provided for it. And Christ is a Saviour to all. No one yet ever came to Him and was cast out. He is also a deliverer. When we are saved, that is not all. We have only commenced our warfare against sin. Satan snares us again and again into his toils, but Christ is almighty to set us free. He is the Way. When a person is just converted he says: "What church shall I join. There are the Methodists and the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians, each claiming to be the true church. What am I to do?" Christ says "I am the way." He will be to the guideless one as the cloud and the pillar of fire to the wandering Israelites. Some think we are getting wiser than the Bible—it might do for the dark ages, but this is a time of enlightenment. I always say to these people, "Bring me a better book than the Bible and I will throw it away." You might as well say, "What splendid gas we have now. Let us build all our churches and houses without windows. We don't want the sun any more. It was good enough for our fathers, but we have something better." The illustration was well received. The audience saw its aptness, and smiled assent to its force. Young man, said Mr. Moody, your mother was right. Don't give up your mother's Bible, or your mother's God. Look at those who have cut loose from the old moorings. How do they die? and how does the Christian die? Take Christ for your

guide. He has been down here and blazed out the way, as they say out West, and all we have to do is to follow. Mr. Moody here told with great effect the story of the man whose child was dead, but who saw in a dream his little one in a beautiful land, radiant and happy, and saw her beckon him to come to her—his futile effort to do so, and his hearing the voice of Christ saying to him "I am the way." The impression produced was profound. Many were bathed in tears. But, said the speaker, Christ is also the Light. This he illustrated by telling of a man climbing a high mountain to see the sun rise. A storm raged so furiously that he would fain have retraced his steps. "No," said the guide, "we'll soon be above the storm." A little higher up they found themselves where no rain had been and whence looking down upon the wild play of lightning and turmoil of elements, they were quickly bathed in the rays of an unhidden sun. So with the Christian. Above the storm is light and peace, and the higher one climbs above the entanglements of earth, the surer he will be to catch the sun's earliest cheer. "All moonshine" some say of religion. Thank you for the compliment. The moon reflects the light of the sun, and Christians do, or should do the same thing precisely, reflecting the light diffused upon them. He told the story of the blind man carrying a lantern that others might not stumble upon him, to show the importance of our taking care to be living epistles, and lights rather than stumbling-blocks in the way of others. In contrasting the death of the righteous and unsaved, he related the affecting war incident in which a young man dying from his battle-wound sends to his mother and sisters his last message: "Tell them I died trusting in Christ—tell them to be sure and meet me in heaven."

The students seemed much interested in the recital, and the effect was marked. Going on to speak of skeptics, Mr. Moody said that, unlike many, he had much sympathy for honest doubters, but he had only one word for them all. If they seek wisdom, let them come to God, who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." His remarks upon this point were admirably calculated for such of the students as might have been inclined

to cavilling. If they were as they usually profess, only seeking truth, he told them where to apply for it. Lastly, he presented Christ as our burden-bearer, and appealed to his hearers, if they were burdened with a load of any kind, to roll it off upon Him. If it were a load of sin, did He not take all our sins on His own shoulders, and bear them for us upon the tree? Was it any other care or trouble, is anything too great for Him to carry? He might go on, did not time forbid, to speak of Him as our Advocate, our Surety, our Justification, our Sanctification —yea our all in all. Surely it is downright madness to turn away from such a friend. Oh, might they see Him as the one altogether lovely, the bright and morning star.

Mr. Sankey sang "Go Bury Thy Sorrow" with exquisite pathos, and Rev. Dr. McDonald pronounced the benediction.

Mr. Moody was announced to speak to the students at nine in the morning. At that hour the apartment was densely crowded with young students to the number of about five hundred. There were present of the faculty: President McCosh, Professors Green, Hodge, Alexander, Aiken, Macloskie, Duffield, Cameron and Hunt. Mr. Moody arrived in ill-condition, having a severe headache. The room was a little chilly, and as its smallness compelled him to speak in a much more subdued tone than he is accustomed to, circumstances did not seem to favor the production of any remarkable impression.

Mr. Sankey sang "Free from the law; oh happy condition," as a solo, the audience uniting in the chorus.

Prof. Macloskie said prayers were requested for two members of the junior class, and then led in a brief petition.

Mr. Moody read Romans iii., 10–22, and proceeded to preach his well-known discourse on "For there is no difference." The series of happy illustrations, which will recur to our readers, with which he is wont to make clear the equality of mankind before God, the depravity of his nature, and his need of some means to bring him out of condemnation, were quickly apprehended, and well appreciated by the students. Once in a while as something particularly quaint would escape Mr. Moody's lips, a ripple of merriment would pass over the congregation,

but so far from levity, it was an expression of sympathy with the speaker's broad and kindly humor, and of that pleasure which we all experience when an illustration is strikingly original, and when in connection with its accompanying truth it seems particularly "pat." But in his pathetic mood, in the relation of war tales and incidents having to do with domestic concernments, the effect he produced was even more pronounced. If professors and students seem all intellect, under Mr. Moody's spell they quickly betray that they have tenderest hearts. Grey-browed dignitaries wept to-day with the youngest freshmen. When at the close of his exhortation Mr. Moody requested such as desired to be remembered in prayer to rise, fifteen students, regardless of any presence, responded; and when he wished the Christians in the room who desired to be endued with more consecration to rise also, the audience seemed to spring to their feet en masse, the merest fraction retaining their seats. Surely the Lord is working here, and moving in His might.

Fully half an hour before the time for commencing the afternoon meeting (3.30) the Second Presbyterian church was packed in every part. All the afternoon, sleighs came in from the country, bringing their burdens from far and near, and as soon as the church doors were opened continuous processions filed through them and quickly filled up the building. The inevitable confusion resultant upon trying to find every one seats or even standing accommodation, ensued. Chairs were handed about over people's heads, all manner of pushing and crowding occurred, and a good deal of jostling pleasantly submitted to. The interval before the hour of opening was spent in singing a number of hymns, and in occasional supplication in the words of several of the clergymen present.

At half-past three Mr. Sankey, with Messrs. Stuart and Cree, of Philadelphia, entered. Mr. Stuart announced that in consequence of indisposition Mr. Moody would be unable just then to participate. He asked Mr. Sankey to take charge of the meeting until Mr. Moody should arrive, in case he should be able to attend.

Mr. Sankey gave out the hymn, "I need Thee every hour," which was sung by the audience standing. Prayer was offered by Dr. Aiken.

Mr. Sankey said he would sing "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He related an incident that had in his mind entwined itself around it. It was that of the young man in Brooklyn who had promised his old mother in Dundee that he would attend Mr. Moody's meetings if he had opportunity, and who consequently frequented the meetings at the Rink and was converted. "Too late—too late!" in this little song were the words that reached his heart. The solo was then rendered in Mr. Sankey's most fervent manner.

Mr. T. K. Cree, of Philadelphia, gave some account of the work and the harvest in that city, comparing the numbers that thronged the depot with the present gathering, to afford some realization of the magnitude of the former. He proceeded to speak upon the utility of the inquiry room and the value of individual effort, urging the people of Princeton to make use of these most important means of influence. He gave a number of practical hints to further the success of any such measures, and closed with an appeal to the unconverted.

The hymn "Hallelujah, 'tis done," was sung by Mr. Sankey, the audience taking up the chorus with great spirit.

Mr. Stuart here said he had just received a message from Mr. Moody, stating that he was hungry for work, and that while he could not come to this meeting, his presence might be relied upon this evening.

Mr. Stuart proceeded to supplement Mr. Cree's report of the awakening in Philadelphia by telling in glowing terms of its extent and power as he had observed it. He also laid great stress on the value of inquiry meetings. They had been of vast benefit to the Christians of his city in entangling them into actual contact with sinners, and imbuing them with a love of the work.

"In fact," said he, "I am not ashamed to say to you here at Princeton that during my forty-three years of God's service I never knew what Christian life was until within the last nine

weeks." He gave a number of instances indicating how widespread and unmistakable have been the fruits of the great campaign. In closing, he made a stirring appeal to newly converted Christians to be alive to the rescue of their fellows, and then to the unsaved, whom he entreated most affectionately to accept redemption.

The impulse thus given to the revival carried it forward until a very thorough renovation took place, so that a well-informed observer writes:

The revival in Princeton college is regarded as one of the most remarkable means of grace now transpiring, or that has taken place for many years in college life. There are nearly five hundred students in that institution. Fully one hundred conversions are said to have taken place since the week of prayer. And the college officers declare that at this time there is scarcely a student who is not more or less serious on the subject of his personal salvation. Before the work began, there were about one hundred professed Christians among the students, but in a generally cold state. The week of prayer witnessed a quickening among these, and they resolved that each one would labor personally and earnestly with some one of the unconverted to bring them to Christ. By the blessing of God this personal Christian labor has resulted in the wonderful work of saving grace now witnessed.

Mr. Moody himself said in his first sermon in New York:

I have just come from Princeton, and I must confess that I have not seen anything in America that has pleased me like what I have seen in Princeton. They have got a Holy Ghost revival there. The President of the college told me he had never seen anything like it, and one of the faculty told me he had never seen anything like it in Princeton. Well, I inquired into it and I found that they had been disappointed and could get nobody to come, and so they determined to hold meetings themselves, and they did, and one of the faculty got up and asked them to pray for him, and right there THE WORK BROKE OUT and there have been brought back to the fold of Christ fifty

within the last few days, and it looks now as if all Princeton was going to be blessed.

I saw more zeal when I was in Princeton last Sunday than I have in many a year. I was talking to the students there about their souls, and after I had been talking for some time, quite a group of young men gathered around me, and the moment that one of them made a surrender and said, "Well I will accept Christ," it seemed as if there were twenty-five hands pressed right down to shake hands with him. That is what we want—men that will rejoice to hear of the conversion of men.

To the depth and vitality of the work, we are able to add this crowning testimony: Our prayer meetings are largely attended and marked by a deep and quiet solemnity. We have reached that stage in the work which the early Church experienced immediately after the day of Pentecost, when souls were added to the church daily.

One by one, those of whose conversion we had almost despaired, rise to tell us of their hope in a newly found Saviour Croakers and scoffers have been put to silence by the steadfastness of the converts. Men enslaved to habit, whose college life had been characterized by every species of excess, are now "careful to depart from all iniquity," and have become active workers in the cause of Christ. Skeptics seek in vain a solution of such phenomena. It is the "mystery of godliness."

From this centre of religious influence a spirit of revival has radiated into many hearts, homes and churches of the land We are now hearing from numbers of churches blessed with rich outpourings of the Spirit, begun by the simple accounts given by the students of the gracious work here. Some of the students devoted the vacation of two weeks exclusively to such work, in the churches of their respective homes and elsewhere, and God has blessed these humble efforts to the conversion of many souls.

CHAPTER XXV.

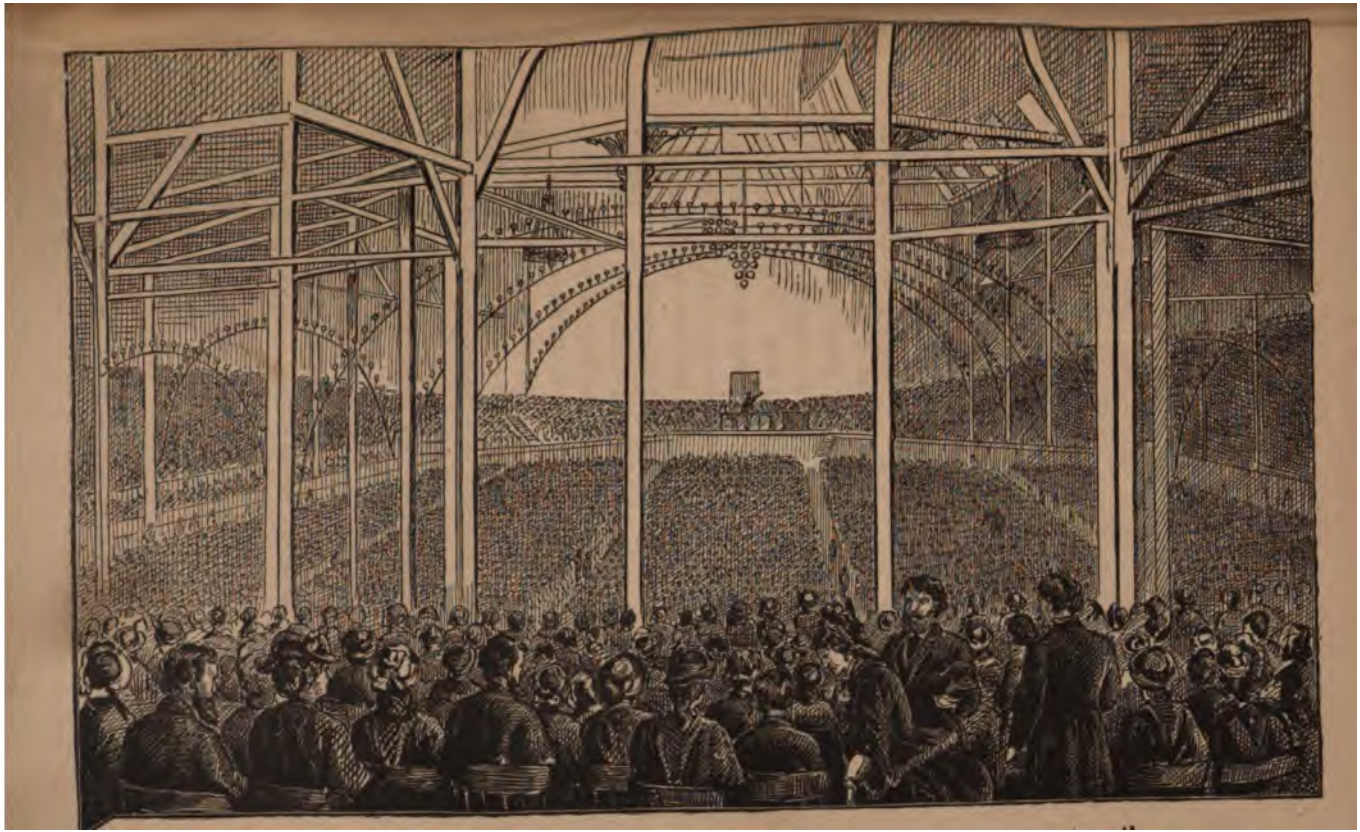
The Hippodrome of New York.

A clergyman writing to Philadelphia gives a graphic sketch:

As in Philadelphia, the location of our Tabernacle is in the very centre of the city, accessible from every direction by all classes. On one side of it lie the homes of wealth, the avenues of fashion, and the great hotels, on the other the masses of the middle classes, and a little beyond, the crowded abodes of the poor and the dens of wretchedness and vice. It is the old depot of the Harlem Railroad, and occupies the block bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. It was the scene of Barnum's great pageant, and subsequently of Gilmore's monster concerts. It is about one-fourth larger than your "Depot Church." Mr. Varley preached here for several Sabbaths, the first occasion being a wonder to every one. On a wild and stormy winter's night, fifteen thousand people crowded the place, while multitudes were unable to gain entrance. Frequently then the roar of the wild beasts would be heard mingling with the singing and prayers.

The committee have rented this structure at one thousand five hundred dollars a week and spent ten thousand dollars in fitting it for the meetings. It has been divided into two great halls, one seating six thousand five hundred, the other four thousand, while between there is a wide space inclosed for inquiry-rooms and for the evangelists, with a passage from one to the other for their use. It is expected that after speaking in the large room Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey will pass over to the other or overflow meeting, where meantime addresses and prayers are to be made by clergymen and laymen, chosen for their adaptation to such work.

The appearance of the rooms is warm and business-like.





There will not be the vast sea of twelve thousand faces as in Philadelphia, but it is thought more effective work can be done with a more limited number. No tickets are issued to the general public. Except the "workers" and choir, all are on a par in this respect, welcome, up to the capacity of the building.

It was not a pleasant thing for our metropolitan Christians to be compelled to wait till Brooklyn and Philadelphia had been visited by the evangelists, before our turn would come. But the Lord has had better thoughts concerning us than our own. The interval has been a season of instruction and preparation such as cannot fail to render their labors among us far more fruitful than they could otherwise have been. On the one hand the edge of mere curiosity has been dulled and the glamour of novelty been dispelled. Much has been learned by us from the experience of our two neighboring cities, both of the hindrances and the helps to a solid success. Plenty of time for preparatory work on the part of our committees has been allowed, and as for our churches, the Lord has been anointing them with fresh oil and girding them with power by a spiritual refreshing and quickening, so that while we are disposed to lean less upon these beloved men, we are yet in more thorough sympathy with their spirit, and welcome them with a chastened joy and solemn earnestness which we might not otherwise have felt.

Many Christians are already full of work in gathering a harvest in their own congregations; so there will be more room for the unconverted to fill the seats at the Hippodrome, while meetings will be so regulated in the different churches as to allow efficient coöperation on the part of the pastors and devout men and women with the general work of the evangelists. Already a band of several hundred have consecrated themselves to the special duties of the inquiry-room. They represent all evangelical denominations, and all our prominent churches, and have been under training for weeks past through lectures from experienced pastors in Dr. Ormiston's church, which has been crowded by those anxious to hear the most practical truths connected with directing the soul to its Saviour. Meantime a fragrant cloud of prayer has been ascending from our home altars, our

noon-day meetings (of which we have had four in different parts of the city), and from all our churches, that the Lord would work mightily. We firmly believe that the day of Pentecost has fully come.

A preparatory meeting was held Sabbath evening for dedication of the building and consecration of the laborers. Wm. E. Dodge, chairman of the general committee, presided. About one thousand five hundred were present, it being a stormy night and the meeting held at 9 o'clock. There was nothing formal. Bishop James, the Rev. Drs. Paxton, T. D. Anderson, and Tucker, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, and others, engaged in prayer and tender appeal, all breathing the spirit of utter dependence on the Infinite arm, and travailing for the souls of sinners.

Monday night a dense mass of people blocked the streets in the vicinity of the Hippodrome. In twenty minutes after the opening of the doors seven thousand people were quietly seated, or standing in the main hall, and four thousand in the other; while several thousand lingered around the doors to catch the echo of the speakers and the singers.

The audience represented mainly the middle and upper classes of our population, and appeared about equally divided between church people and the irreligious. There was, however, a prevailing atmosphere of seriousness rather than of curiosity. On the platform the pastors of the city were largely represented, and a choir of five hundred were at the left of the speaker's stand. In many respects the arrangements for ushers and telegraphic communication are the same as in Philadelphia. Promptly at 8 o'clock, Messrs. Moody and Sankey appear on the platform. They do not seem at all worn with their previous labors. "Let us all bow our heads in silent prayer," is Mr. Moody's first utterance, and instantly, as when a wind sweeps over a field of grain, all are bowed and a thrilling stillness follows. Then "Jesus lover of my soul," rings out. Bishop Janes leads in prayer; "Hold the Fort" wakes the echoes of the room and stirs the blood of thousands and is followed by the sweet song significant at this moment, "What shall the Harvest be?"

Tears are in many eyes. And now Mr. Moody announces his text, "But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Just as we expected, his theme was the plan of God to work powerfully through human weakness, that the glory may be his. He warned them against dependence on crowds, or instruments, or accessions. Urged them to crucify the great "I," to have our face in the dust that we may receive God's message and proclaim it with success. I cannot give a description of the sermon; they who have heard the like do not need it. Every one feels that the meeting was all that could be desired for tone and spiritual vigor. Mr. Moody has improved surprisingly in his delivery. When in Brooklyn he spoke 220 words per minute. Last evening he spoke only about 180. Moreover, the arrangement of his topics has more system than heretofore, and his first effort in this city was much more powerful than the first one in Brooklyn. The closing part was the best, and at the culminating point a chorus of "amens" came from all parts of the vast assembly, and when he said "O may the spirit of Elisha rest upon us here," the full force of his remarks fell with great power upon the congregation. Additional experience has improved Mr. Moody very materially. It is the testimony of his friends that the more he preaches the better he preaches. Years ago he stammered badly, but has continually been improving, and in other respects he is growing stronger and more intense. There is the same deep faith in the power of Christianity to save the world from sorrow and sin, but it glows with an intense flame. His faith is a living one. It is a power, active on all occasions, and which at no time grows cold or lifeless.

If it was a surprise to the journalist that thousands should pour out on a wintry night to the cheerless Hippodrome, which is one of the monuments of the career of the gigantic humbug of the generation, to hear the Scriptures expounded by this uncouth exhorter, this wonder must have grown when the same vast throng crowded the places of meeting the next day and evening, and continued to do so for months. Many a circumstance clearly proved that the central figure was the earnest

talker. In his sermon on "faith" he related thrilling incidents and made powerful appeals.

When I was at Nashville, during our late war, I was closing the noon prayer-meeting one day and a great strong man came up to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter that every night as the sun went down she went on her knees to pray for him. The sister was six hundred miles away, and said the soldier, "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth and it never made me tremble, but sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith. It was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer. And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ.

Let us go out and bring all our friends here, and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from Heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. In Philadelphia a skeptic came in just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the Spirit of God met him, and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing, but he didn't know what Mr. Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him, and that is what we want in these meetings. If we have this power, when we invite our friends here, the Lord will meet them and will answer prayer and save them. Let us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer the Lord will save them.

While in London there was a man away off in India—a godly father—who had a son in London, and he got a furlough and came from India to London to see after his son's spiritual wel

fare. Do you think God let that man come thus far without honoring that faith. No. He converted that son, and that is the kind we want—where faith and works go together; and if we have faith God will honor it and answer our prayer. Only a few years ago in the city of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer-meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree or had just got started in that way, and she knew that their end would be a drunkard's grave, and she went among these Christians and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys"? The next morning those two boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth-sts.—though not that they knew anything about our meeting—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came, he found the place too crowded to enter, so he too went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him, and the second son came in with the same tidings. I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: "I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got;" and they went out, bringing their friends to Christ.

Let us now show our faith by our works. Let us away to our friends, to our neighbors, and to those we have an influence over, and let us talk about Christ and let us plead with God that they may be converted, and instead of there being a few thousand converted in New York, tens of thousands can be converted; and let our prayers go up to God in our homes and around our family altars. Let the prayers go up, "O, God, save my unconverted husband." "O, God, save my unconverted wife." "O, God, save my unconverted children," and

God will hear that cry. As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our Western cities, a mother came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband and ask him to come to Christ." I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says, "I want to have you go and see him." I knew the name and that it was a learned judge, and so said to her, "I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard and so strong, that I consented to go. I went up to the office, where the Judge was doing business, to tell him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not. A year and a half after I was in that city, and a servant came to my door and said: "There is a man in the drawing-room." I found the Judge there. He said: "I promised to let you know when I was converted." I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came, "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life. I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O, God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and

I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, and I knew that she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face; I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O Lord, for Christ's sake take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, 'I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted." The old Judge said to me: "Mr Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all put together." The Judge did not believe. The wife did, and God honored her faith and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill., and the old Judge stood up there and told those politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him. And now let this text sink down deep into your hearts: "When He saw their faith." Let us lift up our hearts to God in prayer that He may give us faith.

At the prayer-meeting at noon Mr. Moody, before reading the Psalm said: Now let us at once get down to ourselves. If we are only quickened and revived ourselves as Christians, there will be no trouble about reaching the world. In this fifty-first Psalm the Psalmist thirty-three times refers to himself. He is not praying for the Church now, not praying for Jerusalem now, not praying for His kingdom now, but praying for himself. It is a good thing sometimes to get home to ourselves, especially we that are engaged in working for our brothers. While we are looking after the vineyards of others, we sometimes neglect ourselves. It does us good sometimes just to get down to ourselves. While reading the psalm, Mr. Moody stopped short at the passage, "Create a clean heart in me, O God! and renew a right spirit within me," and said:

It seems as if here is where we might well stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has He renewed a right spirit within us? Do we show that in our home,

in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others? If we do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any result in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing in his church. He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt as if he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God: Oh, God! break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit. Just at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayer, and she said: "Father, I wish you would pray for me. I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon. "Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits."

Mr. Sankey said he desired to call attention to that part of the psalm commencing, "Restore to us the joy of thy salvation." The audience now became expectant at the prospect of hearing this evangelist speak, as he rarely makes addresses at the revival meetings. He told the story of a minister in London who was with them in their work. "He had been working with us," said the singer, "and yet did not seem to have any joy and happiness, but was sad and weary-looking, and I noticed that the burden of his prayer was, "Restore unto us the joy of thy salvation;" but I also observed that when the inquirers of God were going into the inquiry-room to be spoken with, that dear man of God took his hat and went home. He may have gone home to pray, but he didn't seem to have any joy for a long time. One evening, instead of going home, he took his hat and went into the inquiry-room to labor for the

Lord there, and who should sit down opposite in that crowded inquiry-room but his own son that he had been praying for for years! God directed him to that chair, and he spoke to the boy and knelt down and prayed with him and God blessed the son there, and the father came back the next day and looked as if God had restored to him the joy of his salvation, and he stood up and told the story whenever he went to work for Jesus in the vineyard, and wherever he went God blessed him, and joy was restored. I hope it will be so here that instead of waiting and watching for feeling, we will go to the work each one of us and see if God will not restore to us speedily the joy of his salvation, and may be we will see some of our own dear sons that are here to-day."

The Rev. William Lloyd gave his experience of the efficacy of prayer. He said that a few months ago during service in his church an aged man stood up and said he was the only one of a large family who believed in Christ. He was very much distressed, and said he had a daughter who had sailed for California, and that he desired the prayers of the congregation for a change of heart in her. The congregation complied with his request, and in a short time, to the great surprise of an aged parent, a letter came to him from his daughter, bringing the glad tidings that she had given her heart to Christ.

Muddy streets, a rainy evening, and the fact that several of the churches were holding their regular prayer-meetings did not diminish the number in the congregation which visited the Hippodrome the third evening.

When the first stanza of the hymn "Only an Armor-bearer" had been sung the whole audience rose, making a low murmur in their movement, and joined in the chorus, "Hear ye the Battle-cry." The impression was deep at this moment, and at intervals, when the singers paused for breath, the vast hall was as quiet as though no one had been there. Mr. Moody read a part of the first chapter of Joshua, and then prayed that the blessing of Heaven might come upon all those present, as it had upon Joshua in the days of old. As the rain comes down from heaven so may Thy blessing fall upon us. The hymn,

"Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves," was sung with deep emotion and produced a noticeable effect upon the listeners.

Mr. Moody's sermon was even more earnest than those he has delivered before in the Hippodrome, and its persuasive power was greater than that of any of its predecessors. "I don't want false excitement—God forbid it," he said, and with the words a murmur of approval was noticeable. "We must light our torch here and go forth; give the key-note to our purposes in these meetings. Are not souls worth more than this Republic?" he cried, and emphasized it with forcible gestures. In this part of the sermon the attention of the audience was very close. Seldom could an eye be found in the audience which did not rest upon the preacher. His mention of the fireman who saved a child from perishing in flames was impressive in its expression, and carried emotion to many who had vivid recollections of the Broadway conflagration.

This was the illustration:—Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, way up there in the fifth story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer!" and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went and saved the child because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master.

During the meetings of Mr. Moody in Brooklyn, a young man heard him explain the way of salvation. He was not specially affected by the truth, and returned to his boarding-house only to comment in a critical and scoffing spirit. At the table he was requested to give an outline of the sermon; and, as he related the points and illustrations of the preacher, a young lady, who was a silent listener to his narrative, was con-

victed and led to see the plan of salvation, and gave her heart to Christ.

It was a touching request for prayers, that of twenty-six mothers, present at the Hippodrome noon prayer-meeting, for the salvation of their unconverted children. Twenty-six mothers' hearts yearning before God for the souls of their children, and more than twenty-six hundred sympathizing Christian hearts, uniting with them at the throne of grace, for the salvation of those they loved and cherished.

The fire now kindled burned hotter each day and night. Five distinct meetings were held at the Hippodrome, the attendance being largely increased over that of the previous day. A noticeable growth of interest was manifested. In addition to the regular services at noon and 8 P. M., special meetings were given for women and young men, and an auxiliary meeting was held in the small hall in the evening. Mr. Moody's sermon was based on the parable of the three men with their master's talents, and was one of the best he has preached since he returned from Europe. It made a profound impression; hundreds were in tears. The aggregate attendance at all the meetings was about twenty thousand, though in many cases the same persons were present at several meetings. Christian workers were engaged until a late hour with nearly two hundred interested inquirers.

Mr. Moody's manner was more impressive and his address even more fervent than on any of the previous evenings. During several portions of it the audience were moved to tears, and throughout the entire sermon the deepest attention was paid to every sentence uttered. There was apparently a much smaller proportion of people who came from curiosity, than there has been since the service began.

When Mr. Moody had finished his sermon, "I need Thee every hour" was sung, and the Rev. J. S. Kennard and Dr. Armitage prayed. Those who wished to attend the meeting for young men were requested to retire to the small hall, and such as desired to talk with Christians were asked to go into the inquiry-rooms between the two halls. Others who chose to re-

main were invited to do so, and while the choir sang again "I need Thee every Hour," the audience became a moving sea of human beings, going in all directions. Some went home, others sought seats in the front of the room, hundreds joined the meeting for young men, and about two hundred accompanied Christians to the inquiry-rooms. For those who remained the Rev. Drs. Ormiston, and Paxton and William E. Dodge offered prayers. The inquiry-rooms were busy places. In all parts of them were groups of two or three persons earnestly engaged in conversation on religious topics. The success attained was regarded as surprising at this stage of the revival. Mr. Moody was greatly encouraged.

Mr. Sankey came in. Before singing the "Ninety and Nine," he said he feared many were present who came from curiosity, yet he hoped they would go away with a different feeling in their hearts. Men could not be saved in their own way, he said, but they must come to Christ in his way. They must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and go to the blessed Bible to find out the way. The way of the righteous was the only right way. "God forbid," he said, "that we should lead any in any other way! For years Jesus has been leading me where I never could have gone myself."

He then sang the "Ninety and Nine," and when he had finished the Rev. G. H. Hepworth made an address, in which he urged his hearers to become Christians.

Immediately after the close of the overflow meeting, the meeting for young men in the smaller hall began. The ground floor of the room was filled and a few seats in the galleries were occupied. The meeting was opened at 9:15 by Mr. Moody, who announced the hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

A large number of persons asked for the prayers of Christians for their relatives and friends. One spoke in behalf of his brother, another for his son-in-law, another for three sons, another for a backsliding brother. The requests were numerous and made so rapidly that frequently four or five or more persons were speaking at the same moment. The interest felt was more intense than it has been at any time since the revival be-

gan. Then a request was made that those who wished for their own salvation, who desired to become Christians, should rise, and the request met with many responses. Mr. Moody exclaimed, "Truly God is here!" and then said, "Let us pray." His voice was filled with emotion as he prayed; his words seemed almost broken as they fell from his lips, and it appeared that his voice would fail him, as he spoke with great feeling and earnestness. Mr. Moody announced the 54th hymn, "Just as I am," and requested all those who had risen for prayers and all those who were anxious for the salvation of their souls to go into the inquiry-rooms, where Christian friends would meet and help them.

Mr. Moody, at the close of his address, said that a young men's meeting would be held in the Fourth Avenue hall, and while the choir was singing a hymn, he made his way through the passage connecting the halls, and appeared on the other platform. He said that when in Scotland, he was asked to organize a young men's meeting. He did so, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards in Glasgow, and they were a great success. Eight different meetings were held at the same time. He wished the people here could only see them. They did not think such a meeting would be so successful in America, but tried it in Philadelphia, and in a short time they had an average of a thousand at every meeting. Now, said he, do you want such a thing? Will you pray for it and work for it? He called for a show of hands of those who were in favor of its being organized, and was greatly pleased at the number held up. All who had any relatives or friends that they wished to have prayed for were called upon to make their requests known.

Four years ago a young man—a very wayward son, given to drink and sin, long prayed for by a Christian father—was sent out to sea, that he might escape the temptations he could not resist. Now he has come back again, his heart unchanged, until, in God's providence, he sauntered into the Hippodrome, and there the Lord met him and touched his heart, and his friends are praying that the work may be finished, and are fully expecting to see the penitent saved.

Then came the case of a drunkard awakened under the preaching in the Brooklyn Rink meetings last fall. The man seemed very much in earnest at the time, but though deeply impressed, he did not take hold of Christ; and though kept from drink for months, he yielded once more to the temptation of the cup and became intoxicated. Half-way salvation is no salvation.

"Almost will not avail,
Almost is sure to fail;
Sad, sad that bitter wail:
Almost, but lost!"

WORLDLY QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

A contemporary presents a question in connection with the revival movement of Moody and Sankey that is not without interest. It asks whether the marvellous results that have been achieved by the evangelists, so far as crowds and manifestations of emotions are concerned, leave any permanent result in the moral culture of the people. Do those who, under the nervous preaching of Moody and the sweet singing of Sankey, feel that they are called by the Holy Spirit to lead a better life, go out into the world strengthened for its duties and temptations? Do they become better Christians, better citizens, better fitted for daily cares and struggles? Do they have a higher sense of what they owe to the State and to one another? Does the singing of a hymn or the application of the Holy Scriptures bring about suddenly that elevation and reformation of the soul necessary to the development of our moral nature? Is religion a sudden influence that comes like a stroke of lightning, or is it what the poets te'l us about falling in love at sight? One newspaper claims to have information to the effect that the revival in Philadelphia has not been lasting; that there are no evidences of a general reformation in morals. But, on the other hand, we find in the same journal a news paragraph to the effect that six or seven thousand of those who had been converted in Glasgow by the revivalists have remained true to the faith.

We have never believed that men fall into religion at the first blush; that the true development of a moral life comes in an hour; that a soul can really be saved by a song or a sermon. So many conditions enter into such a life that it must come like all other growths, by development. This is at the basis of our whole Christian life, of all that is taught by Protestant and Catholic. The influences of Moody and Sankey are apt to be ephemeral. A hearer may receive a noble influence which leads to better thoughts and a purer life. One who has lived for years in the contemplation of worldly things, who has given to the devil and his works the time and energy that would have made him a much better citizen, may have suddenly called to his mind the memories of a childhood of faith, of a mother's prayers, awakening in his mind all the latent religious feeling, for there are tens of thousands with a deep and truly reverent nature whose lives are in themselves a religion and who never go within a church. These are among those who may be reached by the teaching of the evangelists. It is in that direction, if at all, the true extent of the work will be done.

More than all, there are many who may receive from the preaching of the evangelists what the Scriptures call the word of quickening—the lighting of the torch which may, if duly nursed, burn into the flame. If the depths of society can be stirred up; if the poor and forlorn, the wretched and the sinful, can only be turned from intemperance and lust and hypocrisy and false pretence; if they can be taught the purer blessings of a tranquil honest life, even when compared with all the pomp and success of the world, then we shall feel the true spirit of a revival. Certainly the evangelists are men who believe in their work. We are told they live by faith in deed as well as in word; that neither Moody nor Sankey accept a penny for their labors; that they have no interest in the sale of the books and pictures which have had such an enormous circulation. They do not raise collections. They have no means. They trust to the Lord for their daily bread, and we are told that it always comes—sometimes in one form and sometimes in another—but never by begging or borrowing or by direct payments or by

any business interest in any enterprise. They trust in the Lord who fed the ravens. They make no plans ahead. They go from place to place as they are "called by the Holy Spirit," and take no care for the future. Altogether, the whole movement is one of the most extraordinary in modern times, and worthy of interest and study. As to the results, the future must tell.

It is interesting in further reply to the anxiousness about results which is so frequently displayed to see that: The Rev. W. O. Simpson, of Derby, stated in a recent address, as reported in the London *Christian*, as to the fruits of the Moody and Sankey meetings, "that he had carefully looked over the reports of the churches, and found that there was not a church which did not acknowledge an increase of membership and spiritual life as the result."

Growing Interest.

The special services for young men, for women, and for prayer in the large hall, were all attended by several thousands. The multitudes who came out in the unfavorable weather and the words of all who spoke and prayed, indicated a very healthy growth of religious fervor. The inquiry rooms were thronged with workers and those who were anxious for salvation.

Mr. Moody read from Corinthians xiii., always substituting the word "love" for "charity." In the vast congregation there were many persons deeply moved by his sermon. It was not his forcible utterances, nor his impressive language that wrought the effect, for he has seldom spoken in more moderate tones and with fewer gestures. The sermon was very largely composed of anecdotes of a very pathetic nature. The preacher drew tears from hundreds of eyes. Old and young men, as well as wives and mothers, were deeply moved by his stories of children who had taught older people to have greater love and sympathy. He said, "We little know how much may be won by a smile. If we're going to reach the world we must get the wrinkles out of our brows. 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son'—that's the Gospel." Mr. Moody's stories were all told with much feeling. Although the

evangelist has probably related them twenty times or more, he has lost none of his pathos and sympathy. Sometimes he preaches the same sermon twice in the same evening to separate audiences, and the second effort is usually more earnest than the first. His prayer at the young men's meeting last evening was much more fervent than that in the larger hall, and yet his audience in the latter case was three or four times as large as in the former. He seems thoroughly satisfied that the work in New-York will be a deep one. He said: "I believe in my soul we are going to see the greatest work in New York that we have seen in this country. I feel that there is a mighty power at work in these meetings."

Some one says: Mr. Moody's practice is to give theology in very small doses and religion in as large quantities as the patient can bear. He hits the sinner a blow with the brawny arm of a blacksmith, and then, when the poor fellow is perfectly convinced that he is going to perdition, he takes him by the hand with something like a woman's tenderness and starts him on the road to heaven to the music of "Glory, Hallelujah."

"Christ didn't come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. . . . There's one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over, and that is the Mount of Calvary." Mr. Moody's faith is almost childlike in its simplicity, although it has the strength of manhood. He has no creed or ritual of his own, and accepts no system but that which the plain elements of the Christian religion themselves construct. He thoroughly believes that God created the world and governs it, that Christ was sent to redeem man from his sins, and that through Him is the only way by which the world can be saved. He hardly goes beyond this. With his faith profoundly fixed in his heart, and growing stronger with his experience, Mr. Moody joins a genuine love of his race, which makes him always prompt in rejoicing with those who are happy in their religion, or in giving sympathy to such as have not found the Way of Life Moreover, he possesses a mind which never tires in its activity to convert sinners, and an energy and enthusiasm which become more earnest and intense every year. There is no sect which he does not welcome

to his meetings. An Episcopalian or a Methodist, a Baptist or a Presbyterian, or Congregationalist, are alike received as brothers. He finds Christian truth in them all, and recognizes that each denomination, in its own way, has helped to make the world better. "Any church," he says, "which preaches Christ is doing God's service on the earth."

Mr. Moody is not a theologian. His Bible, an index of subjects, Cruden's Concordance, and a few commentaries, comprise his text-books. The Sunday-school and home missionary field have been his theological seminary. The history of the Church since the time of the Apostles seems to have little interest for him. He apparently knows scarcely anything of its ancient strifes. The wars of sects and the claims of different denominations he does not give the least evidence of knowing much about. He never refers to any of the great controversies of the Church, more than to mention Luther, Knox, Whitefield, and Wesley, as examples of what Christians may do if thoroughly consecrated to religious work.

The meeting at three o'clock, and the one held in the evening, were both impressive and suggestive at this stage of the revival. In the afternoon no one was admitted but ladies, except the male members of the choir, a few reporters and the usual detail of policemen. The audience was such an one as New York has probably never seen before. Between six and seven thousand women were seated in one room, every grade of society being represented, and forming a congregation to be seen few times in the course of a life. And this vast number was one of the best evidences yet furnished of the depth of interest in the revival movement. But a scene even more significant than this was to be found at the evening services. None but men were admitted, and not only were all of the seven thousand seats in the large hall taken, but four thousand men composed a second audience in the smaller room.

While he was speaking the rain began to fall upon the roof, and attracted some attention. He cried out: "O, may God rain down the blessings of Heaven here to-night, and may it come to your thirsty souls as it now comes to the thirsty earth."

He preached the same sermon afternoon and night, and spoke of

FORGIVENESS AND ETERNAL LIFE.

O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? When we lay our little children away in death they shall rise again. I was going into a cemetery once, and over the entrance I saw these words: "They shall rise again." Infidelity didn't teach that; we got that from this book. O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God! How every one of you ought to believe it! Young lady, if you have been careless up to this afternoon, O, may you get awake. May you this hour not hesitate to turn from your sins unto God and believe the gospel of His son. I used to be a good deal troubled with my sins, and I thought of the day of judgment, when all the sins that I had committed in secret should blaze out before the assembled universe. But when a man comes to Christ the Gospel tells him they are all gone, and in Jesus Christ he is a new creature. All I know is that out of the love which my Lord has for me He has taken all my sins and cast them behind his back. That is behind God's back. How is Satan to get at it? If God has forgiven our sins, they won't be mentioned. In Ezekiel we are told not one of them shall be mentioned. Isn't it a glorious thing to have all our sins blotted out? And there is another thought, and that is the Judgment. You know if a man has committed some great crime, when he is brought into judgment how he dreads it! How he dreads that day when he is brought into court, when he is put into a box and witnesses are to come up and testify against him, and he is to be judged! But, my friends, the Gospel tells us that if we come to Christ, we shall never come into judgment. Why? Because Christ was judged for us. He was wounded for our transgressions. If he has been wounded for us, we haven't got to be wounded. "Verily, verily,"—which means truly, truly—"I say unto you"—now just put your name in there—"He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath"—h-a-t-h, hath. It don't say you shall have when you die. It says, hath—"He

that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." That means into judgment. He shan't come into judgment, but is passed "from death unto life." There is judgment out of the way. He shall never come into judgment. Why? Because God has forgiven us and given us eternal life. That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ought people to be gloomy and put on long faces when that is the news?

Away out on the frontier of our country, out on the prairies, where men sometimes go to hunt or for other purposes, the grass in the dry season sometimes catches fire, and you will see the flames uprise twenty or thirty feet high, and you will see those flames rolling over the Western desert faster than any fleet horse can run. Now what do the men do? They know it is sure death unless they can make some escape. They would try to run away perhaps, if they had fleet horses. But they can't, that fire goes faster than the fleetest horse can run. What do they do? Why, they just take a match and they light the grass from it, and away it burns, and then they get into that burnt district. The fire comes on, and there they stand perfectly secure. There they stand perfectly secure—nothing to fear. Why? Because the fire has burned all there is to burn. Take your stand there on Mount Calvary. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to whosoever will come. I thank God that I can come to this city of New York with a Gospel that is free to all. It is free to the most abandoned. Still it may be there are some wives who have got discouraged and disheartened. I can tell you the joyful news that your husbands and your sons have not gone so far but that the grace of God can save them. The Son of God came to raise up the most abandoned. I noticed on my way down this morning not less than four or five tramps. They looked weary and tired. I supposed they had slept on the sidewalk last night. I thought I would like to have time just to stop and tell them about the Son of God, and how Christ loved them. The Gospel of the Son of God is to tell us how he loves us. He takes our feet out of the pit and he puts our feet on the Rock of Ages. And that, my dear friends, is what Christ wants us to do, and

don't think that there isn't some one in your homes but that he wants to save. Tell them that there is none too abandoned, none so young, none so fallen, but that God can save them. There was William Dorset, and the power of the Lord was upon him, and in closing his meeting one night he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. There was Whitefield, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, "God is so anxious to save souls that he will take the devil's castaway." Whitefield said that the Lord would take the devil's castaway. Dorset said that there was no man in London so far gone but that the Lord would save him. There was a lady missionary whom I knew, who found a man who said there was no hope for him; he had sent away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dorset and said to him, "Mr. Dorset, will you go down and see him and tell him what you said?" Mr. Dorset said he would be glad to go and see him. He went up into a five-story house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon some straw. He bent over him and whispered into his ear and called him his friend. The young man looked startled. He says, "You are mistaken in the person when you say, 'My friend.' I have no friends. No one cares for me." Mr. Dorset told him that Christ was as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! And after he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him and then he read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart. This young man said to Mr. Dorset he thought he could die happy if he knew his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dorset said to him, "Where does your father live?" The young man said he lived in the West End of London. Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him and see if he won't forgive you." But the young man said, "No, I don't want to have you do that. My father would abuse you if you should speak to him about me. He don't recognize me as his boy any more." Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him." He went up to the West End of London, where he found a very fine mansion, and a servant dressed in livery came to the door, and he was ushered into the drawing-

room and presently the father, a bright, majestic looking man, came into the room. Mr. Dorset held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said, "You have a son by the name of Joseph, have you not?" And when the father heard that, he refused to shake hands with him, and was going out of the room. The father said, "If you have come up here to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine." Mr. Dorset said, "He is yours now, but he won't be long; but he is yours now." "Is Joseph sick?" said the man. "Yes," said Mr. Dorset, "he is dying. I haven't come for money. I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him." "Forgive him! forgive him!" said the father, "I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?" "Yes, sir, he is in the East End of London." Can you take me to him?" "Yes, sir, I will take you to him." And the father ordered out his carriage, and he was on his way. When we got there he said, "Did you find my boy here? Oh, if I had known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago." When the father went into that room he could hardly recognize his long lost boy. The father went over and kissed the boy, and the father says to him, "I would have forgiven you long, long ago, if I had known you wanted me to. Let my servant order the carriage and take you home," but the boy said, "No, father, I am dying; but I can die now happy in this garret, that I know you are willing to forgive me." And he told his father how Jesus had received him, and in a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret he rose up into the kingdom of God. Oh, my friends, there may be some one in New York who would rejoice to hear such words. Oh, here is a Christian, shall he not publish it? And you that are not Christians, won't you come into the Kingdom? Oh, that to-day you may receive Christ, is the prayer I believe of the hundreds that are gathered here.

When the sermon had been concluded a few moments were given to silent prayer, and after that a large number arose for prayers. While the hymns "Almost Persuaded" and "Just as

I am" were sung, those who desired to converse on religious subjects, were requested to go into the inquiry rooms. About two hundred did so, and Mr. Moody and several Christian workers labored with them until late in the afternoon.

One of the committee said the results of these labors were "perfectly marvellous."

Opposition.

The sources of antagonism to the work were strangely diverse, as is revealed by the following editorial comments on reports concerning the safety of the Hippodrome:

Nothing must be left undone by the committee having the building in charge to render life secure during this Moody and Sankey revival, and we have faith that the utmost that is possible will be done to accomplish this end. Especially would we wish to guard against any unnecessary alarm. The work in which these evangelists, so called, are engaged is only too likely to provoke opposition. Their meetings attract multitudes from the theatres and other places of public amusement, and interfere sadly with *bier halles* and such places of resort. It is but natural that a strong interest should wish this counter attraction removed, and endeavor to exaggerate any suggestion of danger to the detriment of Moody and Sankey's work. With any such movement we have no sympathy.

Antagonism early appeared in the contrary direction, as is shown by a digest of Rev. O. B. Frothingham's sermon on the Revivalists' Aim.

Although sympathizing with the aim of the evangelists he said he regretted that their concern was not apparently with spiritual truths in their grander representations. He thought that their doctrine of God was childish, their theory of Providence puny, their intelligence of Scripture limited, and their whole conception of the universe that of the nursery. Even of Christ, he remarked, they do not speak in any large and friendly way. Their Christ was not a man. His courage was not heroic. He was sent, He died as a matter of universal business, and the

power of His living dated from the few moments when He suffered on the cross. And that suffering was not that men might be touched to the heart of their manliness and toned to a more noble life, but that they might be saved from some unknown doom. If the end at which the evangelists aimed were accomplished, the world that would satisfy them would be one wherein civilization would be put back in many ways. Certain important classes of literature and much of art would be eliminated, as under the influence of Paul's conversion pictures and books were bought by artists and authors and publicly cast upon the flames. It would require that men should cease to study science. To this Mr. Frothingham would demur, believing that civilization was good, and that its progress depended upon wisdom and culture and scientific investigation, and also upon the avoidance of any exclusive system and of all sectarianism. He thought, however, that the appeal of the evangelists would reach a multitude of people not of the cultured or enlightened, but the poor and the ignorant. If these men had in them the capacity to reach the mass of the people, just so far as they did they would succeed, and so perform a work for which all lovers of mankind would be grateful.

This toploftical treatment of the matter, shows how extremes meet,—the low and the high in rank, culture and vocation, alike seeking to hinder and discredit the work. But, in spite of the mud and rain, between eight thousand and ten thousand people attended the meetings in the Hippodrome on Monday. In the evening Mr. Moody continued his remarks on the Gospel of the New Testament. The special services for women and for young men, as well as the meeting in the inquiry rooms, were largely attended, and gave evidence of a sustained interest in the revival. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and the vast room was in breathless quiet. When the hymn, "Jesus paid it all," was given out, the audience was requested to rise and sing, and Mr. Moody said, "If you can't sing as well as the person next to you, don't mind that. If you can't sing at all, just talk the words out. It will do you good." With his hymn-book in his hand, he stood in the pul-

pit and sang heartily, beating time with the hand in which he held the book.

The vast concourse of people who assemble nightly and daily in the Hippodrome, will probably be remembered by the people of New York as among the most remarkable demonstrations that the metropolis has ever seen. It is not a usual privilege to see people of every class and condition assemble together every day for the purposes of religious worship to the number of ten thousand or fifteen thousand. To form an idea of the spectacle which seven thousand people, who form the largest of the meetings, affords to the eye, one should stand upon the platform in a corner of the room, from which point a view of the entire "sea of upturned faces" may be obtained. Crowded in every corner of the auditorium, the congregation rises on the galleries, which reach around the building, and extend far back beneath the roof, until the last lines are almost lost in the dim light. A quiet, an order prevails which would be worthy of sitting statues. From the elevated pulpit, erected at a point about thirty feet from the outermost limit of the audience, Mr. Moody speaks. A man not extraordinary in personal appearance, far from likely to impress a stranger with an unusual degree of favor, every ear is alert to hear him. He is short of stature, stoutly built, inclining to obesity, with shoulders slightly curving forward, short of neck, with a round, pleasant face, ruddy with health, and a long rich black beard. He wears a business suit, with a Prince Albert coat buttoned at three places. With an abruptness that almost startles one, he speaks, and every eye is his, and so remains until he sits down, and then, for the first time, every one moves in his seat and a gentle rustle is heard for a moment.

This was especially noticeable last evening. The Hippodrome was crowded in both halls, and all the standing room was occupied in every part of the building. Mr. Moody continued his remarks on the subject of Regeneration, and held the congregation in breathless quiet. Mr. Sankey sang "The Ninety and Nine," and expressions of appreciation were very general. Among the persons present were Gov. Tilden, the Rev. Drs.

Anderson, Tyng, and John Cotton Smith, and Cyrus W. Field, Judge Haines, of New Jersey, and John Lord, LL. D. The usual after-meetings were held, and almost the entire congregation remained. Hundreds went into the inquiry-rooms, and Christians staid with them until a late hour.

The Inquiry-Rooms.

The scenes in the inquiry-rooms night after night are of the most interesting character. At the invitations given both in the main and adjoining rooms, those rising to their feet and those who are searching for religious knowledge and the "peace which the world cannot give nor take away," pass from the midst of the great audiences into the smaller rooms dedicated to exposition and prayer. After the sermon of Mr. Moody, he, with other Christian workers, may be found seated by the side of penitents, instructing them and quietly praying for the divine enlightenment. A solemn quiet pervades these rooms, broken by the clear song of some sweet-voiced singer, the sobs of some woman, or the prayer of a faithful disciple. Here may be found all classes—the rich, the poor, the ignorant, the educated, learned divines and earnest laymen, all on the same level, engaged in the same grand work. They are in groups, scattered here and there, while gliding about from group to group may be seen Mr. Moody. Here are infidels who come to scoff and reason, remaining to receive the arrows of conviction as word after word, not of sophistry but plain irrefutable truth, passes through the fervid spirit of some saint of God into the very inmost nature of the one who would have overthrown the true and faithful Christian worker. Certainly the work of these men and women is not in vain and the future shall attest by its glorified ones, its purified, the grandeur of this work which men, without a laugh of derision or scowl of malice, pause in the midst of trade and pleasure to contemplate and admire.

The Second Week of Revival.

Mr. Moody kept firing heavy guns into the immense masses that gathered to be instructed and saved. The grandest truths

that can engage human thought he presented and enforced with all the energy of his powerful nature, and with simplicity, directness, and fervor. He was aided by a large company of noble men whose talks were often eloquent and weighty. We select some gems from these discourses.

Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jr., said success in intercession is one of the blessings we find in Christ. It has pleased the Father that all the fullness of justification, of strength and of sympathy shall be found by the believer in Christ. His success in intercession is found in Christ. We see in the 1st Epistle of Ephesians what a multitude of things God shows us to be in Christ. When He sent His Son into the world he says: All spiritual blessings are in Christ — acceptance, remission, forgiveness, daily strength, mercy, everything is for us in Christ. We need only to be in Christ to have all our needs fully supplied, and then prayer is the speaking of a child to a heavenly Father. Then prayer is almost soliloquy, for in Christ we have lost our personality in whom we have found our forgiveness and our home. Therefore when we come to intercession let us look upon it as a privilege we have as those that are in Christ, and there will be no failure in our intercession if it be in the exaltation of Jesus. In Christ we are interceding in heaven. It is the believer's privilege to be identified by faith with the work of Christ, and we can say, "He bore my sins in His own body on the tree, and He has admitted me into the acceptance of the Father. He has brought me nigh the Father in the reconciliation of His love." An incident was told by a doctor in Boston, of a young man who was brought into the consumptive hospital as a patient. It was manifest the disease had made great progress, and his days were numbered. They knew nothing about his previous history, but that he was a rough, bad man in every respect. He was put in one of the wards, and he was very reticent. When any one came near him he expected to be preached at, and he threw off everything like Christian sympathy. When the doctor came round healing the body and the soul, for he unites the two offices, he looked at this man and saw on his countenance that he would reject spiritual counsel.

He prescribed for his physical condition, and then passed on, but all of a sudden he turned back and said: "Do you love Jesus?" The man said "No." The doctor turned away, but turned back a moment afterward and said: "Jesus loves you." Every day for a week he spoke to the man in those same words. That was the message to him, "Jesus loves you." One night the night-bell, hanging over this poor sinner's bed was rung violently. The nurse asked what was the matter. "Oh," he said, "I cannot enjoy it alone. I must have somebody with me." "What is the matter?" "I have just found out that Jesus loves me." The nurse read the Bible to him and prayed that he might grow in the love of Jesus. When the doctor came next morning he found him in a state of unconscious exhaustion. The nurse woke him up and asked him if he was thinking about Jesus. He folded his hands upon his breast and said, "When I am conscious I am thinking about Jesus, but when I am unconscious Jesus is thinking about me." The man was in Christ in his conscious moments and was full of Christ, and in his weakness and unconsciousness he was sure Jesus was thinking about and loving and caring for him.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth said: I am strongly moved at this point to utter a single word to those who feel they are unsaved. It is terrible to think even for a moment that there is any soul in this vast congregation that will not be gathered in at the last day to the joy and love and salvation of God. If there is one, I want to say to that soul that it will be simply his own fault and not God's. God has done everything for you, and up to this moment you have done next to nothing for Him. I state this as a bold fact, to which in and by your experience you are bound to give an assent.

Now this occasion seems to be filled on one side with an expression of great sadness, and on the other side with an expression of great triumph. I cannot look into your faces without reading your character. I cannot see those lines that have been furrowed there, not by time so much as by experience, without seeing away behind your face the things you have been doing and the thoughts you have been thinking. If all

hearts could be unroofed—if we could look into each other and through each other, and read each other as a book, it would be a dangerous experiment to try. If that power should be given to us by the Holy Spirit for an hour, you and I would endeavor to close our hearts like a book, with a clasp, and keep them shut. We do not want people to look into our lives. Some are saying: "If I could only forget these things and get rid of them. If there was only a single chance for me to start anew." That is my sorrow, that there is a man or woman here down in the valley so far that his heart is so filled with despair. A drunkard or gambler may say: "Oh, religion will do for almost everything, but it will not do for me; it is too late" You dare not say that to God. You may say it to me but not to Him. The lost one is the one God wants most. The ninety-nine are saved; it is the hundredth sheep God is after. What a great sorrow it is that you are where you are tied behind all these doubts and despondencies—tied hand and foot as Samson was in the olden days, by the temptations of New York life.

Another word: It is an occasion of triumph. God is here, and God's hand is not shortened. God is here, poor sinner, and God wants you. Your mother does not want you as much as He does. Your mother never sacrificed as much for you as your Saviour. You cannot do anything for Him, but how much has He done for you? You cannot pay the debt. It is like paying a debt of a thousand dollars with a bushel of ashes. Yet in spite of your unworthiness, there stands the cross, and you and I can kneel at its feet and leave our burdens there, and we can go out into New York free men, emancipated by the proclamation contained in the Sermon on the Mount. Do not wait until to-morrow. Do it now. At an inquiry-meeting in England a long time ago, there was a poor fellow went into the meeting and said to the minister, "I want to hear you talk about religion." After an hour's conversation the minister said, "Do you see the light?" The man said, "No, it is dark as pitch." The minister talked another hour; it was then eleven o'clock and he was tired. He said to the poor fellow, "Now, if you will come to-morrow, I will finish the conversation."

The poor collier said, "It is now or never. If I don't get it now I never will. I have a feeling in my heart that I must and will have it, and I am going to get it." The time passed on in conversation until twelve o'clock, and the minister was pretty well used up, but the man had not got the light. At two o'clock the collier lifted up his hands and said, "I have got it, the Lord has come to me." The next morning he went with all the hands into the coal-pits, and just as they sounded the call to dinner there was a cry that there was an accident; one of the coal-pits had fallen in. Poor John was under the pile, but he was not quite killed. The people put their ears to the ground to see if there was any life in him, and they called "Johnny, Johnny," but all they heard was, "Oh, I am so glad I did not put it off." That was the last they heard. The man was saved. Go thou and do likewise.

Rev. John Hall, D. D., read a portion of Scripture from the fortieth Psalm, commenting upon it as he read. He said: One would infer that the case of David was a very bad one, and he had recourse to the Lord in his trouble. He waited upon the Lord. He was not content with a chance ejaculation—a petition now and then. He waited patiently upon the Lord. It was earnest, continuous, believing prayer which he offered. He had it to himself. He waited upon the Lord. You must tell those persons that ask our prayers that we cannot make our prayers here a substitute for their dealing directly with the Lord. They must go to Him and tell Him their wants. It is their duty, each of them personally, to go and have dealings with the Almighty. The Psalmist says: "I waited patiently for the Lord and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." It is a comparatively easy thing to feel some emotion when there are a thousand people around us feeling in the same way; but let us bear in mind what we individually and severally feel alone with God. That is the true measure of our power in prayer. That is the true measure of the earnestness of our hearts before Him. "He inclined unto me and heard my cry." He was not waiting to be moved. He is ready to act all the time, but it would not be for His glory, and it would not be for

our good for Him to act until we showed our appreciation of the blessing by patiently waiting for Him. Look at the condition the suppliant was in: "He brought me out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay." The horrible pit, like that in which the drunkard is, like that in which the young man is who spent yesterday where he dare not tell his mother or sister; like that in which the dishonest man is who is entangled in his own frauds and is not able to see where he can begin to be an honest man; like that in which those members of our churches are who have never carried their sins to the foot of the cross. If any of you have tried to walk through a morass and tried to get out of it by putting forth all your strength, you have found that the more energy you put forth to get hastily away the deeper you sink in it. So with sinners. When they make the most desperate efforts to clear themselves, the more they get involved. The way to get out of the miry clay and horrible pit is to cry to God. Stop striving and stop working, and let the Lord save you, and then He has the glory. "He brought me out." It is well for ministers to preach and evangelists to labor and Sunday-school teachers to teach, but it is God that does the work. He brought me out, and to Him is the glory. He does the work well. He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. We know our Rock is perfect. One foundation is laid for us and that is Jesus Christ. A sinner is only safe out of the horrible pit and miry clay when his feet are on that Rock, and when God establishes his goings. When you go to the Lord for strength the Lord will guide you; you will see in what way the Lord will have you walk, and your goings will be established. We have a great many people who go wavering, doubtful and uncertain. They come to Christ to-day and go to the world to-morrow, come to God to-day and to his foes to-morrow. They are, as we say in common talk, shilly-shallying. That is not the type of a Christian God wants. God wants a man to declare plainly that he is seeking a city that is to come, whose builder and maker is God. Mark what follows this prayer—the answer: "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." If God, in answer to

your prayer, has put a new song in your mouth, sing it, as God wants you to sing it, in your own way. The father to his children, the husband to his wife, the master to his men in his office or his shop, the minister to his people, the Sunday-school teacher to his class. Let God put a song in your mouth. Do not talk about your experience. Do not talk behind your experience. Say what you feel. Say what is true to you, but do not go an inch beyond it, for when you do, you defile your own conscience, and all the bad effects of untruthfulness come back upon you. Let God put the song in your mouth, and when you sing it, many shall hear it and trust in the Lord. We ought to know the truth and be able to tell it. I can bring to my mind a vivid picture of earnestness in the case of a dying lady in this city who sent for me between the two services on Sunday. I found her in her house looking as white as the sheets of her bed. I never will forget her earnestness as she said: "I have only half an hour to live. Tell me in the shortest words you can how I can be saved." Thank God, the words are short: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Mr. Moody said: We have not come here to talk about the evil of intemperance, but we have come here to tell those that may be slaves to strong drink that there is one who is able to save them, and we have come to pray to God that they may be delivered. I seldom meet a drunkard but wants to get free from the vice and habit of using strong drink. It is very encouraging to come here and say the grace of God is able to save every drunkard in New York city. We have some persons in the hospitals for incurable diseases, but when it comes to the soul we do not need any hospital for any incurable case. The Lord Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost. Christ is able to snap fetters that bind every victim of lust, let the sin be what it will. In the fifth chapter of Mark we find recorded the case of a man with an unclean spirit whom no man could bind. We find that men had tried in every way to help this poor fellow, and failed. It is said no man could bind him. "Neither could any man tame him." I suppose he was the terror of that whole region. If he had a family, how they must

have been afraid of him! They could not tame him or even keep clothes on him. It is the most hopeless case in Scripture, but Christ had but to speak the word and he was in his right mind. It is said he had his dwelling among the tombs. That is where every poor sinner is; he is dead in trespasses and sins. It is easy for Christ to save our friends who are addicted to strong drink. Many a drunkard is saved by the power of God, not by forming resolutions, because their appetite is stronger than their will and resolution, but thanks be to God the blessed Saviour is stronger than strong drink. He is stronger than any man's appetite. They must have this appetite de stroyed. Christ came to destroy the works of the devil, and this appetite is a work of the devil. Christ can take away this appetite. In Philadelphia we had this subject for every Friday meeting, and when we left we had good reason to believe over one hundred intemperate men had been reclaimed. They formed themselves into a society, and they were going into the darkest lanes of Philadelphia and hunting up those who were addicted to the same sin, and they were trying to bring them to Christ. I wrote to some of them to come over and state what Christ had done for them, and I have just received a dispatch saying that some of them will be over here next Friday. One night a man came into the young men's meeting so under the influence of liquor that when he got up to ask for prayers they pulled him down. He said: "I will get up." I had no faith that the Lord would convert a man when he was under the influence of liquor, but the Lord did convert him. God can save drunkards. Let us have faith that he will save our friends. In this fifth chapter of Mark we find there were three who prayed. The devils prayed that they might be sent out of the country, and the Lord answered their prayer. The men of the country prayed that He might depart, and He answered their prayer. Then the man who was clothed and in his right mind prayed that he might be with Christ, but Christ didn't answer that prayer. Why? Because He wanted him to go to work. He said: "Go home and tell what the Lord hath done for you. Perhaps the wife and children always ran away from him when

he went home. Now what was their amazement when he came in. The wild glare has gone from his eyes. His wife is yet a little afraid, but he says, "Don't be afraid of me any more. I am perfectly well. The Lord Jesus has saved me." He told his friends. You may say a layman cannot preach; that was the best preaching in the world. I imagine he got on some dry goods box at the corner of some street, and published in Decapolis what good things Jesus had done for him. Many a man is bound hand and foot by strong drink, and thinks there is no hope for him. You men that have been delivered from the power of strong drink, go tell these men that God has power on earth to free every drunkard on the earth. Let us have faith to-day in prayer.

Prayer was then offered, and the 40th hymn, "Oh bliss of the purified," was sung.

Mr. Sankey said: I will say a few words in continuation of this subject about going to work for Jesus' sake, and going in the name of Jesus. After we had been four months in London a young lady in the house in which I stayed, came and asked me in a trembling voice if I would pray with her brother. She said he had been going to church ever since he was a little boy. He attended a prominent church in London. She said: "When the sermon is being preached, I see there is a troubled look in his face." The tears rolled down her cheeks as she said: "I am afraid my brother is not a Christian. I want you to go with him to church and speak to him upon this subject." It was half an hour's drive to the hall, and I spoke to this young man and prayed with him; I prayed for Jesus' sake that he might be rescued and join us, for we needed help from such as he. That night at the meeting, he surrendered his heart to Jesus. The next night God used him in speaking to others. Three nights after he came to me about twelve o'clock at night. He knocked at my bed-room door. I got up and William was standing there. He said: "I wish you would come and pray with my brother George." I went up stairs, and there was his younger brother praying to God for his salvation. I stayed there half an hour. If you could have heard

William's prayer for his brother, and how he brought it at the close for Jesus' sake, it would have sunk deep in your heart—it did mine. George was converted, and those two young men are now working in and for the Lord. That young lady was very grateful to God for having brought her brothers out of darkness, and she went the following week and hired one of the largest conveyances she could, and gathered all the old women that were unable to go out to the meeting—cripples, and those that were on beds of sickness that could be taken out. She got some fifteen or twenty of them in the stage, and she sat in the rear, and they went to the meeting. They could not have got to the meeting any other way. She sat beside them, and she has been visiting them ever since. She said she wanted to do something for the Lord, and she is doing that work. One by one those aged pilgrims are crossing the river. She is there speaking a word to them while they are neglected by others. Oh, that we may have such scenes here—grateful hearts going out in the dark places of the city, and carrying that precious name to those that are perishing. If you do this work in Jesus' name, God will bless it, and He will use you to carry his word to perishing souls.

Mr. Sankey sang, "Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing." Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr., making special reference to the students at Princeton College.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth said: It seems to me that we have a right to feel the presence of the Holy Ghost is in our midst. The motive for this immense congregation coming here, I think, is not curiosity, but an honest desire to know what God will have us to do, and to know how we stand in the judgment of the Almighty. I am sure that our dear brother was led by the power on high when he chose the subject of prayer to begin with. It is often that the nearest road to a neighbor's heart is by the throne of heaven. When we want to engage in war we go into the arsenal and take the proper weapons, and when we want to pray we must receive the sword of the Spirit and the shield from the hand of the Almighty. There is nothing so beautiful and so effective as prayer. When Christian in "Bun-

yan's Pilgrim's Progress" was sick and tired and worn out and weary, he lay down at the foot of the cross and slept; and when he awoke he saw the burden had dropped from his shoulders and rolled down the hill, and as he watched it it fell at last into the sepulchre of the Lord. Some of you may want to begin a new life, but you say, "How shall I get rid of the sins I have already committed?" Our brother has read the Word, which is the golden key to unlock that door. If there is one word more emphatic than another—both in the Old and New Testaments—it is, that when a man is in perfect earnestness about himself, and when a man sits down in humility, God takes care of his sins, and his eyes never behold them again.

If a man is in the habit of drinking, or if he gives away to any other temptation and is bound with its iron chain, he has but one course to pursue. Human friendship may give him condolence for the past and encouragement for the future, but if he goes to Jesus Christ he will get rid of the whole thing. God takes the sin away from you as easily as you, with a rubber, will remove a pencil mark from paper. Come to the cross of Christ in humility, but with a spirit of determination and an unswerving faith that God will bless you because He wants you, and that your best friend is Jesus Christ, in whose name you utter your prayer.

Rev. Dr. Ormiston said: Prayer is at once our most precious privilege and grandest power. It is a precious privilege for each soul in its own behalf to realize that it is entering into the very presence of God and holding communion with Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, and who knows all your wants and ways and needs and temptations. If you come to God in real prayer you come with an open heart. Your tongue may stammer, your lips may falter, and you may be inadequate to tell out in articulate words all you want, but lay bare your heart and spread it out as Gideon spread the fleece, and the Lord will supply all your need.

Prayer is not mere bowing our heads, or doing as others do. It is the distinct peculiar privilege of each soul. You may sit in a congregation like this and ninety-nine out of every hundred

may be praying and you not, or on the other hand you may be praying and the ninety-nine not praying. Praying is direct personal communion with a personal living God in whose boundless love you believe. It is a power as well as a privilege. It is the grandest power that any human soul can wield in this world. All have the grand gift. We may not be all strong, wise, eloquent or learned, but it is the universal privilege of all God's saints to enter into His presence within the vail and kneel before the mercy seat sprinkled with blood, and pray for others. Let every one of us, if we have received the gift ourselves, be solicitous to have the spirit of prayer, and then when we find we have that blessing, we can enter in with all the enrobed priesthood of God. When this whole congregation bow their heads in prayer, if we were all near Him what a wondrous power we would have—the priesthood of God pleading with Him that His kingdom may come and reign in our hearts and our churches and in the world. Oh, God of all grace, pour out upon us as a people the spirit of supplication, and teach us now and always how to pray, and give us the spirit of importunity to continue to pray until a new world shall be given unto Him.

Mr. Sankey sang "Holy Spirit, Heavenly Guide."

Mr. Moody said: At a place where we were holding meetings, in the gas-works, there was a man who came to our very first meeting. He was very much interested, and said, "I will try and see if I can't lead some of the men in my shop to Christ." He began to talk with them. There were one hundred and seventy-five men on the night watch, and when I left they said twenty-five out of the hundred and seventy-five had been converted, and every night at midnight—that is the hour they have what might be called their midnight dinner—and every night at midnight they have a prayer-meeting. When you and I sleep to-night all these young converts speak and pray, and it looks now as if every man in the gas-works was going to be brought to Christ.

I have felt the Spirit of God working in my heart just as I have felt the wind blowing in my face. I can't reason it out. There are a great many things I can't reason out that I believe.

I never could reason out the Creation. I can see the world, but I can't tell how God made it out of nothing. All your Tyndalls and your philosophers of the present day can't create one grain of sand out of nothing. But even these men will admit there is a creating power. There are a great many things that I can't explain and that I can't reason out, that I believe. I heard a commercial traveller say that he had heard that the ministry and religion of Jesus Christ was a matter of revelation and not investigation. "When it pleases God to reveal His Son to me," says Paul. There were a party of young men together, and those men went back to the country, and on their journey they made up their mind not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said, "I heard you say you would not believe anything you could not reason out." "Yes," they said, "that was so." "Well," he said, "coming down on the train to-day, I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, feathers, bristles, and wool? Do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh, yes," they said, "we can't help believing that, though we fail to see it." "Well," said the old man, "I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed. I see men that have been reformed. Haven't some of the very worst men in the city been regenerated—picked up out of the pit and their feet put upon the rock and a new song put in their mouth? It was cursing and blaspheming, and now it is praising God. Old things have passed away and all things have become new; not reformed only, but regenerated—a new man in Christ Jesus."

Look you, down there in the dark alleys of New York is a poor drunkard. I think if you want to get near hell, go to a poor drunkard's home. Go to the house of that poor miserable drunkard. Is there anything nearer like hell on earth? See the want and distress that reigns there. But hark! A footstep is heard at the door, and the children run and hide themselves. The patient wife waits to meet him. The man has been her torment. Many a time she has borne about for weeks the

marks of blows. Many a time that strong right hand has been brought down on her defenceless head. And now she waits expecting to hear his oaths and suffer his brutal treatment. He comes in and says to her: "I have been to the meeting, and I heard there that if I will I can be converted. I believe that God is able to save me." Go down to that house again in a few weeks and what a change! As you approach you hear some one singing. It is not the song of a reveller, but they are singing the "Rock of Ages." The children are no longer afraid of him, but cluster around his knee. His wife is near him, her face lit up with happy glow. Is not that a picture of regeneration? I can take you to thousands of such homes, made happy by the regenerating power of the religion of Christ. What men want is the power to overcome temptation, the power to lead a right life.

The only way to get into the Kingdom of God is to be born into it. If the Archangel Gabriel was to wing his way here to-night, and we could have a chance to tell him all our wishes, we couldn't ask him for a better way of getting into the Kingdom of God. Christ has made salvation ready for us, and all we must do is just to take it. Oh, may we not hesitate to take it! There is a law in this country requiring that the President must be born in the country. When foreigners come to our shores they have no right to complain against such a law, which forbids them from ever becoming Presidents. Now hasn't God a right to make a law that all those who become heirs of eternal life must be born in His Kingdom? An unregenerated man would rather be in hell than in heaven. Take a man whose heart is full of corruption and wickedness, and place him in heaven among the pure, the holy, and the redeemed, and he wouldn't want to stay there. My friends, if we are to be happy in heaven we must begin to make a heaven here on earth. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

Mr. Sankey said that Sunday was the best day he had passed in New York. The inquiry-rooms were very interesting. He met several men from England who had been under the influence of

the revival there and had since been converted. He then sang the hymn "Call them in, the broken hearted."

The Rev. Dr. Osborne said he knew of three persons who were impressed at one of the Sunday meetings in the afternoon, and that Christians had gone home with them and labored until 9 o'clock, when they were converted, and are now rejoicing in their faith. "We should learn from this," he said, "that when an inquirer comes to us we should never leave the person until conversion results."

The subject of Mr. Moody's remarks was disobedience. He said:

All the trouble in the world originates in this little word. It is the cause of all misery, and is the open door through which it comes. It was there that Adam fell; God told him that he shouldn't do a certain thing, and he did it. In the 15th chapter of First Samuel we read of sacrifices and obedience, and that God prefers being obeyed to having any sacrifice offered that men may choose. The first thing that God wants is obedience. That's what we want in our families. If our children disobey us there comes an alternative. They must learn to obey, or they or we must leave the house. It is the same with the kingdom of God. If we enter it we must obey. To obey is better than making sacrifice. Saul lost his crown, his throne, his son, his friend Samuel, and the friendship of his son-in-law David; he turned his back on them all because of his disobedience, and he finally lost his life. But just turn to that other Saul over in the New Testament. He was obedient unto death. He had no Jonathan, save at the right hand of God. He had no crown, no throne, but he won them both. A blessing is promised all who will obey. God deals with individuals as with nations. The punishment is the same. Punishment comes alike upon families and individuals if they will not obey. A crisis may come when we do not know whether to obey God or our employers or possibly our parents. The Word of God makes the way clear. When we come into God's kingdom, "Whatsoever He saith to thee, do it." If the laws of the nation are in conflict with God's law, they must be broken.

Christ alone of all men obeyed God fully. Obey Him and then God may look down pleased with His children, and say, "This is my son, this is my daughter." Christ came to do God's will. When men disobey army orders they are court-martialed and shot. No one complains. Now, my friends, is there not as much reason why we should obey the orders of Heaven, and when we do not, should we not be punished? Sinners are willing to do anything but obey God. Coming to him as a poor beggar is what they don't like. If they could buy salvation they would gladly do it. Some men down in Wall street, I fancy, would pay great prices. Many people come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, is it right for me to go to the theatre; can I dance?" That ain't it. Can we glorify God by doing such things? It's a good deal better to be right with God and then he will look down with pleasure and bless us.

Mr. Moody then prayed, thanking God for what he had seen in the inquiry-rooms the previous evening and especially for the conversion of a scoffer who had come into the meeting.

The special words to which he directed attention were the words of Christ, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He said:

We here find an invitation to come to Christ. He says, "Come unto me all." I like that word "all," because every one is included in it. The question that comes home to us all is, Shall we come? Some people go to Christ with their good deeds, pure desires, good thoughts and good name. But this isn't what Christ wants. He alone wants the sins of men. They are all that he himself hasn't got, and he wants them. The moment we are willing to come to him with our sins, he will receive us. He will forgive and heal whoever brings his soul to him. God dealeth with us as we deal with our children. If your child does wrong, if he tells a lie, you want him to confess, and begin to talk with him. He may tell you that he is the best scholar in his class, that he is obedient, and that he loves you. But that ain't what you want. You want him to confess that he has told a lie. So let us learn to come before the Saviour and confess our sins, laying them at the feet of Jesus. But

by what right can we respond to this invitation? Suppose the mayor of New York should invite all the Smiths to a banquet, and Mr. Sankey should go and try to get in on the plea that he was a singer. Or suppose a man should go whose name was Jones and who was a good scientist. Do you suppose they could get in when their names were not Smith? Now, if you can prove that you are a sinner, this invitation from Christ applies to you. Don't try to prove your worthiness but your unworthiness. If you want rest come to Christ. It can't be obtained in the world. You can't buy it; your friends can't give it to you; God don't call you without giving you the means of winning; you can come if you will. O, may God give you the power to-day.

After a prayer and the singing of a hymn, the Rev. Dr. Tucker said "the idea of Christ has become sadly confused of late in the world. Many think him to be far off, only to be reached in some indistinct and unknown way. The truth is that the idea of him should be simple, and that he is God in the flesh, ready at any moment to save and to help men. We must preach such a Christ and talk such a Christ. It is simply the old story, 'God so loved the world.'"

The Rev. Dr. Seaver said there were no truer words than those of the old hymn, "If you tarry till you are better, you'll never come." There was no simpler definition of faith than the one given by the late Dr. Bushnell, that "it is that act whereby one person—a sinner—commits himself to another person—a Saviour."

Third week of Mercy.

Still the vast multitudes throng the Hippodrome and Mr. Moody stirs, and Sankey enthuses and soothes them. Speaking, at an eight o'clock in the morning meeting, on "occupy till I come," he said:

These words were addressed to us as well as to the Apostles. They are for every child of God—not to the elders or the ministers merely, but to you and me and to every man and woman. We may divide the church into four classes. The first are ob-

jectors; they do nothing but object, object, object. They are destructive. Nothing can live near them. They are always finding fault and complaining. They want their own way, will never be contented, should never have got into the church. The second class are obstructive; they remain stable, and are a stumbling-block. Others are idlers, who take no interest in the church. They are sound asleep, and Satan can do anything with them.

To the other class I want to speak this morning. They are the workers. I would rather have one hundred Christian workers than one hundred converts. We must restore the standard. It is better to get ten men to work than to do ten men's work. I will almost say that three-fourths of the church is asleep. O, what a power the Church of God might become were its members ready to work for their friends' souls! There are one thousand persons in this hall every night who would be glad if some one would speak with them. The trouble is we're afraid we'll offend some one, or that we'll make a mistake, and the result is that we do nothing. Now, there is a great diversity of gifts among Christians. Every man has a circle of friends among whom he has more influence than any one else. My friend here from the Philadelphia Gas Works has done more good among his companions than the best ministers in Philadelphia could have done. I'd rather have that man there than Dr. Tyng. I well remember one day in London I visited a dog market, where fights were going on. I tried in every way to draw the attention of the crowd, but failed. Finally, one of their own number began to speak. They stopped at once. In fifteen minutes that man did more than all of us. I know a Dublin man who circulates one hundred thousand dollars worth of tracts every year, and I've heard men say, "O, how I'd like to do that." I know another man—a reformed burglar—and I question whether he has not done as much good as the rich man in Dublin. Every man should use the talent God has given him. Last Friday night these reformed men from Philadelphia gained the ears of men in that meeting who would not listen to me. I heard the other day of an irreligious man who

came to this city one day last week, and was stopping at one of the hotels. On Wednesday morning he sent a boy out for a certain one of the city papers. The boy couldn't find it, and brought THE TRIBUNE. The man read the report of the meetings on the previous day. The story I had told of the two brothers who became converted on the same evening at different meetings had a power over him. He said it went to his soul. All that day and the next he remained in his room, and at last found light, and telegraphed the news to his friends.

At this point Mr. Moody looked at his watch and said: But my time is up; got to close right away; agreed to let you go out in forty-five minutes; let us rise and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Describing a noon meeting, the reporter says:

Mr. Moody seldom preaches a sermon that fails to move a large part of his audience to tears. In some instances the power of his stories is very remarkable in this respect. But at the noon meeting, when Mr. Moody did no more than preside, the congregation was affected to a much greater degree than on any previous occasion. The day had been set apart for prayers and remarks on the subject of temperance, and ten men were present who had been converted from habits of intemperance while the Evangelists were in Philadelphia. The hour was given up to them, and four of the number stood in Mr. Moody's place and told the story of their fall and subsequent conversion. They represented different grades of society, and there was considerable variety in their experiences. The effect of their simple and sometimes homely language was powerfully shown upon all present. Tears were in the eyes of men and women everywhere. Ministers, members of the choir, policemen and reporters, all yielded to the influences. Mr. Moody sat at the rear of the speakers and tears flowed down his cheeks like rain.

The first prayer was offered by the Rev. A. D. Vail, and after a hymn had been sung Mr. Moody said: "We have with us to-day several friends from Philadelphia who will tell what their experience has been. They are not accustomed to speaking to an audience like this, but I hope you will pray for them as they

speak, and make them feel that they are among friends." He then read from John i., 11, 12: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power." "That," said Mr. Moody, "means every darkened soul in New York. There is no one so vile that He cannot save him."

Mr. Jameson, a night laborer in the gas works in Philadelphia, was introduced. He said he was not accustomed to speaking before such an audience, but added: When you have the religion of Jesus Christ you are not afraid to do anything for His cause." He said he was formerly accustomed to make three dollars a day and go home and tell his wife he made only ten shillings. The difference he spent for liquor. He had joined temperance societies, but they did not help him for any length of time. One evening he was out with his friends, and they were drinking, when one of them suggested that they go to the revival meetings, as he had heard that Mr. Sankey was a "red-hot singer." The sermon came home to him (Jameson), and he prayed. "The prayer," he said, "was the hardest work I ever did in my life. It made me sweat more than working around the hot fires of the gas works. We now have prayer-meetings at the works; there are one hundred Christians there, and a 'gin mill' near by is for sale."

Mr. Moody then presented Mr. Linton to the audience. He said: I was once a very prosperous man, and had made a great deal of money. I began to drink. I lost my money. I left the church. I lost my little boy whom I idolized, and his death-bed scene made me reform; but I only gave God one-half of my heart. I again became prosperous and took to drink, and lost my money and my friends, and went to ruin. A dear sister at last took me into the meetings at the Depot. I met Mr. Moody. After that I attended the meetings alone, and finally God blessed me with new life."

The hymn "Yield not to temptation" was sung, and Mr. Hilton said: "I was once a low drunkard: I was beneath the brute, and you can't get much lower than that. My mother prayed for me, and my friends all left me. One night some of us went

in to hear Mr. Sankey sing. When we were going away I said I thought he was a pretty good singer, but argued that 'Billy' Moseman could beat him. I went the next night, and Mr. Moody preached from the text, 'Where art thou?' Those words kept ringing in my ears. I knew my degradation; had even called upon God to smite me dead. But those words became my salvation, and I am a new man. I would not give what happiness I have known for the wealth of millionaires. My family and my niece have now all come to Christ, and we are happy."

Mr. Anderson said he had become intemperate while in the army, had reformed and then again had turned to drink. "I became," he said, "a perfect slave to liquor. I have taken a razor to my throat in moments of despair. My friends all deserted me, and there was none who cared for me but my wife and my aged father and mother. They all prayed for me for years. I went to one of the meetings. I kept repeating the words 'turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die.' I had a great struggle, and at last was on my knees, and a great load was lifted from off my shoulders."

Mr. Reid, a fine-looking young man, said he was a helpless drunkard at twenty-one years of age. He had taken pledge after pledge, and all to no purpose. His mother loved him tenderly. He read to the audience a letter he had once received from her. One night he came home after a long debauch in a neighboring city, and his mother met him kindly. He fell sick, and when he had recovered he was told that his mother was at the point of death. He then thought that he had murdered her. He resolved again to reform, and he did reform. "God," he said, "was so good to me as to raise that mother from her bed of sickness."

Mr. Moody then prayed, with a voice choked by his deep emotion, that these men might be blessed, and might have strength to always keep near Christ. The meeting was then dismissed with the benediction.

At another meeting the subject of Mr. Moody's remarks was Hope. He said:

If I should question every one here to-day I have no doubt each would be found with a hope. But is it a true or a false hope! If it is false it is worse than none. Job speaks about the hypocrite, and says: "Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him." Solomon says in Proverbs that "the hope of the unjust man shall perish." If you have false hopes of heaven, the best thing you can do is to give them up. For what are they good for? Will they bear you over Jordan? Will they sustain you beyond the grave? But true hope is not in regard to eternal life. That is secured to us if we are born of God. Our hopes are of the resurrection of Christ. His second coming and our own resurrection. It is written, "He that believeth hath eternal life." The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, the dead shall be raised, and we shall meet Him in the air. It is a glorious hope. All that believe shall rise. That is a hope sure and steadfast. Some one says that joy is like a lark that sings in the morning, but hope is like a nightingale that sings in the night. We won't need hope after we get to heaven. But it takes us there. You can have Christ and this hope to-day if you will. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power."

After a prayer and the singing of the hymn, "'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give," the Rev. Dr. Anderson spoke briefly. The Rev. Dr. White said that many persons cherished a hope that they would prepare for the future late in life. But the apostle says, "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?"

Mr. Sankey then sang a hymn alone, and a season of silent prayer followed, after which the Rev. Dr. Hall said: "The word of the living God is the warrant for our belief and hope. There are delusive hopes, and how shall a man know that his is of the true type? A man knows his own failings; he has an inner consciousness of these. He knows if his hope be a well-grounded one. True hope is elevating, purifying, and makes a man God-like according as it is strong."

Mr. Wells announced that the Committee had set apart Sat

urday for special prayer for Christian work, and that he proposed now to have a prayer-meeting. What we need now is prayer, more prayer for Christian work, for Christ work, that brought Him from heaven to this earth of ours, the work for which He hung upon the cross. The only way I take strength in prayer is to take the Bible and lay my hand upon it and say, "Lord, Thou hast said it." We have an invitation to prayer. Let us accept it.

Mr. Wells then drew some instructive conclusions from the prayer of David, after which he related an incident of a little girl who came to him the other night, and said: "If there should be a little child who has not been brought to God, I should like him to come to me." I went down into the audience, and saw a mother with a boy by her side, and I went up to her and said: "Is your boy a Christian?" She said: "No; but I wish he was." I said: "Johnny, would you like to be a Christian?" He said: "I don't know." I took that little child by the hand and led him to the little girl and left them together. When I came by, about fifteen minutes afterwards, they were both on their knees, praying. When the little boy came down, he said to his mother: "Mamma, have you found Jesus?—I found Him up there in the gallery." I went home with that little girl, and she said to her mother: "Only think, Jesus let me tell that little boy the way to Him."

Again Mr. Moody discoursing on Faith said:

But now the question is, Who shall we have faith in? A man got up in one of our young men's meetings the other night and wanted to know why it was there were so many that backslid. One reason for backsliding is because men are not sound in their faith; it is because they have not really been converted to God. A good many men are converted to a church; they say, "I like that church; it is a beautiful church, and there is beautiful singing; I like that quartet choir and the grand organ, and there is a good minister." And so they are converted to the church, and they are converted to the singing, and converted to the organ, and converted to the minister, or they are converted to the people that go there. They get into good society

by going there. But that is not being born of God, or being converted to God. Once there was an old chap sat down among some army soldiers, who were telling stories of adventure, and one fellow got up and told all about how he had backslid, but the old soldier said, "I think there is some mistake and the truth of the matter is that you have never yet slid forward." Now if a man has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he has got something he can anchor to, and the anchor will hold; and when the hour of temptation comes to him, and the hour of trial comes to him, the man will stand firm. If we are only converted to man and our faith is in man, we will certainly be disappointed. How very often we hear a man say, "There is a member of the church who cheated me out of five dollars, and I am not going to have anything more to do with people who call themselves Christians." But if the man had had faith in Jesus Christ, you do not suppose he would have had his faith shattered because some one cheated him out of five dollars, do you? What we want is some one to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turn to the prophecy of Jeremiah, 17th chapter, beginning with the 5th verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is." But cursed is the man who puts his trust in man; that is the reason why so many people are all the time being disappointed, and why there are so many that find their faith shaken. It is because they have been trusting in man, and man has failed them, and they have been trusting in themselves, and their hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked, and we cannot have trust in ourselves; and because man has failed us, or because we have failed ourselves, we think God will fail us. But if we put our trust in the God of Jacob, He will surely not fail us.

At the close of his sermon he said: "I can't help but think that we have had the best meeting to-night that we ever had. I am glad to see so many here." "Faith," he seems fitted to expound, for a man who has known him long and well said the other day, "He has the largest faith of any man I ever knew."

His thorough study of the Bible, to the exclusion of almost every other book, has disciplined him in the use of simple and direct speech. Before his Bible Mr. Moody bows with a sublime reverence. He once said it was worth more than all the libraries in Europe. A learned clergyman has said, "Give me a book that is Bibler than this Bible and I'll accept it." Mr. Moody one evening held his Bible at arm's length above and beyond his head, and said if any one would offer him a better book he would make the exchange. "But don't ask me," he continued, "to give up this book until you can offer a better one in its place." With God supreme above all things, and full of love and mercy, the ideal Christian is to Mr. Moody one who accepts this love in all its fullness, and bows in supreme humility before it. He must banish his pride, cease to value the successes and honors of life, and have an unbounded faith in God, and be willing "to get down in the dust like Abraham, and work and wait for the blessing."

When Mr. Moody had finished his sermon, he asked the ladies and the men to separate and form meetings in each of the halls, which was done, while the choir sang "Only trust Him." A marked interest was developed at these meetings, and the inquiry-rooms were thronged until a late hour.

Fourth Week of Revival.

The attendance was gratifying in spite of the unfavorable weather, and on some occasions overwhelming. Mr. Moody announced every evening that he would address the young men of the city on Sunday morning, his subject being "The Prophet Daniel." Tickets to the number of seven thousand were issued, and five thousand of them were limited in the distribution exclusively to young men, the remaining two thousand being given to any others that might apply for them. The influence of the soft Spring morning, and the general publicity given to the subject of the meeting, had the effect of bringing out a very large attendance—the largest that has ever been seen in the building on Sunday morning. In the course of his sermon Mr. Moody said:

When Daniel went to Babylon he took his stand; the meat and the wine which were offered him he refused to eat. He knew that the wine had been offered up to idols, and he refused to partake of what had been thus polluted. He saw that the law of God and the law of the great king Nebuchadnezzar were in conflict, but he obeyed the law of God. He was a man of faith and of belief. In ten days he looked healthier than any of those who ate as the king had ordered. He had taken his stand for God and God blessed him. Young man, you that have just come to New York, is there not a lesson in this story for you? Does your employer ask you to work on Sunday? Take your stand If God's law conflicts with man's, adhere to the living God. He will help you. You may have promised that loving, praying mother of yours that you would not go to the theatre. Are you tempted to go? Does some friend invite you and urge you to go with him? Take your stand. Learn to say no. Yield with no compromise. It is this miserable, compromising spirit that ruins so many. Supposing we of these times had been in Babylon when Daniel was tempted. Why, we'd advised something like this: "Now, Daniel, you know you are not in Jerusalem. You're a poor heathen captive"—now here's the advice of the Christianity of the nineteenth century—"you're in Babylon, Daniel, and do as the people of Babylon do. You know wine is better than water, and water won't agree with you. The water of the Euphrates will make you sick. We know the wine has been offered to idols, but God will wink at it if you drink while you are down here." But thank God, that man took his stand and kept his faith.

The king had a dream, and Daniel said, "I'll tell the king his dream; only give me time." Ah, see what faith he had. He knew that God would keep him right. And that night he prayed long and faithfully that God would reveal the secret. He went to sleep, and had a dream, in which God revealed the secret. He arose and went to the king, and was asked if he could tell the dream. Daniel, with the same faith in God, said that his God was able; and gave God all the glory. He told the king what he had dreamed, how his Chaldean kingdom would be

overthrown and divided, how Greeks and Romans and others would overrun it and divide its possessions. "That's my dream," said Nebuchadnezzar, and an edict went forth making Daniel a ruler among the mighty. But another trial came. The king ordered his image to be set up on the plains. There are three men who will not bow down to it. They are Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And the king is very angry, and ordered the furnace to be heated ten times hotter. And when they came forth with not so much as a hair of their heads burned, another edict went forth that any man who said anything against the God of Shadrach shall incur the wrath of the king. Young man, will you take your stand as those men did?

"Ah," said Mr. Moody, "the time is up; just made a beginning. I'll finish it next Sunday morning. Mr. Sankey will now sing 'Dare to be a Daniel.'"

Noticeable features in all of Mr. Moody's preaching are the depth of feeling and abundance of ideas which he seems unable to express. Many times he suffers under very strong emotions, and his thoughts come so fast, and sometimes in such confused forms, that he is wholly unable to find relief in words. Last evening he was more deeply moved than he has ever been before since he came to New York. His theme was the compassion of Christ, and was more capable than almost any other of producing such an effect upon him. "Go with me," he said, "up Mount Calvary to-night to where the Son of God hangs between two thieves, and before the Roman centurion smites Him in the side with a spear, hear Him say 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'" He also referred to the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, and said that wherever He saw human suffering "the great heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion." "Won't you receive him," he asked in almost piteous tones, "and do you see no beauty in him that you like?" Turning to several gentlemen in the pulpit he called them by name and said, "Didn't you come here in Christ's name?" and being answered in the affirmative, he faced the audience and leaned over the railing, saying in a half-weeping voice, "Ah, the Son of God is here to-night. Do

you doubt it?" Near the close of this discourse Mr. Moody pointed toward a young man in the audience near the stage, and said: "Won't you have Him, young man? O, won't you have Him to-night?" "Yes," came the reply. "Well, thank God," said the evangelist; "we've been praying for that young man two or three days."

Mr. Moody took a very active part in the services with the young men, as is his custom. He is very much gratified at the success of the work among the young men, and he always exerts himself with an unusual degree of zeal whenever holding meetings for them. The interest among them seems to be constantly deepening; new converts are obtained every night, and, from the remarks they make in the meeting, it is evident that a deep religious feeling is rapidly spreading among them.

The inquiry-room is the place where the real harvests of the revival work are gathered, and of these the public know and always will know a very imperfect part. Great crowds at the meetings, nearly all the city ministers interested in the work, forcible and affecting sermons, these are features of the evangelists' labors which the public can see and about which it can read. But the quiet of the inquiry-room, where groups of men and women are communing with each other in silent prayer or in conversation subdued to a whisper, and which constitute the best and most trustworthy tests of the influence exerted, no one can thoroughly appreciate or accurately estimate. Several times yesterday Mr. Moody referred to the meeting for young men on the evening before as the most remarkable he had yet seen, and Mr. Moody is not a man who often speaks from the pulpit of the progress of his efforts. But others also bear witness to a marvellous work among the unconverted, and say they never saw anything like it in their lives before. Last evening when the sermon was finished the men were requested to retire to the small hall for a meeting there to last forty-five minutes. Nearly all the men present did so while the choir sang "I need Thee every hour." Those who went into the small hall represented all ages, from boys of fifteen years to men with grey hair and infirm step. Some showed marked evidence of anxiety in

their faces; there were none who were not in a serious mood; many joined in singing the hymn as they passed through the aisles. The ladies remained in the large room, and Mr. Sankey led the meeting, Mr. Moody going with the men. In the meantime several anxious persons went into the inquiry rooms, and as the meetings went on the number was continually augmented until the spacious apartments were filled to their capacity.

About two thousand persons assembled in the Madison avenue hall at four o'clock, and Mr. Moody was to address the meeting on the subject "How to Deal with Inquirers." The majority of those present was composed of the members of different evangelical churches. Mr. Moody said that those who want Christ can be divided into four classes:—First, professing Christians; second, those who think others are worse than they; third, the backsliders, and fourth, those who are completely broken down in sin. There are a great many who when called upon will tell you that he is a good enough Christian, that he don't beat his wife, he does not do innumerable things that other men do. That is very often because he has had more light than other men have had, not any thing of himself. That is the feeling of self-righteousness, and such men are the hardest to talk to, because they think they know everything themselves; but they can be reached, and I have seen more than one of that kind go out of the inquiry room a humbler and a wiser man. Then the third class, the backsliders. They can be talked to. Just read to them Jeremiah, chapter 2—"I will heal the backslider; I will love him freely." That is enough. Let a man believe in Christ and accept His word. All he has to do is to study the Bible, and each will find something applicable to his want. The broken down sinner can be reached, because, Christ who saved the thief on the cross, has promised to help all who call on Him. What I want to impress on you is that, to bring men to Christ, all that is necessary is to know, feel, understand and be able to explain the Word of God. The meeting concluded with the singing of the hymn, 'Work in my vineyard; there is plenty to do."

Drawing Water out of the Wells of Salvation.

After the singing of the Seventy-first hymn Mr. Moody preached on the subject of the day—"Joy." He said:—I doubt a man's conversion who has not joy. If a man who thought he was converted last night told me he had not joy I should not believe in his thorough conviction. There is the backslider's prayer, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." The way to keep that joy is to study the Word and work. When the word is thoroughly studied by you then give it out. People say, 'why is it that so many ministers break down?' Some think it is overwork. It is nothing of the kind; it is fretting. They have not joy, for the joy of the Lord is thy strength. With joy you shall draw water out of the wells of salvation. There are three kinds of joy in the Bible—the joy of finding Christ, the joy of seeing others converted, and the joy that John speaks of—the joy of seeing the disciples walking in truth. Let us read John xv., 11. "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you." When we have joy how easy it is to go out and bring souls. If we have joy bubbling up in our hearts all the world can see it. It is not our sermons that convert men, it is our lives. Mr. Sankey sung the 110th hymn, commencing, "Joy to the world, the day is come," the whole congregation joining in.

After the singing one of the converted recited his experience. He said:—Strange as it may appear to many of you present, a few weeks ago I was unhappy, but since then I have found that joy. About three weeks ago I thought of coming to New York. I live one thousand miles away. My family tried to persuade me not to, but I felt some power drawing me to this city; the same power brought me to this building and so to the inquiry room. I met a gentleman from Boston and we walked together to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and he talked to me of Christ. The next day I went to the inquiry room and Mr. Moody introduced me to a lady, whose look of internal joy and benevolence struck me. She talked to me for a long time. The next day I came again and I found this lady working with two other young men, and the look of holy joy on her face

could not be mistaken. That night I went home and prayed, and that night I became a Christian.

Rev. Charles F. Deems followed. He took for his text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." He said:—There is no use, my friend, when we have once found the joy of the Lord that we should relapse into dyspeptic wretchedness. We can find the joy while we are here on earth, and we can keep it, for there is even joy in sorrow if we put our full trust in God, firmly believing that in all emergencies we can rely on Him, and never in vain. This habit of looking back into the little petty cares and troubles of this world, when we have so much to look forward to—it is foolish. Let us shout out for the Lord, and with all our banners flying. Let us use all our gifts to praise Him; our eloquence, our wits, our honor, our musical gifts—all our talents in the furtherance of His work. Let the world see in our face the joy that is in our heart.

Mr. Sankey then rose to sing the hymn "Joy and Sorrow," but before doing so said that the words of Dr. Deems struck a key-note, that Christians ought not to have such long faces and look as if they were predestined for some awful fate, instead of being intended to enter into the joy of the Lord forever. A smiling face, a pleasing address, or a kind, thoughtful solicitude brings more souls to God than a long dyspeptic face with ever so much preaching. Mr. Sankey continued at some length on this subject, and concluded by singing the above mentioned hymn.

Dr. Hepworth delivered a short address, in which he said that Monday was generally a gloomy day among preachers, but this morning he felt like shouting "Glory, Hallelujah." There were about thirty to thirty-five names read for entrance into his church, and of those only two came with letters of introduction; the others came by profession, and right out of the world, and I think, said he, I can see written over the signature of the Holy Spirit the initials of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. Among these there is one incident I would like to mention. Some years ago, a very dear friend of mine to-day was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl. As he looked into the future

he had everything that heart could desire; money, grand business prospects, health, and in the immediate future a wife and a very happy home indeed. He forgot all his past, and in imagination he lived in the castles which he built in the air, and every castle had a golden minaret, for when we build with the imagination we do not count the cost. All at once, as though a flash of lightning had come out of a clear, cloudless sky, sickness fell upon this lady, and she died at once. The shock of course, was terrible. He was a man of large heart and generous sympathies, and those are they who make the best or worst men in the world. Your mean men keep along an even track an equal distance from good on the one side and evil on the other, but when you have generous men to deal with they either move on the mountain top or are thrown down into the valley. And my poor friend, thrown down by his despair, rushed into every sort of dissipation which New York life affords, and New York life is very rich in that sort of material; and he spent an immense amount of money—nearly all he had. What he wanted was forgetfulness, and he went on from bad to worse until he reached low tide and the mud of moral iniquity; and one day in the midst of all this, by one of those instincts you and I know, he was led to open the safe and take from it a little bundle containing a little silver key, which he had turned in the casket of his beloved, and next to it was a tress of auburn hair; and as he looked at them he started back in horror as he reflected upon the gulf that now separated him from her, and he turned to his friend and asked if he thought he should ever see her again, and was answered: "I don't think you ever will. I don't see how you can. The life you and I have been living these last twelve months don't lead that way. It leads down the other side, and you and I can never look a pure woman in the face again." And the poor fellow burst into tears, and then wringing his hands he cried: "Oh, I must see her again, and I will meet her again; if there is anything in religion by which I can get rid of my past life I am going to get rid of it, and I am going to right about face, and keep my face toward, and my eyes upon our home. And if she is in heaven, I am going there too."

And in due course he came to see me, and wrung my hand in a way I cannot describe, but there was great resolution in his heart; and last Sunday morning, with the memory of that golden tress and silver key, George, for that was his name, joined my church, and being asked if he would like to go back to the past, he exclaimed, "I have found a home, and I cannot go back to despair," and he is marching on that journey to-night to the tune of glory, glory, hallelujah. Thank God for that.

Mr. Haight said: About four years ago I WAS A CONFIRMED DRUNKARD, but one day I went into the Water Street Mission House, without a shirt or a pair of shoes, and there I knelt down and prayed God to help me to overcome my terrible sin, and blessed be God, I am to-day a new man. Before I went to the mission I had taken pledges and formed resolutions, but they were of no avail; I only fell back into my former state. But when I trusted all to God, I was able to resist, and I can to-day say, that He is able to save to the uttermost. Then followed addresses by Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Bunting, two other reformed drunkards, Mr. Sawyer likening the inquiry-rooms to the pool of Bethesda.

The hymn "Waiting and Watching" was sung by Mr. Sankey; and the Rev. Dr. C. D. Foss said:

A traveler in an African desert, weary, foot-sore, exhausted, rushed down into a little gully where he found a little water to slake his thirst, coming up on the other side. He was perishing of hunger. He spied a little script in which something was carefully wrapped. He said to himself, "Some one who has preceded me has left a little bread to save the life of the unfortunate one who follows him." But when he had torn it open, he threw it down, exclaiming, "My God! It is only pearls." Bread enough to sustain his life for six hours would have been worth more than untold jewels. I bless God that I have had every day since I began to need it, my daily bread. I went one day to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on the upper end of this Island with one of its managers, and when I had gone through it, and my heart had been touched with gratitude, as I saw what efforts were being made to help those who lacked a single sense,

I asked the superintendent how many of those poor people, after eight or ten years of training, were able to read with intelligence and appreciation the columns of a newspaper or an ordinary book. He told me not one in ten, and I came away blessing God that I had the sense of hearing and all my senses and faculties.

I recollect when I was sixteen years old, and my father lay dying; when he gathered his four sons around him and gave them his dying charge and blessing, in the course of which he spoke these words: "My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind. If thou seekest Him, He will cherish thee; but if thou forsakest Him, He will cast thee out forever." Then he went home, and my brothers are there, too, and I am on the way.

Last summer one of the brightest girls in my Sunday-school class sickened and felt she was to die. Calling her Christian father to her bedside, she said, "Father, tell me exactly what it is to be a real Christian." Her father told her, and then she said, "But suppose you do love Jesus and believe in Him, but are afraid there is still some sin in your heart, what then?" "Cast it all on Jesus," said the father. Then she said, "Father, kneel down and pray beside me." And he knelt down and prayed as only a Christian father at the death-bed of his only child can pray. Then she looked up and said, "Now it is all right, and I am ready to go." And she lay there for three weeks in the very light of Heaven, and then left us for the perfect day.

For all these things I thank God, and thousands here to-night will join me in this thanksgiving. By prayer and supplication and thanksgiving may your requests be made known unto God, especially in your troubles here to-night. There are multitudes broken-hearted treading the thorny path, knowing not what to do. Let me tell you, go down on your knees and say, "Oh God, I thank thee"—and trust that he will help you finish the sentence—you will find something to praise him for, and your prayer will find answer.

Mr. Sankey said: In about the eighth or tenth seat here one evening sat a little girl. It was at the prayer-meeting at the

conclusion of the preaching services. Our friends on the platform here discovered a beautiful little girl sitting there very deeply interested in talking to a little companion that was with her. They seemed to become so interested that one of the ladies went down from the platform to sit by them and listen and see what the little one was saying. The dear child, she found, was preaching Jesus Christ, telling how much Jesus loved her, and how much she loved Jesus, and asking this little one if she would not become his disciple. The lady said to her, "I think if that little girl shall speak a word for the Son of God in this dark city, shall I remain idle any more? By God's grace I will speak to somebody to-night." And she went right to work and found an anxious soul in this very place, and spoke about the Lord Jesus that night for the first time in her life. So "A little child shall lead them." When the word of God is preached these little ones can be led to Jesus as well as the larger ones. I said, "Thank God that while the lady workers are gathering in, the little children, too, are at work, bringing souls to Jesus Christ." These things I am glad of. I am glad, too, and praise Him because of the blessing that He has brought down upon our service of song. I could stand here until to-morrow morning, I think, and tell you of instances precious to my heart where the singing of these simple Gospel hymns had been the means in God's hand of awakening an interest in souls, and of hundreds that have been led through this instrumentality to take the first step toward Jesus.

Said Mr. Moody: O, sinner, trust in the Lord Jesus to save you, and he will do it. Here is a man who has tried to stop swearing many a time and failed, haven't you? You have tried to stop drinking many a time and failed, haven't you? You have tried to keep down your temper many a time and failed, haven't you? It was failure all the time. Now, I want you to give all your efforts up and just fall right into the arms of a loving Lord and trust him to do it. O how quickly it will be done if you only let him come into the heart. There will be no trouble. If the fountain is only right, the stream will be pure. I was preaching some time ago in a little town in Illinois, in the

open air. Crowds came out every night to the meeting. A gentleman constantly drove up in a beautiful carriage, and with a cigar in his mouth always remained listening until the preaching was over, and then he would drive away. I asked who he was. They told me he was one of the wealthiest men in that place. I said, "I noticed him to-night weeping." They laughed at the idea. "Weeping," they said; "O if you were only to hear the report he gives of your work." "I don't care if he is what you say," I said, "the man is interested." I heard that

HE WAS THE PROFANEST MAN in that whole country, that he cursed the very wife of his bosom, and that he even used very profane language before his children. I thought, however, I would go to see him. People advised me not—they thought it would hurt my feelings. But I went up and stood and waited just as he was coming out of his front gate. "This is Mr. P.?" I said. "Yes, that is my name; what do you want?" he said. He knew me very well. "I want to ask you a question if you have no objection," I said. "What is it?" he said in a gruff way. "I am told," I said, "that you have more wealth than any man in this part of the country. God has blessed you with great wealth and with a nice family and much comfort, and all He has received from you is that you curse Him and blaspheme Him. Why treat Him in that way?" Tears came trickling down his cheeks, and he says "Come in, come in." When I had sat down, he said: "The fact is, Mr. Moody, if I have tried once I have tried a thousand times to stop swearing. I am so ashamed of myself sometimes I can't hold my head up. There is no hope for me. I can't stop it." I said: "I know you can't, but you can TRUST THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, and He will stop it for you." He thought there was no chance for him. "Why, my dear friend," I said, "He just came to do that very thing, to give you power to overcome sin. If you will only come to the Lord Jesus Christ there will be no trouble. All you want is to let Him in." I got down and prayed with him, and he then asked me what I would advise him to do. "I tell you, what you'll do," I said, "Go up to the church prayer-meet-

ing and ask them to pray for you." He wouldn't go, he never was in the church. "Though there may be bad things said against them," I said, "they are the very best friends you have got. Get up and tell them you want them to pray that God will save your soul." The next morning in the prayer-meeting who should come in but this wealthy man! He put his hand on the back of the seat where I sat, and I felt it tremble. "My friends," he said, "If God can save a poor wretch like me will you pray Him for me?" Inside of a year he became an elder there, and is a bright and shining light in that church now. O, sinner, it will be failure, failure, failure, until you accept the Lord Jesus Christ, but when you do He will save you. You haven't got to go home to ask God for salvation.

Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering sinner. It enters deeply into my own life. It comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me. The next thing that I remember was that my mother was taken very sick. And the next thing that occurred in our family that impressed itself on my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in great affliction, became a wanderer—he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy—how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a time we were told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him. But we had to bring back the sorrowful words, "No letter yet, mother." Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother pray: "Oh, God, bring back my boy!" Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious

look, and she would utter in piteous tones, "Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. Oh, God preserve him!" We would sit around the fireside of an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him. But if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain, and when Thanksgiving Day would come, a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks she cried, "It's my boy, my dear, dear boy," and sprang to the window. But there the boy stood and said, "Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me." Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no. Her arms were soon around him, and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son. I heard of it while in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me. But what joy on earth can equal the joy in Heaven when a prodigal comes home! This night your father wants you. Dear son, come to Him. Confess your sin, and He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. May Heaven's blessing rest upon every soul here is my prayer.

A Month of Grace.

The vast swelling throngs surge in and around the Hippodrome, and to accommodate people from out of town who could not stay to the preaching service at night, Mr. Moody consented at the beginning of the fifth week to hold a meeting at 4 P. M. and preach the same sermon which he delivered at night. The audience were admitted only by tickets, and great numbers were thus able to hear the evangelists and return to their homes for

the night. The second month of grace he grandly inaugurated by his sermon on *The Blood.*

The reporter said: for extreme care in preparation, for aptness and force of illustrations, and for showing his great knowledge of the Bible, this sermon was perhaps the most noteworthy that he has yet delivered here. It is an old sermon but it has been remodeled and improved frequently. The evangelist's views in general have usually escaped sharp criticism even from those who are considered to be the less orthodox followers of Christianity. But the sermon on "The Blood" invokes some opposition and criticism in certain quarters. Mr. Moody anticipated this, and meets the arguments of his critics in his usual blunt and direct way. In his prayer before the sermon he said: "Keep Thy servant from teaching any error." When he had opened his remarks he referred to the blood, saying: "That scarlet line began its course way back in Eden, and runs all through the Bible; it is the scarlet thread that binds the leaves."

The sermon was as follows:

We have for our subject to-day, The Blood. I would like to call your attention to a few passages of Scripture in different portions of the Word of God. The first is in the 3d chapter of Genesis, 21st verse: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." That is the first glimpse we have of the shedding of blood.

To me it is a very sweet thought that God thus dealt in grace with Adam before He dealt in government. Some people complain of God's dealing with Adam, that He was very severe, but you will find God dealt in love with him. Some one said, He put the lamp of promise into his hand before he drove him out of Eden. The first thing was the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and in the very same chapter we find that God consented to kill those innocent animals to make coats of skins. Of course the blood had to be shed in order to furnish those garments. As they went out of Eden, I think Adam might have said to Eve, "These garments are a token of God's love." God clothed them. He put cherubim at the gate of the garden, and a flaming sword to protect

the Tree of Life, that they should not come and eat; but we find when the right time came He took that very sword and opened the way back to the Tree of Life, so that we can all come to it now if we will.

In the 4th chapter of Genesis we find the great doctrine of the blood brought out: "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." In the morning of creation God had marked out a way for man to go. Abel took God's way; Cain wanted to go his own way. That is always the way. If you had talked to Cain, he would have said, "I do not know why the fruit of the earth should not be more acceptable to God than the blood of the lamb. I do not understand why any one should bring blood for an offering; I am sure the ripened grain would be more acceptable to God than blood; I have a dislike for the very name of blood." You will find the world is full of Cainites and Abelites to-day. Some want to go to God in their way, and some wish to go to Him in His own way. The man who goes in his own way gets no life; it is all darkness until he goes in God's way. "Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel." He was a very religious man, but religion is one thing and coming to God in His way is another. There are a great many who are very religious, and yet they do not like to go in God's way. There is no doctrine in the Old Bible written and spoken against so much as this very doctrine of the blood. From the time that Abel came with his bleeding lamb, man has disliked it. It shows how deceitful the heart is, that we do not like to go in God's way. These men had been brought up with the same surroundings. Up to this time we see no difference between the two men as to education, and yet there is a very great difference between their offerings. God accepted Abel's offering and did not accept Cain's, and consequently sin rose up in Cain's heart, and envy and hatred and malice, and he rose up and slew his brother. Sin leaped into the world full grown at one leap. The first-born was a murderer. When Abel first got to heaven and sang the song of

redemption, there must have been but one soul in heaven when he came there alone, that could sing it. The angels could not join him, and they must have heard it with surprise; but that chorus has been swelling ever since that time, swelling for the last six thousand years. The first man who went to heaven had brought a bleeding lamb and put the blood thereof between him and his sin.

Will you look at the 8th chapter of Romans? "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." It was so important that he should have blood put between him and his sin that God had him to take clean animals for a sacrifice. We find that the first two thousand years men were traveling by that highway. Way back there in Eden the scarlet line commences its course. You will find it running all through the Bible; you take it out of the Bible and you take out all that book teaches. Those men who are trying to destroy that precious doctrine are at sea without sail; they do not know where they are. You cannot take up a place in Scripture but you find the scarlet thread running through it. If you turn over to the 22d chapter of Genesis, you will find the story of Isaac's sacrifice. Abraham went in God's way. In the 13th verse it is said, "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering instead of his son." There the doctrine of the blood is foreshadowed again. On that mountain we catch a glimpse of the blood; on Mount Moriah, which was close to Mount Calvary, where Christ was crucified—look at that scene!

For twenty-five long years Abraham had been looking for that boy, and at the age of one hundred God gave him Isaac. How he must have doted upon his boy! One night God said to him, a few years after, "Abraham, take your son and go up to the mountain that I will show you, and offer him there as a sacrifice." He did not offer objections and ask why God had ordered it. God had told him to have faith in Him, and with-

out consulting any one, not even his wife, he saddled an ass and took his son and told his wife that he was going up to a mountain. He took the wood for a fire, and a knife and his son, and away he went. I can imagine that father's feelings. He said to himself, "I do not understand it, but I know that God never makes any mistake. He never has told me to do anything but that it has brought honor and glory to His own name." I can imagine how the old man looked at the boy as he lay sleeping. He said, "In a little while my boy will be gone." I can see the tears on the old man's face as he gazed at him on that first night. On the second night I can see there was a struggle going on within him as he thought, "I will only have this lovely boy one night more." The third day comes, and in the morning he lifts up his eyes, and over yonder is Mount Moriah, and he says to the two young men who are with him, "You stay here, and Isaac and myself will go yonder and worship." They had the wood, they had the knife, but the lamb they had not. On the way up that mountain the boy said to the father, "Father, where is the sacrifice? We have no lamb." And the father said, and it seemed prophetic, "The Lord will provide a lamb." And so he did in the fullness of time, the Son of His own bosom. "My son, the Lord will provide a lamb for a sacrifice," and on they went. The two worked together and built the altar, rolled up the stones and put wood on them. When everything was ready I can imagine how the old man told his child that the Lord had told him to take his boy and offer him up as a sacrifice, and after that they embraced and wept together. The old man binds his boy and puts him on that altar; he takes the knife and is ready to drive it to the heart of his child; he is resolved to make quick work of it, but even while his hand is lifted there is a voice from Heaven, "Abraham, Abraham, spare thy son!" God so loved him that he spared his son, but He so loved you and me that he gave His own son for us all. There was no voice heard at Calvary saying, "Spare my son." No angel came and took Him from the Cross; but He gave Him up for us. And when Abraham looked around him, lo! there was a ram caught in a thicket, and he took the ram and slew

him and offered him up for a burnt offering—and then was that scarlet thread trickling down Mount Moriah.

That was typical of God's own Son. We are told that when Abraham was on Mount Moriah God promised him that through his seed all nations of the earth should be blessed. Abraham walked by way of the blood. There is no other way. You can not find any of God's chidren that have walked any other way. In Exodus, twelfth chapter and thirteenth verse, you find, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you, when I smite the land of Egypt." It was not, "And when I see your good resolutions, your tears, your agonies, I will pass over you." The blood was a token that he gave them. Some people say, "Oh, it was not the death of Christ; it was his life; it was his moral character that was significant; and you should preach up His life, and preach up His moral character." Let us preach these indeed, but let us not forget to preach His death—that Jesus Christ died for sinners, but did not live for them. He lay down His life and became a substitute for sinners. The Bible does not say the living lamb shall be a token. If they had tied up a live lamb, Death would have gone over that; but they were to take a lamb and kill it, and put its blood upon the door-posts, and when Death came down, wherever the blood was he did not go in.

Some say, "I wish I were as good as that one who has been visiting the poor and doing deeds of charity during the last fifty years; wouldn't I feel safe for heaven?" But, oh, my dear friends, if you are sheltered by the blood of the Son of God you are as safe as any man or woman on the face of the earth. That is not character; that is not deeds; it is the blood. God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Moses and Abraham and Joshua were no safer behind the blood than the little boy; it was the blood that kept Death out, it was not their good work. An old minister when dying said he had preached the Gospel for fifty years, but when he was dying he did not rely upon his preaching or his works, but he requested them to bring his Bible to him and put his hand upon the verse which said;

"And the blood shall be to him a token;" and he said: "I put my hope upon that verse." It was not his preaching, it was not his good deeds—away with them; works are all right in their place, but they do not save us; it was not what he had done, but what the blood had done. So it is not the strongest nor those who have the best character that are the safest, but those who are behind the blood.

Some one said the little fly in Noah's ark was as safe as the elephant. It was the ark that saved the elephant, just as it was the ark that saved the fly. The question is, Have you got the token? It was the most absurd thing in the world to the Egyptians, this sprinkling of the blood. I can see the haughty Egyptian riding through the town and seeing the blood sprinkled on the door-posts, and stopping to inquire what it meant. Every one was killing a lamb and he heard their bleating. He said, "You must have gone clean mad; what is that for?" They answered, "God has told us that at midnight to-night there will be a cry in Egypt; that Death is doing his work, and every house that has not got blood upon its door-posts Death will enter and take the first-born." I can see that Egyptian now. How scornfully he looks upon those men! That is the way the world looks now upon it. They say, "What do you mean by the blood? The idea of being saved by the blood! The idea that the blood of another cleanses from sin!" And the proud, haughty world scoffs at the thought. Listen. At night Death came down. He entered the palace, and the crown prince was laid low; and so on through every house in Egypt, taking the first-born alike of the rich and the poor. And only faith and its sign in blood upon the door-posts kept him out. The blood of Jesus Christ when it comes will be worth more than all the world. Your wealth, culture, and refinement cannot help you when God comes to judge the world. The question is, Have you got the token? The world makes light and scoffs and ridicules the idea now as it did then.

But the time is coming when the blood of Jesus Christ will be worth more to you than all the world. It is like Noah's ark. I can see those antediluvians scoffing at Noah. But one hour

after the flood began to fall Noah's ark was worth more to them than all the world put together. My friends you had better be wise. Be sure you have got the token. If I go down to the depot and want to go to Chicago, I go to the ticket office. I buy my ticket, and when I get aboard the train the conductor don't know who I am, and he don't care who I am. It makes no difference whether I am white or black, learned or unlearned. The question is, Have I got a ticket? Have I got the token? Pardon the illustration. The man that has got the token is safe. The man that has not got it is unsafe, I don't care what his life or his character may be, and not only unsafe, but unsaved. And there is no salvation outside the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no other name whereby ye may be saved. To be sure, this scene down in Goshen was typical.

Another thought. A good many Christians wonder they are so weak and have not more strength and do not grow strong like other people. You will find out in the eleventh verse. "And thou shalt yet eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet and your staff in your hand." They were not only to kill the lamb, and take the blood and put it on the doorpost, but they were to feed on the lamb. Now, the great trouble with Christians is they do not feed on the Lamb. Their idea is, if you get converted and join the church, that is enough, instead of feeding on the Lamb, and getting strong, and becoming giants in God's service. They have got the wilderness journey before them, and they should keep the staff in their hands and the shoes on their feet, and feed on the Lamb. Let us learn the lesson to feed on the Lamb, and if we feed on Christ we will have strength. If we neglect to feed, and do not feed on it, we will become weak and feeble, and won't have the power. There is another thought. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months." All the four hundred years they had been in Egypt were rolled away. And, sinner, all these years that you are in the service of sin, you are just losing them; it is all lost time. These four hundred years they had been in bondage in Egypt God rolled away, and said, "This shall be the beginning of months." And you know everything dates



MR. MOODY LABORING IN THE INQUIRY ROOM AT THE "HIPPODROME."

from the blood. What is 1874? You date back to the blood; you can't help it. It is the beginning of months to you, and God made Israel date back to that night when the lamb was slain, that they might not forget the meaning of it. There is another thought in that chapter. The fourth verse is: "And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." It don't say "If the lamb be too little for the household." Christ is enough for any family, for any household. If you will only just take Him, He is enough for the whole world and all can have Him if they will. Take now, Exodus, twenty-ninth chapter and the sixteenth verse, "And thou shalt slay the ram and take his blood and sprinkle it round about upon the altar." Now, I have not got time to picture that scene, but I want to call your attention to this. The only way the High Priest came into the presence of God was to sprinkle blood round about the altar, and if he came without the blood he had no communion with God whatever. And from the time Adam fell until the present time, there has been no communion with God whatever, only through the blood. I don't care who the man is, if he ignores the blood, he has no communication with Heaven, he has no intercourse with Heaven. There is no other way. Away back in those days you find they came and sprinkled blood around the altar, and then they made their request to God. Don't think, dear friends, that God will have anything to do with you unless you come to Him in His way. If you attempt to come to God and ignore His Son, Heaven will be as brass to you. There will be no communication between your soul and God, until you go by His way. Then in the thirtieth chapter and the tenth verse, "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year with the blood of the sin offering of atonements." Atonement means at one. It brings the sinner and God at one. The only way they can come together is through the blood of Jesus.

Now, turn to Leviticus, eighth chapter and twenty-third verse "And he slew it, and Moses took of the blood of it and

put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I used to read such passages and used to say, "What in the world does that mean?" Blood upon the ear, the hand, and the foot? What for? It seems very plain to me now. Blood upon the ear! A man can't hear the voice of God unless he is sheltered behind the blood. It is only the blood-bought that hear the voice of God. Why, you know in the twelfth chapter of John, when God spake to His Son and said, "I have glorified my name and will glorify it again," the people said it thundered. They could not tell the difference between the voice of God and thunder. But God's own children can hear it, and they can understand it. You take a man sheltered behind the blood, and let him come into this meeting, and he will understand what I mean. But next to him a man may sit and say, "What in the world is that man talking about?" It is a mystery to him. He don't understand it. Why? Because his ear is not open. No uncircumcised ear can hear the voice of God. And it is important to hear right.

Then blood upon the hand. A man may work for God, but it is only the blood-bought hand that can work for God. And now I tell you, dear friends, the greatest, the grandest mistake the church of God is making to-day is getting ungodly men to do something for the church. It is keeping hundreds of men out of the Kingdom of God. We take ungodly men and make them trustees of the church, and take their money and say, "Their money is just as good as anybody else's money," and these men have an idea that they are buying their way to Heaven, and they are even better in their own opinion than many true Christians. Then there are ungodly men singing in the choir and helping in the service of God. No man can do anything to please God until he is first sheltered behind the blood. I don't care who he is, I don't care what his life has been, God cannot accept it; he cannot work with God. Until sheltered behind the blood he cannot work or walk with God. A man will have no desire to walk with God until he is sheltered behind the blood, and brought into communion with God. God

came down on sundry occasions and talked with Abraham and Jacob, but God never came down and walked with man until he put them behind the blood in Goshen. When the Israelites came to the Red Sea, they went through the Red Sea like giants. He walked with them in the wilderness. When they wanted bread He opened his hand and fed them: when they wanted water He brought it out of the rock. God walked with them When Christ was down here they said to Him, "What shall we do?" Did he tell them to build colleges, teach in the Sabbath-school class, preach to the drunkard and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked? Ten thousand times, No! This is it: The work of God is to believe on Him, and if a man won't believe in God's Son he cannot hope to get to Heaven in any other way. He that climbeth up the wall is a thief and a robber. No uncircumcised hand can work for God.

No uncircumcised foot can walk with God. Some may say, "I cannot understand it; it is a very strange thing why God should demand blood." I will tell you why. He says, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die." That is the penalty. God's justice must be kept. He rides in a chariot with two wheels, of which justice is one and mercy another, and justice must be done as well as mercy. Why does God demand blood? God demands life. You have sold yourselves for naught. Christ comes and takes the place of the sinner, and dies in his stead, and it is through His precious blessed work of atonement on Calvary that we are saved. If there is any other way, my friends, I cannot find it. The life of all flesh is in the blood, and God has stamped the flesh with death, and He says it shall never come into His presence. And here comes in the glorious truth of the resurrection: "I am the resurrection and the life." All lost life in the first Adam; all got it in the second. Some people say: "It is a great mystery that sin came into the world." It is a greater mystery that God came down and bore the brunt of it Himself—that He took the saved into His own bosom and opened the way to the tree of life. Let me ask you to take up your bibles and take up this great and glorious subject and study it awhile, and you will have a reason for the hope within you.

You will be able to tell how you are saved. It is not your good deeds, your tears, your prayers, but it is the finished work of Jesus Christ that saves you, because He died and gave Himself for us. I do not believe any one can get a true glimpse of Jesus Christ without loving Him.

There is a story of a man that went to California, when the excitement broke out, and left his wife and child in New England. He said as soon as he was successful he would send for them. It was a long time before he was successful, but at last he sent the money, and his wife and child came on to New York, and got on one of those beautiful steamers, and started for San Francisco; and everything was going well. All at once, however, a cry was heard, "Fire, fire!" It ran through the vessel; the pumps were set to work and they got all the water they could, but they could not put it out. The flames gained on them and the captain ordered out the boats. But there were not life-boats enough to take all the passengers, and among the rest left on the deck was the mother of the lovely boy. The last boat was pushing away. If she did not get into that boat she must perish. She begged of the men to take her and her boy, but they said, "We dare not take any more." Her tears and entreaties at last touched the heart of one of the men, and he said, "Let us take her." But the others would not, and at last they compromised by saying, "We will take one." What did the mother do? Did she leap into that life-boat and leave her boy behind to perish? That is not a mother's love. She hugged him, she kissed him and she dropped him over into the life-boat, and said, "If you live to see your father tell him I died to save you." Supposing that young boy has grown up to be a man, and he speaks contemptuously of such a mother, would you not say "He is an ungrateful wretch?" But, sinner, what are you doing with Jesus? Did not He do more than that? Was not He numbered among the transgressors for us? Was not He wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities? Did not He die for the ungodly?

There is a story of a regiment in the Austrian army that was guilty of mutiny, and as they did not want to inflict the penalty

of death upon the whole regiment, they decided that one man in ten should be shot. The regiment was drawn out in line and the officer went along taking out the tenth man. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than the father. He was so anxious that the father should not be shot that he watched the officer, and saw, as he came nearer, that it would fall on his father. So the son stood behind his father, and pushed him into the place of life and took the place of death himself. So with us. We were condemned to die, and there was no hope and no way of escape, and Christ said, "Father, let me go and take that place," and He left the throne, and he came from heaven and died in our stead. And do you get up and go out of this hall and say, "I see no reason I should love Christ?" A young man said to me the other night, "I can go along without Christ; I don't need Him." Well, my friend, if you can get along without Him, He can get along without you. But He don't want you to perish; He wants you to live. May you find refuge behind the blood of Christ, is my prayer.

Conclusion of "The Blood."

Mr. Moody continued the consideration of the subject of "The Blood." On Tuesday he began with the first mention of sacrifices in Genesis, and drew all his illustrations and texts from the Old Testament; yesterday his sermon was on the blood of Christ. He preached the death rather than the life of Christ, makes the Atonement the sole foundation of the hope of heaven—not good works and moral character. In the Bible, from the creation of the world in six days, to the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre, there is not an idea which he does not wholly believe and uphold and honor, without attempting to explain away anything, and he is convinced that each part is needed to sustain the whole. If one part is true, it is all true, and if one sentence is false, it might as well be torn in shreds. There arise in his mind no doubts or questions, and he deals with none, but taking the Bible as literally true

throughout, he impresses his strong faith upon the listening audience and their hearts accept it.

Those who were here yesterday, will remember that we had for our subject the Blood, as found in the Old Testament. To-day we will consider it in the New Testament. There are those who say that it is all one story; that instead of being two books, it is but one. There is one class of people who say they believe in the New but not in the Old Testament, and another class believes in the Old Testament but not in the New. But if you read it carefully, you cannot divide it. If you change any part of it, it is all gone. The very passages that some wish to throw out of the Old Testament, and yet believe the New Testament, these very passages confirm the others. Some say, "I do not believe there was such a thing as a deluge; we do not believe there was any such thing as a flood." But Christ says: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be." Some say, "We do not believe that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in flames and buried, do you? Yes, we believe what Christ believed. He says: "Remember Lot's wife." They say, "We do not believe the whale ever swallowed Jonah; do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ taught; and when Christ says, "As Jonah was three days in the whale's belly." He put His divine soul into the Old Testament as in the New. It is one book, therefore. Whoever touches any part of the Bible touches it all. That is what the questioner is trying to do to break down the word of God, and our confidence in God's testimony and God's record of His son. Yesterday, I did not have time to go through the Old Testament, to say all I wanted to say about the blood, as there described. To-day we will pass over into the New Testament, and see what Scripture says about blood in the New Testament.

The first thing I call your attention to is that we are redeemed by the blood. There is no other redemption. In the first Epistle of Peter, first chapter, eighteenth verse. "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, . . . but with the precious blood

of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' You are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Redemption is more than salvation really. A man might rescue another from sudden death. He might see a man in a carriage, with the horses dashing through the street, and in a moment his life would be gone, dashed to pieces against the wall. He might stop that steed, and save the man's life. He would be the savior of that man. Christ is more than our Savior. He is our Redeemer. He has redeemed us with His blood. Redemption is to buy back. When Christ came, he bought us back. He says you have sold yourselves for nought, but you shall be redeemed without money. Though salvation is free to us, and it is without money and without price, yet it cost God all that He had to do it. It was the blood of Christ, His only Son, that redeemed us. It cost Him His precious blood to buy us back. Do you think silver and gold could have redeemed this world? Why, God could have created millions of worlds of gold, if silver and gold could have done it, but we could be redeemed not by such corruptible things as silver and gold. The apostle looks upon these with scorn and contempt when it comes to the subject of redemption. You are redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, as of a lamb without spot or blemish. The joy of every Christian is that he has been bought back by the blood of Christ. Once when I was going to speak in a little town, on our way there, there was a young man riding in front of us, and I said to my companion, "Who is that young man? I do not remember to have seen him before." He said, "Look over there. Do you see that beautiful meadow and that large farm and the house over there? That young man's father drank that all up while he lived, and his son there went away and went industriously to work and accumulated money, and came back, redeemed the old homestead, and took his mother out of the poorhouse, and is now on his way to church there with his mother." That was the story of the old Adam. He did the same thing. He sold us out to the hands of justice; and the son of God came to buy us back. A friend of mine was coming from Dublin some time ago, and met

an Irish boy with an English sparrow in his hands. The bird was trembling for its life, and trying to get back its liberty; but the boy was stronger than the sparrow, and would not let it escape. The man tried to get the boy to let the bird go. He said, "My boy, why don't you open your hands and let the bird fly away?" The boy replied, "Faith, and I won't be doing that, when I have been after him for hours, and have just got him." Then he tried to get the boy to do it from principle, telling him that it was right to let the poor bird have its freedom again, but the boy would not do it, and finally the man bought him with a piece of money. When he put the money into the boy's hand, in so doing he redeemed the sparrow. At first the little thing did not realize that it had its liberty. It chirped a few times, and looked around, and then it tried its little wings again, and went up singing, as if it said, "Thank you, thank you; you have redeemed me." That is what Christ did. And He says, "I will contend with him that contendeth against thee." He gave us our ransom. He redeemed with His own blood this lost world. There is redemption for every soul that wants to be redeemed.

Justification through Christ's Blood.

We are not only redeemed by blood, but we are justified. This is more than pardon. If a man is washed in the blood, he is as just as if he had never sinned. The question was asked me, "How can a man be justified with God?" A man is justified by His precious blood. In the third chapter of Romans, twenty-third verse, it says: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." So, if a man has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, he is justified. Or, in other words, God says, "I have nothing in my heart against you." We talk about our sins being pardoned and forgiven. In reality no sinner is forgiven. Sin has to be atoned for, and the Son of God has made atonement. He has justified us with his own blood. In the fifth chapter of Romans, ninth verse, it says: "Much more then being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from

wrath through him." Then another thing the blood does—it makes us all equal; one kindred with one tongue, one language. A man that has been sheltered by the blood of Christ, he talks the same language with every other that has been so sheltered. You can tell a man that talks the language of Zion. He may not be able to talk the same language, but his language has the same spirit. Paul says in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, twenty-sixth verse: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." Hath made of all nations one blood! The blood of Jesus Christ brings us together, makes us one, brings us all to one level.

Just before the war came on, during the days of slavery, I was in Boston. They were very exciting times there then, and Dr. Kirk was preaching on the subject of the Cross. It was during the great strife, when there was a great deal of hatred and suspicion against foreigners then in our country. It was in the time of the Know-Nothing party, and there was a great deal of feeling against the blacks and a great deal of feeling against the Irish. Dr. Kirk said when he came up to the Cross to get salvation, he found a poor black man on the right and an Irishman on his left, and the blood came trickling down from the wounded side of the Son of God and made them all brothers, and all alike, and equal. That is what the blood does. It makes us all one kindred, and brings us all into the family of God. We are all saved by the same blood. The blood has two cries. It either cries for our condemnation, or for our salvation. If we reject the blood, it cries out for our condemnation. If we are sheltered behind the blood, and if we fly to that blood for refuge, it cries out for our protection, and for our salvation. We will turn a moment to the First Colossians, first chapter and twentieth verse: "And having made peace through the blood of His Cross;" and then with that let us read a verse that one will find in John, nineteenth chapter and the thirty-fourth verse: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true." He saw the blood that came out

of that side, and thought now there is the blood that speaketh peace. But you know when Pilate washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," the mob cried out, "Let His blood be upon us, and upon our children." Not to save us, not to redeem us, not to wash us, not to justify us, not to cleanse us, but "Let His blood be upon us and upon our children"—"we are responsible for the act." They took it upon themselves, but what a prayer it was! Would to God that the prayer had been, "His blood be upon us and our children to cleanse us, and save us, and speak peace to our guilty conscience." How it would have been blessed! But their cry was, let His blood be upon us, said in all scorn and derision. That is the cry to-day of hundreds of thousands—"We are not going to be saved by the blood, we don't believe in any such thing, we will be responsible for rejecting Him and casting Him away." Oh, my friends! If we ignore the blood, we are lost; there is no other way of being cleansed from our sins. It says in the first chapter of Revelations and fifth verse, "Unto Him, that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Now, if he so washed us, we are clean; if the Son by His coming washed us, and if the blood did not cleanse us, how are we to be cleansed? How are we ever to come into the presence of the pure and holy God, and see Him in high heaven where he sits upon His throne? No man until he is washed by the blood can see God—he will have no desire to see Him?

Some people tell us that the Bible does not contain anything on the subject of the blood. I received a letter from a lady some time ago stating that it was the Apostles that taught it, that Christ did not say one solitary word about it; so she threw out the epistles and the teaching of Paul, and said she took the teachings of Jesus Christ, because there was no blood in them. In Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and twenty-eighth verse, it says, for this is "My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins," and then you will find in the ninth chapter of Hebrews twenty-second verse, that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." I

would like to ask the people who believe in the Bible and yet try to ignore the doctrine of blood, What are you going to do with that portion of Scripture where it says that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" From the time that Adam fell in Eden to the present time there has never been a soul saved but by the shedding of blood, there has never been a soul prepared for the coming to God except by the shedding of blood. The Holy Ghost comes and dwells with that soul that is washed in the blood of redemption, and it becomes a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, but never until it has been cleansed by the shedding of the blood.

"There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do we sing that song? Why do we like to sing that hymn? It is because it has got the blood in it. The hymns that have the scarlet line running through them will never be lost. That hymn never will be lost; as long as there is a church on earth it will be sung. There is not a nation in the world, where there is a Christian, but that they have that hymn translated into their own language. I question if there is an hour in the whole twenty-four but in some parts of the earth they are singing that hymn—"There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do you like that hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea, save that Thy blood was shed for me?" Why is it that that hymn is so popular? Why does the Church of God like it and sing it? Why do we sing it so often? Because it has got the precious blood in it. Then there is the familiar hymn "Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee," etc. Why do we all like that so much? Because it speaks of that fountain which has been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, whereby your sins may be washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Everything that blood touches it redeems. When the blood came out of the Son of God and touched the Roman spear it touched the Roman covenant, and when the blood came out and touched this earth it redeemed it. Though the usurper has got it now, Jesus Christ will have it by and by. Everything that blood touches it purifies and redeems.

A New and Living Way to God.

And so, my friends, what you want is to have the blood applied to your sins. You want to be cleansed by it, and as long as there is blood upon the mercy-seat there is hope for the vilest sinner that walks the face of the earth. God, seeing us look at the blood upon the mercy-seat, says, "Press in! press in, sinners? Press into the Kingdom of God." The vilest can come if he will. That is what the blood of Christ was shed for, to cover sin and to bless us and wash us and prepare us for God's Kingdom. You may turn a moment to Hebrews, tenth chapter. I wish I had time to go through Hebrews with this wonderful subject, for there is more said in Hebrews about the blood than in any other book in the Bible. Now it says at the nineteenth verse: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say his flesh." Before he had to go to the high priest, but now God has opened a new and living way and made all His children kings and priests, and we don't now need any one to intercede for us. When Christ said "It is finished," the vail of the temple was rent. It does not say it was rent from the bottom up. No, it was rent downwards. It was God that seized that vail and tore it open, and God came out and man can go in there now. Through His flesh the vail was rent, and now all of us, through the precious blood of Christ, are made kings and priests, and can go boldly into the holiest. Now a living way has been opened. That is what Christ has done. "By a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, His flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised." Now turn to the 28th verse of the same chapter: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he

be though worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?"

Now, I would like to ask friends here to-day that ignore the whole subject of the blood, where is your hope? What is it based on? What are you building your hopes of heaven on? Is it your good deeds? He says those men that despised Moses's law died without mercy. How much more worthy of punishment shall he be thought who hath trodden under foot the blood of the Son of God, the blood of the covenant? I heard of a man some time ago that was going to get to heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be in the other world. I don't as a general thing believe in dreams, but sometimes they teach good lessons. Well, this man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds: and in his dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then in his dream he died and a mighty Voice came rolling down from above, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down came his ladder and he woke from his sleep and thought, "If I go to heaven I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of the blood that we are to get to heaven. If a man has got to pay his way there, only a few can get there. What are you going to do with these poor sick people who cannot work at all and make money to bestow on others? Are they to be lost and damned? No, thank God! He has made the way so easy and open that the weak and the young and the smallest and poorest can be saved if they will. He has made a new and living way right up to the

Throne. The despised and persecuted can go up as well as anybody else. Let me read that again: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." That is established. You can go out of the Bible and find that in history.

Now, my friends, let me ask you where is your hope? How are you going to be saved? If the Bible is true, and I suppose there is hardly one here but believes it, what are you going to do with that passage that says in Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" If you have this blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ offered to you, sent to you, and you send back the insulting message that you don't want it, where is your hope? What is your hope? How are you going to be saved? How are you going to escape the condemnation of the law? Now, I have traveled considerably during the last two or three years and have met many ministers, and I have learned that the man that makes much of the blood in his preaching, much of the Atonement, and holds up Christ as the only Substitute, God honors his preaching; and the man that covers up this glorious truth, there is no power in his preaching. He may draw great crowds, and they may hover around him for a few years, but when he at last goes, the church itself goes down because it had no power in itself, their prayer-meetings had no power. The minister would get up a good choir and a great crowd to hear the music and fine singing, but when it comes to a real spirit of power they have not got it; and any religion that takes the blood and covers it up, hasn't any power.

I was in a city of Europe and a young minister came to me and said, "Moody, what makes the difference between your success in preaching and mine? Either you are right and I am wrong, or I am right and you are wrong." Said I, "I don't know what the difference is, for you have heard me and I have never heard you preach. What is the difference?" Said he, "You make a good deal out of the death of Christ, and I don't make anything out of it. I preach the life." Said I, "What do you do with this: 'He hath borne our sins in His own body on the tree'?" Said he, "I never preached that." Said I,

"What do you do with this: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities, and with His stripes we are healed'?" Said he "I never preached that." "Well," said I again, "what do you do with this—'without the shedding of blood there is no remission'?" Said he, "I never preached that." I asked him, "What do you preach?" "Well," he says, "I preach a moral essay." Said I, "My friend, if you take the blood out of the Bible, it is all a myth to me." Said he, "I think the whole thing is a sham." "Then," said I, "I advise you to get out of the ministry very quick. I would not preach a sham. If the Bible is untrue, let us stop preaching, and come out at once like men, and fight against it if it is a sham and untrue; but if these things are true, and Jesus Christ left heaven and came into this world to shed His blood and save sinners, then let us lay hold of it and preach it, in season and out of season." In the college at Princeton this last year, when the students were ready to go forth into the world, the old man, their instructor, would stand up there and say, "Young men, make much of the blood. Young men, make much of the blood!" and I have learned this, that a minister who makes much of the substitution and holds Christ up as the sinner's only hope, God blesses his preaching. And if the Apostles didn't preach that, what did they preach? You take the great doctrine of substitution out of the preaching of Paul, Peter, John, James, and Philip, and all of those holy men, and you take out all that they preached. And so, my friends, there don't seem to be one ray of hope for the man that ignores the blessed, blessed subject of the blood. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

It is said of Julian, the great apostate, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity in the days of Rome's prosperity, before it received Christianity, when he was trying to drive those Christians away, he received a mortal wound, and as he pulled the spear out of his side, he took a handful of the blood that gushed forth from the wound, and threw it toward heaven as he reeled and staggered, crying out, "There, Galilean! Thou hast conquered!" We are all conquered, overcome by the

blood of the Lamb. The only way to Heaven is by the Word of His testimony and His blood. Revelation is full of the subject. It would take days to go through Revelation and see all it contains about blood. The only thing that Christ left down here in the world of His person, was His blood. His flesh, His bones, He took away with Him, and when He hung there on Calvary, and the blood came out of His hands, and out of His feet and from his bruised side, and trickled down on the earth, it was never gathered up. It was left there, and God holds the world responsible for it. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to trample it under foot and send a message to Heaven that you don't care for it, that you despise, hate it? Or, are you going to find a refuge and shelter behind it? It is Christ's, shed for the salvation of every soul here within these walls. It is said every man that goes up, goes up by the way of the blood. You cannot think about Abel, but you think of the bleeding Lamb. So, my friends, the question to-day is what are you going to do with this subject. I have heard of an English lady who was greatly troubled about her soul for several months, and the way her conversion was brought about was this: She told her servant one day to go out and kill a lamb, and told him what to do with all of the different parts except the blood, and presently after he had killed the lamb he came in and asked her, "What shall I do with the blood of the Lamb?" And God used it as the arrow that should go down into her soul; and she began to walk her room and ask herself, "What shall I do with the blood of the Son of God?" What are you going to do with that precious blood that flows out of Calvary? Are you going to let it cleanse you from sin? What say you? Will you take it and by and by stand with your garments made white by the blood of the Lamb and sing the song of redemption?

During the war a New York minister, I think it was, came down among the soldiers in the hospital, and preached to them the way of Christ, and helped them in their dying hours. He found one man whose eyes were closed and who was muttering something about "blood, blood;" and the old doctor thought

he was thinking of the carnage of the battle-field and the blood he had seen there, and going up to him, he tried to divert his mind; but the young man looked up and said, "Oh, Doctor, it was not that I was thinking of, I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me now that I am dying. It covers all my sins." Oh, my friends, the dying hour will come. We are hastening on to death. If Christ is not your all in all, what is to become of you? I was on the Pacific coast some time ago, and there they were telling me about a stage-driver who had died a little while ago, and you that have been there know that those men who drive coaches make a great deal of the brake, for they have to keep their feet upon it all the time going down the mountains; and as this poor fellow was breathing his last in his bed he cried out, "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" Those were his last words. There was not a stage-driver there, when I was there, but was talking about it. Just about that time a very eminent man in our country was dying in New York or New Jersey—a holy man of God, who had lifted the banner of Christ and won many to Christ, and he was passing away in the prime of life. There stood his wife and friends around the bedside, and there was seemingly a heavenly halo around that couch, and just expiring, he said: "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." Those were his last words. They live to-day in the nation. I believe they will never be forgotten. Your time will come, and then it will be grand to die with those words upon your lips—"I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Temperance Meeting.

The many requests for prayers were all in behalf of those whose besetting sin is the love of strong drink. Mr. Moody's remarks were very short. He said, among other things: "There is just one hope for a drunkard, and that hope is Christ in his heart. A man may have strong will, but we find that the tempter is stronger than the will and it gives way. The only means by which to overcome sin is to accept Christ; education

won't do it. culture won't do it, and a man by his own strength cannot do it. I found a drunkard last night who wanted to get to God without Christ—can't do it. Let us have faith that God will enter into such hearts to-day."

After a prayer by Mr. Wells and the hymn "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," Mr. Moody introduced Dr. Reynolds of Massachusetts, who has been active in recent temperance movements in that State. He gave as his own experience: "I am one of the unfortunate men who inherited the love of strong drink; it is as much a part of my inheritance as my hand is part of my body. I drank for twenty years, and the last six I was a hardened drunkard. When for the second time I was on the verge of *delirium tremens*, driven by a propensity I could not control, I in despair, knelt down and asked God to help me, and from that time to this I have been a temperate man and one of the happiest that ever lived. If you want to read a history of my life and of all drinking men's lives, you will find it in the 60th Psalm. No man can handle alcohol and not be beaten in the end. Drinking men are the best-hearted men in the world, and if you can get them to quit it, they make the best Christians. Oh, if this evil has got hold of you, go down on your knees and ask God to help you."

He was followed by Mr. Warner, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, who spoke upon the work going on in that city. He said, "That man Moody gave us more work than we can do;" the meetings continued to be full and the interest was not dying out.

The meeting was formally adjourned, but all who wished to hear a few words from two working men, reformed drunkards, from the Phelps Mission, were invited to remain, and the whole audience kept their seats. Perhaps no words had more effect than those spoken by these two men, who had been through the whole range of wretchedness and abasement which drunkenness could create and still retained a spark of manliness on which to build hope for the future.

There was an unusually large attendance at the noon prayer-meeting. There is no better indication of the great

interest taken in this revival than the fact that such numbers continue to go at this inconvenient hour. One wonders that there are so many who think it possible to leave their worldly interests for an hour at midday, or so many women who do not feel that their small duties at home are too imperative. Many of them come in on the early trains from the country, carrying their satchels, and they are the ones, perhaps, who evince by their faces and eager manner the most vital interest in these meetings.

Mr. Moody, who speaks as readily and impressively at the prayer-meetings as he does to the crowds who assemble in the afternoon and evening, made to-day an address on Thanksgiving. He said that after praising God, and praying to Him day and night for weeks, the time seemed already to have come to give thanks for the evidence they had had, that the prayers had reached the Throne of Grace. Many instances were given of what seemed direct answers from God to these prayers—enough in one half hour to overthrow all the arguments against its efficacy which modern thought has produced. Rev. Dr. Hatfield of Philadelphia said he had apprehended that God's work would not be as well done here as it had been in the city from which he came, but that in that one meeting he had discovered how unfounded that apprehension had been.

The women's prayer-meeting, at the close of the noon services, was one of the largest held since this work began, nearly all of those in the large hall adjourning to the smaller room. The ladies, who generally conduct these meeting alone, were assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, who delivered a short address.

The young men's meeting developed a deep interest, and was attended by several thousand people. Thurlow Weed was present, as he had been in the afternoon, and sat among the reporters. When the sermon was finished he still kept his seat, and remained to attend the prayer-meeting that followed.

Mr. Moody spoke on the promises contained in the Bible. He said in part:

There was a man in London who had all the promises of God printed together in a little book, and sometime after some one

in the country sent up for a copy. He received the answer that all the promises of God were out of print—perhaps that man had never heard of this: (holding up a Bible). At one time in Chicago, when the meetings grew a little dull, I told them we would go through the Bible and look for all the promises given us; and from that time there were no more dull meetings. We had never realized before what promises God has made to those who believe in Jesus Christ. In the West I met a man in the cars who was marking a lot of notes he had in his hand with the letters B., G., P., and so on, and I asked him what it was for. He said some of them were bad, the parties were bankrupt, and he never expected to collect them. Some were good, though the men were slow to pay, and some were only possibly good, and he marked them to calculate his chances. Now some people are just like this man with God's promises; some they expect will be kept, and some they do not; some are barely possible. I advise you to make all God's promises good. God always keeps every promise he makes, and I defy any infidel to show any promise He has not kept.

The Other Side of the Picture.

Mr. Moody gave as his text, "Son, Remember," saying that, if he consulted his own feelings, he would be preaching on Heaven or God s love, but a man who came as a messenger must give the whole message.

For the first time since he has been in the city Mr. Moody

preached on the dark side of the religious question—the consequences of a godless life, or rather the consequences of rejecting Christ, whether the life be godless or not. It was not like most of his sermons, the natural expression of easily flowing thoughts, but the dutiful message of a man who gives warning of the worst. In his most rigorous sermon he tells not of a hell, the fires of which are always burning, but of a conscience which never sleeps or forgets. He might picture under a pressure of argument other torments, but as yet he has only given the ameliorated form of everlasting suffering. He finds in the words "Son, remember," enough suffering for all eternity. Going from the densely crowded streets one scarcely expected to find many gathered in the hall, but there was the usual large congregation in attendance.

I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I have ever seen. On the paper attached to the painting were the words "Sowing the tares," and the face looked more like a demon's than a man's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up on his body, and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah? the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap the flesh. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to Him and receive salvation as a gift. You can decide your destiny to-day if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take Him He will receive you to His arms. If you will reject Him He will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than He is now? Will He ever have more power than He has now? Then why not be saved now? Why not make up your mind to be saved now while mercy is offered you? I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in our church, I closed the meeting one night by asking if there were any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great

joy a man arose that had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest?" "Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way." Said I, "What is that?" "Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man"—naming a friend of his—"had been here to-night, I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him." "But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord, if you come out at all. That is what you have got to do;" and I talked with him, and he was trembling from head to foot. I thought the spirit of God was striving with him, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. I did not labor with that man as I often wished since that I had. I wish that night I had prayed more earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next night, and the next night, and the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks. It seemed as if he came to the very threshold of Heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for this hesitation except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him. I notice that when men go to prison no one laughs at them, but when they come out and declare their intention of leading good lives and standing up for Jesus, then men laugh at them and make sport of them.

Well, I thought surely this man would be brought into the fold, but at last the spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone, and then after that when he used to meet me on the street he used to shun me, and if I met him coming along the same side of the street he would cross over to the other side and dodge me in every way he could. He finally got so that he didn't come to church on the Sabbath. He always used to come before. And that is the fault some people find with these meetings. They say it hardens people. Yes, it does harden some people. Any man that goes through a special meeting like this and rejects the gospel of course becomes hardened, and his chances are much less for heaven. The things that formerly

moved them do not move them so readily the next time. It hardens a great many. It hardened this man. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him, and I prayed with him. Contrary to all expectations and to the belief of the physicians, he recovered and got off from his sick bed. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house convalescing rapidly, and I said, "You are coming out for God, now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again?" Said he, "Mr. Moody, I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian." Said I "But you don't know yet that you will get well." "Oh," said he, "I will be perfectly well in a few days. I'll risk it. I have got a new lease of life." "Oh," said I, "it seems to me that you are tempting God," and I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last said he, "Mr. Moody I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ." Said I, "If God has not got grace enough to save you in Chicago, He has not in Michigan," and I preached Christ to him, and urged Christ upon him. At last he got a little irritated, and said, "Mr. Moody, you can just attend to your business, and I will to mine, and if I lose my soul, no one will be to blame but myself—certainly not you, for you have done all you could." I went away from that house then with a heavy heart.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter. "My husband," she said, "has been taken down with some disease, and I have just had a council of physicians here,

and they have all given him up to die." Said I, "Does he want to see me?" "No," said she. "Then why did you send for me?" Said she, "I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." "What does he say?" I asked. Said she, "He says his damnation is sealed and he will be in hell in a little while." I went in, and he at once fixed his eye upon me. I called him by name, but he was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed and looked in his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?" and he at last fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said, "Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed and I will be in hell in a little while." I tried to tell him of Jesus's love and of God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, don't you mock me. I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees he said, "You need not pray for me; you need not pray for a lost soul. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless. They need your prayers, but you need not pray for me." I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if the heaven above me was like brass. As I took the cold, clammy hand, the sweat of death was upon it, and it seemed like bidding farewell to a man I should never see in time or eternity. I left him with a broken heart. That was about noon. The next day his wife told me he lingered until the sun went down behind those Western prairies, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along an hour he would say again those words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and the angels bore him away to judgment. He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud and bore him away to a Christless grave. Oh, how dark and sad!

Are there some here that are almost persuaded to be Chris-

tians? Take my advice and not let anything keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus this day and hour. You can be saved if you will. Son, remember! I have warned you to-day. Daughter, remember! you cannot say that I did not lift up a warning voice to-day and exhort you with all my soul to escape the damnation of hell.

When he described the scene at the death bed of the despairing and unrepentant sinner, a thrill of horror passed through the vast assemblage and tears rolled down many a furrowed cheek. Mr. Sankey was visibly affected by the picture, and when he raised his head at the close of the address his eyes were red from weeping. The preacher concluded by referring to the fact that the fifth week of his work in this city would come to an end with his sermon, and by praying earnestly that many might be brought to Christ to commemorate the event. The services closed with the singing of

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Mr. Moody has had a very successful week. Though the weather was not entirely propitious, the crowds were but slightly diminished. The endurance of these two evangelists is something startling. Still one can see by their make-up that they are intended for severe labor. Mr. Sankey weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, and measures forty-four inches around the chest. This is the weight and chest measure of the *basso profundo* in an opera troupe, and is indicative of great constitutional resistance. Mr. Moody is only an inch or two less in chest measurement and but a few pounds lighter. These gentlemen are both remarkable for equable temperaments. They are the most cheerful and happy men in New York. Never anxious or fretful about the future, they do each day's duties as they present themselves. If this is religion it would do some of our worn out and tired merchants good to make an experimental investment in it.

With all his zeal and earnestness, Mr. Moody is not a man over-weighted with gravity. His quick sympathy with people of all classes, and his appreciation of their sorrows, make him

often pathetic, and his belief in the danger of the unconverted soul makes him deeply in earnest; but he has no melancholy views of life, no morbid dread of impending evil, and none of the sombre views of those who think of God only as a Judge and Avenger. Those who hear him most are the least astonished at the whole movement and the crowd he draws. The most severe critics of his views and methods soon forget their criticism in the genial atmosphere of his sincere, easy talk and irresistible humor. His sermons are to those of the more scholarly and cultivated clergymen, what home ballads are to symphonies, and every one must like them whether they are educated to appreciate fully the symphonies or not. The quiet humor of the preacher was never more effective than when illustrating the excuses made by those bidden to the feast, and the reasons given him every day by those who reject Christ. When finally he told of a man seventy-eight years old, who said he wanted to be a Christian, and would be one, "but I am afraid, sir, I would not hold out," the whole audience smiled.

In one of the churches reference was made at some length to the disinterested nature of the work at the Hippodrome—such an immense effort and outlay on the part of men who have personally nothing to gain by the movement, neither position, nor money, nor reputation, none of the rewards which are generally the stimulants of labor. Mr. Moody, who gives his time and unremitting efforts to the cause, the clergymen of prominence and talent who assist him daily, the young men of the Christian Association who act as ushers and work in the inquiry-rooms, and behind these the gentlemen of wealth and liberality who support the whole organization—it is only through the disinterested coöperation of all these men that the movement is such a wide-spread success. All that is left for the people to do is to go and listen and assent. No effort, no money is required from the audiences, and no especial quality but receptivity. The words fall and spring up bearing fruit. Mr. Moody tells of a man with such a rigorous sense of justice that he "did not believe in being saved all at once and for nothing;" yet so simple and plain is the plan of salvation which is taught at the

Hippodrome, that very many who go find themselves believing and trusting for nothing and all at once.

Of all the people that assemble there, none seem to enjoy the revival with more fervor than the old people, of whom there is always a large proportion. Many go day after day, and are to be found in the same places. In religious feeling alone the world seems not to have distanced them, but to go with them or to follow them, and they have a sense of company which to them is growing a rare experience. It is a great popular movement in which they have their full share, and in which their years only give them a more vital interest. With bent heads and closed eyes they say their fervent amens as they listen to the sympathy, charity and hopefulness which Mr. Moody daily gives them. He is not so much above their mental range but that he can set their thoughts and feelings flowing with love and gratitude.

Dr. John Hall said: I am extremely touched by the number of old men and the mothers in Israel who are here. Many of them may not have much money to give or be able to do for others, but all can pray. God does not keep the door barred. Just as a lawyer makes it his business to handle cases, and a physician to cure diseases, so it is the business of the Christian to pray. We clergymen are extremely anxious to have our congregations revived, but what we want is to be quickened and revived ourselves, to go up to the level where we want our people to be. Be you what you want others to be. You, parents, be Christlike before your children. I have often been surprised and amused at people who, after spending years in a godless life and then coming to Christ, wonder that every one they speak to is not converted to God. I want to say to them, Did you come at once? How long did you wait after God called you? God has had patience with us and we must have patience too. Old Christians ought always to pray and not faint; the clouds are not from the sun, but from the earth.

There was a time when I thought I must preach with a loaf of bread in one hand and the Gospel in the other. But it is a

thousand times better to get the blessing that cripple got; as for the rest God will take care of His own.

Mr. Moody invited to the front of the platform a highly respectable-looking grey-haired man, above the middle age, who stated that he was converted three weeks ago, and that he was a hotel proprietor and kept a bar previous to his conversion. He testified of the power of Christ over his soul not because he felt it, but because the word of God gave him authority for saying his sins were put away and he was a new man. He carried his Bible, and appealed to it in support of all the statements he made. Two more reformed drunkards, middle-aged men, whose countenance bore traces of the effect of strong drink, also spoke. One of them was converted about three weeks ago, but the baptism he then received was John's baptism. Since Mr. Moody's visit he was baptized with a love for winning souls to Christ. The third man was converted but three weeks ago.

Said Mr. Moody: I wonder how many of these people here this afternoon would like to be saved? I am not going to ask those who would to rise. I do not know whether any one would have courage to rise, and by that act say, "I would like to be saved." Perhaps you say to yourselves, "If that man will just tell me the way how I can be saved this afternoon, I will be saved." I believe one reason why so few are saved is because they do not come out to the meetings expecting to be saved. They do not come for that purpose. There was a lady came to our meeting in Philadelphia—to the noon meeting at 11 o'clock she came early so as to get a good seat. After the meeting was over we had another meeting for women, and she stayed at that She had made up her mind not to leave the meetings until she had found Christ. She did not find Him at that meeting, but she might have found Him. He was offered freely to every one at all of them. So she stayed at the afternoon meeting, and still no light came. She stayed at the evening meeting and went into the inquiry meeting afterward. Between 11 and 12 o'clock she took me by the hand and said, "I will trust Him." And she rejoiced in the Saviour's love. I met her afterward. There was not a face shone more than hers did. There was a

woman who came determined to find Him. When we search for God with all our hearts we are sure to find Him.

Now a great many think they can't repent because they have not this sorrow they talk about; they want to work up their feelings before they repent. Now all this is man's idea. With the command for all men to repent comes the power. God ain't an unjust God; he don't tell all to repent and then not give the power to do it. With the command He gives the power, and you can turn to Him if you will. You are free agents, and if you come to God you will live, and if you refuse to return to Him, of course you must die. And now I want to warn you about one thing and that is fear. Fear is not repentance. I have not much hope of scaring men into the kingdom of God. If you could do it you would have them out as quickly as they got in. It is like men in a storm at sea. They are cursing and blaspheming and in fifteen minutes after they all turn very pious. This is not repentance; it is fear. A great many men repent on their dying bed, but when they recover they forget all about it. That is not what we want. It is a cool, calm calculation that you will just make up your mind that you will turn from sin and turn to God; and he will receive every one that will so turn to Him, for He deals in mercy.

Reconciliation Illustrated.

You hear people say they can't understand that: they cannot imagine but *they* have to do something to satisfy God. But I tell you that God is satisfied, God is reconciled. You have the word of Paul that God is reconciled to us. Yes, thank God, He is reconciled to the world. Can *you* reconcile God? Christ has done that. The moment a sinner takes this to heart, and comes to Jesus, that moment he is saved. Perhaps a story will illustrate this as well as anything. In England I was told about an only son—these only sons are hard to bring up properly; they have every whim and caprice gratified; they generally grow up headstrong, self-willed, and obstinate, and make it miserable for any one to have anything to do with them. Well, this son had a father something like himself in disposition. And one day

a quarrel arose between them, and at last, as the son would not give in and own he was wrong, the father in a fit of anger said that he wished his son would leave the house and never come back again. "Well," rejoined the boy (as angry as his father,) "I will leave, and I never will enter your house again until you ask me." "Well, then, you won't come back in a hurry," replied his father. The boy then left. The father gave up the boy, but the mother did not. Perhaps these men here won't understand that, but you women do. A great many things will separate a man from his wife, a father from his son, but nothing in the wide, wide world will ever separate a mother from her child. A jury can bring in a verdict against her son; the hisses may go up against him; he is condemned to be hanged; there is not a friendly paper to write an article in his favor. But if his mother be there, the boy has at least one eye to rest upon him, one heart to beat in sympathy with him. He is taken to the cold, damp cell and left to his fate. All forsake him but his mother. She comes there; she puts her arm around his neck; she kisses him; she would spend all the time with him if the officers would allow it. She cannot save him. The day before his execution she sees him for the last time; she has not the courage to see him in the shadow of the gallows. The supreme moment at length arrives; he is led forth, and in a few minutes he dangles a corpse. Does the mother then forget him? No; even now she goes to his grave, strews flowers upon it, and waters them with her tears. A mother's love is next to God's love. Death is stronger than everything else; yes, but with the exception of one thing—a mother's love. Death and decay may wreck this city, buildings may cease to exist, everything yields before them but a mother's love.

To refer to the illustration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never come back, the mother was taken very sick. She had been trying by every means in her power to effect a reconciliation between the father and son. When she found she could not recover from her illness she again renewed her efforts with all the power of a mother's love. She wrote to her son, imploring him to ask his father's forgive-

ness. He sent word back that he would not write to his father unless his father first wrote to him. "I will never come home until he asks me," he said. The mother began to get lower and lower. Her husband at this time came to the bedside and asked if there was anything he could do for her. "Yes, yes," she cried, "there is one thing—you can send for my boy. That is the only wish I have on earth that is not gratified. If you do not care for him when I am alive, who will care for him when I am gone? I cannot bear to die and leave my child among strangers. Just let me see him and speak to him and I will die in peace." The father said he could not send for him. He could, but he wouldn't. He did not want to. The mother has but a few hours now to live. She again beseeches her husband that he will send for their son. The father said he would send a dispatch to him, but in her name. "No, no; that would not do." Well, he can stand it no longer, and he signs his own at the foot of the telegram. It was sent, and the moment the boy received it he took the first train home. The father was standing by the side of the bed when the son arrived. But when he saw the door open he turned his back upon him and walked away. The mother grasped the hand of her boy and pressed it again and again, and kissed him fervently. "Oh! just speak to your father, won't you? Just speak the first word." "No, mother, I will not speak to him until he speaks to me." The excitement was too much and she was rapidly sinking. She told her husband she was dying. She now took his hand in one of hers, and held the hand of her boy in the other, and sought and strove to bring about a reconciliation. But neither would speak. With her last strength she then placed the hand of the son into the hand of the father and sank down into the arms of death, and was borne by the angels into the kingdom of God. The father looked at the wife and then at the boy; he caught his eye; they fell upon each other's necks, and there stood weeping by the bed of the departed. That is the illustration I have given; but it is not a fair illustration in this respect; God is not angry with us. With that exception it is a good illustration of reconciliation. Christ brought the hand of the

Father clear down to this world; He put the hand of the sinner into the hand of His Father and died that they might be reconciled. You have nothing to do then to bring about a reconciliation. God is already reconciled to us and is ready to save us. Let us pray.

The sermon, as usual, was full of familiar illustrations. Even two boys, with ragged hats and dirty hands, who had evidently dropped in there for an adventure, paid enough attention to catch all the stories and convey them to each other by nudges. If some delay over the sermon tried them, the singing came in time to prevent a retreat. By request, Mr. Sankey sang "The Ninety and Nine" again.

At the opening Mr. Sankey sung "Holy Spirit, heavenly Guide," while the audience sat in perfect quiet.

Instead of basing his sermon upon a text, according to the usual form, Mr. Moody seems to prefer a general subject, and then in the course of his address he reads from a small and much-thumbed Bible a number of passages of Scripture, illustrating and enforcing his teaching. No one ever preaches sermons in more cheerful tones and with a more genial manner, and in this way he takes from religion any seeming austerity, presenting it so attractively that the light hearted of his hearers cannot dread its effect upon their youth and spirits. He preached upon the Holy Ghost. When he said, "I do not seek to work through your brains as much as through your hearts, since it is not intellectual power so much as love for Christ which you want," he struck the keynote of his work. The house was full. The labors of the inquiry rooms are extensive and successful; meetings are held in them whenever the congregations in the larger hall are dismissed.

Mr. Moody said: the Holy Ghost is our teacher. He will teach us and show us things to come. He comes to speak of Christ, not of Himself. A man came to me the other day and said he was going down to Florida, where my wife and family are, and wanted to know if I had any message to send. Well, I sent them a message; but suppose when that man went down there he should go and see my wife and should begin and talk

about himself, and not say a word about me. That would not cheer their hearts; they would want to hear about me. That would make their hearts warm. The Holy Ghost teaches us this lesson of self-forgetfulness. Every one of us Christians wants more of the Holy Ghost. Let us all give ourselves up to the influence of His spirit, who will lead us on to liberty and life and peace and joy.

I have believed in God for thirty years. When first converted, I did not believe in Him very much, but ever since then I have believed in him more and more every year. When people come to me, tell me they can't believe, and ask what they shall do, I tell them to do as I once knew a man do. He went and knelt down and told God honestly he could not believe in Him, and I advise them to go off alone and tell it right out to the Lord. But if you stop to ask yourselves *why* you don't believe in Him, is there really any reason? People read infidel books and wonder why they are unbelievers. I ask why they read such books. They think they must read both sides. I say that book is a lie, how can it be one side when it is a lie? It is not one side at all. Suppose a man tells right down lies about my family, and I read them so as to hear both sides; it would not be long before some suspicion would creep into my mind. I said to a man once, "Have you got a wife?" "Yes. and a good one." I asked: "Now, what if I should come to you and cast out insinuations against her?" And he said, "Well, your life would not be safe long if you did." I told him just to treat the devil as he would treat a man who went round with such stories. We are not to blame for having doubts flitting through our minds, but for harboring them. Let us go out trusting the Lord with heart and soul to-day.

God is Love.

There are three thoughts I have tried to bring out to-day: that God is love; that His love is unchangeable; that His love is everlasting. The fourth thought is this: that His love is unfailing. Your love is not. His is. When people come to me and talk about their love for God, it chills me through and

through ; the thermometer goes down fifty degrees ; but when they talk about God's love for them, I know what they would say. So do not think for a moment that God does not love you a good deal more than you love Him. There is not a sinner here, there is not an unsaved man here to-night but He wants to save, just as a father loves his child, only a thousand times more. Is there a poor wanderer here that has wandered far from Christ? He sends me to invite you to come to Him again. I don't care how sinful you are ; let this text sink deep into your soul to-day, "God is love."

Paul for three years preached upon immediate repentance. He besought his hearers with tears, to turn from their sins and be saved. "Behold, now is the accepted time." That was what he preached. Yes, I leave heaven and earth, and go down to the very borders of hell, and will ask them there if it is not better to repent now. They would all with one voice answer, "Yes, yes, yes." The only time we ever heard from that place was to have a young man implore that word might be sent to his father's house, that his brothers there might be warned against neglecting salvation. Yes, the lost ones would tell you to escape and seek the kingdom of God and be saved. Why, then, heaven, earth, and hell all unite in warning you to seek the kingdom of God. Why will you not do it, then? Why not accept Christ this very day? Just think what will become of you if you do not.

When the Lawrence Mills were on fire a number of years ago —I don't mean on fire, but when the mill fell in—the great mill fell in, and after it had fallen in the ruins caught fire. There was only one room left entire, and in it were three Mission Sunday-school children imprisoned. The neighbors and all hands got their shovels and picks and crowbars, and were working to set the children free. It came on night and they had not yet reached the children. When they were near them, by some mischance a lantern broke, and the ruins caught fire. They tried to put it out, but they could not succeed. They could talk to the children, and even passed them some hot coffee and some refreshments, and encouraged them to keep up. But alas, the

flames drew nearer and nearer to this prison. Superhuman were the efforts made to rescue the children; the men bravely fought back the flames; but the fire gained fresh strength and returned to claim its victims. Then piercing shrieks arose when the spectators saw the efforts of the firemen were hopeless. The children saw their fate. They then knelt down and commenced to sing the little hymn we have all been taught in our Sunday-school days: "Oh! how sweet—let others seek a home below which flames devour and waves o'erflow." The flames had now reached them; the stifling smoke began to pour into their little room, and they began to sink, one by one upon the floor. A few moments more and the fire circled around them and their souls were taken into the bosom of Christ. Yes, let others seek a home below if they will, but seek ye the kingdom of God with all your hearts.

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words. "My son, seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee." "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text." When he got into the town to which he was going he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then, he would wait until he got a start in life—until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on that very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold! he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him; that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he

coolly, calmly, and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard a sermon that has made any impression on me since." I was not a Christian myself, so I didn't know how to talk with him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home I mentioned the name to my mother and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed; "didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why that he had gone out of his mind and is now in the insane asylum." When I got up there he pointed his finger at me; says he, "Young man, 'seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'" He had never forgotten that text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there."

My friends, do not let that man speak to you. He is gone now. How much better it would have been for him to have followed his mother's prayer. The Spirit of God may be striving with some one to-day. I may be standing here for the last time. Let me plead with you once more to seek the Kingdom of God, and seek it with all our hearts.

Sermon on Daniel.

Mr. Moody discoursed on "Daniel." He said: The next thing that comes before us is that the king is in trouble again. He has had another dream. He called in the wise men of Babylon and told them what he had dreamt about, but they were not able to interpret what it meant. But the prophet is brought in, and he at once told him the dream. He says: "Oh king, this is your own kingdom. God has made it to extend to the four corners of the earth, and now since God has exalted you, you have become proud, and have not given Him the glory, but if thou wilt humble thyself He may spare thee." Now Daniel preached to him a good sermon. It may be he told him of Nineveh, and how the Lord had spared it when its people repented. We find the king saying, one year afterwards: "Is not this the great kingdom I have built up by my power?"

We're told a voice from heaven said: "Oh king, thy glory is departed from thee." He left the throne, was driven from among men, and dwelt with the beasts of the field. At the end of seven times—some think that means seven years—his reason returned, and the last glimpse we catch of the mighty monarch is in the 4th chapter of Daniel, where he sends out his last decree. Now he has got home to himself. The language of this touches the king on his throne; it sounds as if it came from a man who has met the God of all grace, and his heart has been changed. He says: "Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and honor and extol the King of Heaven." We have very good reason to believe that he was a saved man. We have very good reason to suppose that Daniel was successful, by his faithfulness, in winning him to the God of the Hebrews. For fifteen years we lose sight of the mighty prophet. Another takes the throne. We do not find out who that second ruler was, but now we find Belshazzar, who reigns next, had a feast. There he is, with his thousand lords come up from different parts of the empire. No doubt he thought, like every sinner, that he was perfectly secure. They are praising their gods of silver, gold, and brass. While the banquet is going on the king orders the vessels that had been taken from the temple to be brought in. All at once in that banqueting hall every voice is hushed. The king trembles from head to foot. What is the matter? Every eye is directed yonder to the wall. There is seen a handwriting there, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." There was not any of his wise men could read the writing. No uncircumcised eye could read God's writing. Daniel was sent for. With one look he can see it without any trouble. It was his father's writing. It read, "Thy kingdom is numbered, thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting, thy kingdom is given to the Medes and Persians." He thought not that while this was going on the Medes and Persians were already at work—that very night they were marching up the streets of Babylon. They battered down the gates of the palace, and soon the king's blood flowed with the wine of the banquet. He blazed forth for one single

night, and this is the first and the last we ever hear of him. Now Darius the Mede takes the throne.

We find that Daniel was put over the presidents and made the chief man in all the realm. He was put there to see that no damage was done to the king. He held the position for a long time, but at last there was a conspiracy raised against him. No man can be true to God but some one rises up that wants him to be got out of the way. If they could only just get one of their own number in his place, what would they not gain? After talking it over they could find no occasion against Daniel but touching the love of his God. Oh, thank God for such a man. Would to God we had more like him. He had put no friends into office that had swindled the government. Though he had been Chief Secretary they could find nothing against him. At last one of them said: "I have got a plan." I can imagine the one hundred and twenty princes all together one night and one of them gets up and says: "Do you know that this man Daniel won't worship any one but the God of the Hebrews? Now if we could get Darius to sign a decree that no man shall be worshiped for thirty days but himself! Just make a lion's den and make it the penalty for any man who refuses to obey the decree, and we shall soon get him out of the way." But they said: "Look here, this must be a profound secret. We must not go out of the Council Chamber to-night until we get the king's signature." They very carefully drew up the document. Next morning some of them called on the king, saying: "O king, live forever. We have been thinking how we can increase your popularity, and we've made up our minds that if you should sign a decree that not one in your empire should worship any God but yourself it would make you the most popular monarch that ever ruled." It cannot but touch the king's vanity. He liked it very much. They showed him the document. "Well," he said, "I can see no objection to that. The king takes his signet, down comes the stamp and he signs it. As he does so, one of them cries: "The law of the Medes and Persians altereth not." There also was a penalty put in the decree. I can imagine one of Daniel's friends

runs and tells him. I can imagine what Christians of the present day would say: "Now these men want to plunder the government. Hadn't you better go off to some remote part of the country for the thirty days? If you don't they will catch you and throw you into the lions' den." Or, "Daniel, if you pray, dont pray with your window open towards Jerusalem. If you will pray, put down the blinds and pray in secret. Put something in the keyhole so they can't be peeping in." How many men are trying to serve God in that way. How many young men I have heard of whom when they hear the footsteps of their comrade will at once get off their knees. Do you think Daniel is going to turn to the right hand or the left in his old days? Thank God, Daniel had time to pray. If there had been a daily prayer-meeting in Babylon he would have attended it regularly. Now, these princes watch him. He knelt down as aforetime. He prayed that God might direct Darius in the affairs of his kingdom, but he didn't pray to Darius. When they told the king I can imagine him stretching himself and saying, "Who is he?" "Why, that man you put over us, that Hebrew." The king was troubled when he heard it, and set his heart for the delivery of his friend Daniel, but the laws could not be altered. He and every peasant knew he was the best man they had in the whole country. Darius loved him very much, but he couldn't save him. He didn't love him as much as Jesus loved us. Our Darius died himself that the law might be kept. And now, there is the old man moving on to that den like a conqueror. He knows if God wants him to go to heaven from the den it is all the same. These princes thought the lions would make short work of him. Ah, down comes an angel and shuts every mouth. I can imagine he even uses one as a pillow. He would rather be there with a clear conscience than Darius on his throne with a guilty one. Now I can hear about daybreak the king's chariot going over the streets of Babylon. In great haste he comes to the den and cries, "O Daniel, is that God whom thou servest able to deliver thee from the mouth of the lion?" "Yes, my God is able to deliver me, Darius." He takes him out; they

embrace each other, and I can imagine they breakfast together that morning.

Here Mr. Moody said that the time was up, and he could not finish, but merely said that Daniel ever after was greatly beloved. Mr. Sankey closed with the fine song, "Dare to be a Daniel."

Some Expositions.

Mr. Moody read part of the 12th chapter of Acts, explaining, as he read, in his familiar way, which makes a genial story out every verse. It was of the deliverance of Peter from the prison where he slept between two soldiers and bound with chains. And the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side and raised him, saying, "Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands." "Now, if we had been going to do this thing," Mr. Moody said, "we would have crept in there in the dark and loosened the chains in all possible silence and slipped out again. But God has a light, and walks in, and the chains rattle off on the floor. And he saith unto him, cast thy garment about thee and follow me. And Peter went out, not wide awake yet, but wide awake enough to obey; that is what God wants. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said to her, Thou art mad. The people would not believe their prayer was answered, but said, 'She don't know; that girl has gone clean mad.' Now if there is any one who doubts that our prayers are answered, he is just as guilty as the people who would not believe that Peter was knocking at the gate. There were more converts in the inquiry room yesterday than we could talk to personally, and many, even the very ones we pray for, are constantly coming in. God only can tell how much good this movement may do, but I feel as if we had already done more than we expected. Let us give thanks to Him. Our prayers have indeed been answered."

One of the clergymen spoke of the work in the Ninth ward,

where meetings are constantly held for the multitudes who never go to church, and where many have been brought to Christ. A gentleman from Brooklyn was called from the audience to tell of the work in his church there. "A small stream, but ever flowing," he said. The Rev. Dr. Kennard said that when Mr. Moody asked him if he had any good news, he felt like saying as Wesley did, "God is with us." The meeting closed with a few moments of silent prayer and the doxology.

While Mr. Moody exhorts, in his plain and general way, the people who flock to the revival meetings, the work there does not include all that is being done. That is the great centre; but many other clergymen of the city and throughout the country, feeling the impulse, carry the same spirit to their own churches, where it reaches the more critical classes, who rarely or never go to the Hippodrome.

I want to speak of the seven different characters in John, and how Christ dealt with them.

Suppose we could divide up these sinners here under these seven heads. Turn to the 7th chapter of John and see how Christ dealt with that respectable sinner Nicodemus. He set him aside entirely. He did not put a new piece into the old garment; the Lord does not patch a man's coat. He gives him a new coat throughout. He told Nicodemus he must be born again. In the 4th chapter see how Christ deals with one who has fallen. She is very unrespectable, but He gives her the water of life. We cannot find any class of people in New York that has not its representative in the Bible and Christ's dealings with them. A nobleman came to Him, whose child was ill. He told him to go home, his child would live; He did not give the nobleman any medicine for his child, but the man took His word, and when he got home he found his child was nearly well, and that it was better from the seventh hour, when he had spoken to Christ. If some poor tramp is here to-night who has not got any friends or anywhere to lay his head to-night, a poor miserable sinner, if he will turn to the 5th chapter of John he will know how Christ will deal with him. There was just such a poor beggar at the pool. Christ asked him if he would like to

touch the waters; he said, "I would like to be put in, but I haven't any one to help me; I am lame;" and the Lord said, "Take up thy bed and walk." He cured him by a word. I can imagine in the gallery there is a man who says: "I wish there was some class in the Bible that represented me. I have broken the law. If the law should get hold of me I would have to go to prison for twenty years; the police do not know; I have covered up my sin. I wish there was something in the Bible for me." Well, there is; there is. Turn to the 8th chapter of John. You will see how Christ dealt with a woman whom the law would have stoned to death. They dragged her into the presence of Christ, saying, "The law of Moses says, 'Stone her to death;' what sayst thou?" He stooped and wrote on the ground as if he paid no attention; then he raised up and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," and he went on writing on the ground. When he looked up again the crowd had disappeared. He said, "Where are thy accusers? Go thou and sin no more." If you want to know how Christ dealt with sinners, go to the Bible. There is no sinner here who has not his representative in the Bible.

About bringing your Bibles with you—just have a Bible you can mark. If I should go and hear one of my friends preach, and he unfolded some grand and glorious truth, I would put a few words down upon the margin of the Bible that would just give me the key to the whole, and I would not forget it. By doing this, when you heard a good sermon you could go and preach it to other people. I hope the day will come when if a man hears a good sermon in the morning, he will be so full of it he will have to go and preach it over again in some locality where they have not heard it. If the lawyers and merchants would only do that they would make better missionaries than the hired ones. I think more of this Bible in my hand than of all the other Bibles in New York. If I had come without this Bible I would have been lonesome. I have carried it so long I have got used to it. Buy a good Bible, one that won't wear out, with a good flexible cover that will fold around you. Button up your coat over it and keep it close to your heart. You can

mark your texts in it and know where to look for them at any time, and they will be glad to see you in any prayer-meeting. There will be something fresh about you that will make you always welcome.

An Englishman said to me, "Did you ever study the book of Job?" "No," I said, "not particularly." "You ought to," said he; "it is a wonderful book; if you get the key to that, you get the key to the whole Bible." "That is singular," said I. "I thought Job was more of a poetical book; how do you make it out?" He said the first division represents Adam in Eden, a perfect man untried; the second head represents his fall; the third says, "The wisdom of the world came to restore Job." "You cannot," he said, "find any wisdom in all the books equal to the wisdom of those three men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulty. Just so is the world trying to put Adam back again; they try to amend him but they cannot do it. Your philosophers cannot restore Adam to his original perfection. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? What can the astronomer tell you of the Bright and Morning Star? The fact is Job could not stand their treatment. He could stand his boils and his scolding wife, but he could not stand the way the wise men treated him. The fourth head is about Elihu; he came and brought grace and that is what Job wanted. He did not want law; Job was a righteous man in his own conceit up to this time. He said I have fed the hungry, I have clothed the naked, I did this and that—I! I! I!—that was Job's cry then. He was a great man; if we had him now we would make him a leader in some Presbyterian church and be glad to get him. Under the fifth head God speaks. He says, "Gird up your loins like a man. I will put a few questions to you." The moment Job got a glimpse of God he was a different man; his self-righteousness was gone. When I go into the inquiry rooms some days some have their heads down on their hands, and I cannot get a word out of them. I say to myself such persons are near to God. But some are flippant and glib, and say why does God do this and why does God do that? God alone restores Adam to his lost state

and in his restoration he is better than he was at the beginning, because his last state is eternal. When he is restored to heaven there is no more banishment.

In this last chapter I have read what the Lord tells us to do with our children: We are to teach them diligently with line upon line, here a little and there a little. I have no doubt some parents have got discouraged and disheartened that they have not seen their children brought to the Saviour as early as they expected. I do not know anything that has encouraged me more in laboring for my children than my experience in the inquiry room. In working there I have found that those who had religious training, whose parents strove early to lead them to Christ, have been the easiest to lead toward Him. I always feel as if I had a lever to work with when I know that a man has been taught by a godly father and mother; even if his parents died when he was young, the impression that they died praying for him has always a great effect through life. I find that such men are always so much easier reached, and though we may not live to see all our prayers answered, and all our children brought into the fold, yet we should teach them diligently, and do it in love. There is where a good many make a mistake, by not teaching their children in love—by doing it coldly or harshly. Many send them off to read the Bible by themselves for punishment. Why I would put my hand in the fire before I would try to teach them in that way. If we teach our children as we ought to do, instead of Sunday being the dreariest, dullest, tiresomest day of the week to them, it will be the brightest, happiest day of the whole seven. What we want to do is to put religious truths before our children in such an attractive form that the Bible will be the most attractive of books to them. Children want the same kind of food and truth that we do, only we must cut it up a little finer, so that they can eat it. I have great respect for a father and mother who have brought up a large family and trained them so they have come out on the Lord's side. Sometimes mothers are discouraged and do not think they have so large a sphere to do good in as we have, but a mother who has brought up a large family

to Christ need not consider her life a failure. I know one who has brought up ten sons all Christians; do you think her life has been a failure? Let us teach our children diligently, in season and out of season. We might train them that they shall be converted so early they can't tell when they were converted. I do not believe as some people seem to think, that they have got to wander off into sin first, so that they may be brought back to Christ. Those who have been brought up in that way from their earliest childhood do not have to spend their whole life in forgetting some old habit. Let us be encouraged in bringing our children to Christ.

MARY'S CHOICE.

In the first chapter of Luke, the 41st verse, we read of Mary's choice. After we have been saved, the next thing is to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him, as Mary did. That is God's College. You may go through Andover and Princeton and Yale and Harvard, or any and all of the colleges, but if you don't go to God's college, God will not use you for his cause. He sends his teachers all out from there. We must learn at the feet of Jesus from His lips. A man who prayed at Jesus' feet did not have his prayers answered in the way he expected them to be. He wanted to stay there. He prayed to be allowed to sit at Jesus' feet forever. "No," said Christ, "go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for you." The first news that came to the disciples that Christ had risen came from the two Marys. They came and fell at the feet of the Saviour, and He said to them, "Go publish what thou hast seen; go, tell the tidings." He said to Mary, "She hath the one thing needful," and that was to sit at the fountain and drink of the wisdom of the Saviour. The disciples were called disciples because they were to learn of Him. The young converts who are not willing to study Christ and learn of Jesus, are not fit for His service. They must go to God's college and learn of Him. Martha was like many who are willing to work for God, to do something for Him, but are not willing to pause and hear the voice of Jesus. Hundreds of good people are willing to do all they can, but

they are not willing to stop and hear the voice of the Lord and receive instruction from Him. He says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Mary took her place of receiving, and was content to put the Lord in His place of giving something. She chose the good part. I think if I had Christ in my house to-night; I would feel like not doing anything, like letting the supper go, and sitting at His feet to ask Him questions and listen to the answers. It is better if we are going to work for God to be alone with Him a great deal.

There are two lives that Christians lead; one before the world, wherein we manifest God; and there is a life that we must live alone with God, and sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ. The longer I live, and the older I grow, the more convinced I am that there are times when we must sit quietly at the feet of Jesus, and only let God speak to our souls. O, young friend, learn that lesson. It will save you many a painful hour. Just keep quietly alone, and learn of Jesus. You know it is when a man is alone with his wife, that he tells her the precious secrets of his soul. It is not when the family are around, or when there is company there. So, when we want to get the secrets of heaven, we want to be alone with Jesus, and listen that He may come and whisper to our souls. The richest hours I have ever had with God, have not been in great assemblies like this, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus. But, in these days of steam and telegraph, we cannot get time to listen to Christ's whisper in our ears. We are so busy we do not choose the one thing needful. If we did, we would not talk so much as we would listen, and when we did speak, it would be only when we had something to say. We would hear words that came from the Master, and they would burn down deep into our souls and bring forth fruit.

In the twentieth chapter of Matthew, eighth verse, you read the words, "One is your Master." Ah, to learn who is your Master and serve him only! We are willing to serve our friends, to serve the church, to serve the public, and please every one, and forget the Lord. But we should just have one master, and live to please him alone, and he should be the Lord of Glory.

He is a good Master. I want to recommend Him to you here to-day. If He is not your Master, then the devil is. Every one has a master, who is either Satan or Christ. You may not acknowledge it, you may not know it, but either the Lord of Glory or else the Prince of the Powers of Darkness is the one you serve. Satan is a hard and cruel master. If you make mistakes under him, he will have no mercy for you. When you get into trouble, if you are in his service, you will have to suffer indeed; but with the Lord of Glory for your master, if you make mistakes or fall into error, all you have to do is to go and confess to Him, and He will forgive you quickly and smile upon you, and restore to you the joy of salvation if you have lost it. O, that we might learn the sweet lesson that "One is our Master," and that One is Christ in Heaven. Those men who are trying to serve the public, what do they gain? I pity those men in Washington, who are trying to serve the public. We send them there, and then turn and abuse them. Public men get nothing but abuse, after all. It is a hard thing to serve the public; but it is a glorious thing to serve Christ. I would a thousand times rather have Him for my master, than the cruel, heartless, wretched world. To know that we have only one master, but one to please and one to serve; to live with that idea in view all the while—one to please and one to glorify—is a most blessed thing. He is not a hard master. He knows we are liable to mistakes, and He is ready and willing to forgive. If Christ is such a glorious Master, should we not be willing to sacrifice ourselves to Him and give up all and follow him, and turn our back upon this fleeting world and live for Him?

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Christ is calling for laborers. Nations are perishing for want of the Gospel. We are a long time getting them into the world.

America has men enough and money enough to do it all, to send the Gospel around this globe. It is high time that this gospel was proclaimed in every town and village and hamlet throughout the whole world. It would be very easy if God's disciples would work together for it. From another sermon we take

Decision.

Let us look at Barabbas. It seems to me that there is no case in the whole Bible where the great doctrine of substitution is brought out better than in this one. There was a man condemned in one of our western cities. What troubled him the most was, that the night he was to be executed, they were making the gallows in the prison. He heard them sawing the planks and driving the nails; and as he heard he trembled from head to foot. This cross might have been made in the prison where Barabbas was confined, and these two thieves to be crucified with Christ might have been associated with Barabbas, and he might have been the ring-leader in crime. Barabbas knows he has to die, that there is no hope; he has perhaps heard them making the crosses, one for him, and others for each of his two companions. At last the executioner comes. He hears the footfall in the hall, and he takes one man from his cell, and then another, and there is poor Barabbas trembling from head to foot. He thinks, "In a few moments I will be led to execution, and will be nailed to the cross, to die its terrible death;" and while Barabbas trembles, the executioner comes and unlocks the door, and throws it open, and says: "Barabbas, you are free!" "What! free? Am I free?" "Yes, you are free." "What do you mean? How came this? Who set me free?" "Pilate asked the people which should be free, yourself or Jesus of Nazareth, and the multitude have chosen you to be released, and Christ is to be put to death in your stead." What joy, what good news it must have been for that poor Barabbas! And think, my friends, what guilt there was in that multitude making the choice of Barabbas! I never saw any one in my life but thought it was one of the most cruel cases in this world.

But did you ever stop to think what you are doing that is worse? The man that chooses this world has chosen much worse than the Jews did. I would rather choose Barabbas than the god of this world. If you reject Jesus Christ, bear in mind that Satan is your god; he leads you on with an unseen hand. He is your tempter, and is trying to lure you away from the world of light, to leave you in the dark caverns of eternal death and ruin. Thanks be to God there is hope to-day; this very hour you can choose Him and serve Him. O, make your choice to-day. It is not between Jesus and Barabbas now; it is between the Lord of Glory, the Prince of Peace, or the Devil of Hell. Every one has to decide, whether he wants to decide or not. Some people say, "I do not propose to decide this question at once. I am going to be neutral." No man can have Christ presented to him but he has to decide. You will either decide to reject or to receive Him. There is but one alternative; if you reject Him you receive the devil. If we would stop putting this question over from day to day unanswered, if that little girl sitting by her mother would just say what she would do, how happy we should all be. There are some here this afternoon who have come, perhaps, to scoff and laugh. Dear friends, are you going to scoff on? Are you going to die in your sins and be lost? When Jesus comes this afternoon and knocks on the door of your heart and wants you to become a Christian, are you going to reject Him? Some say, "Well I can't give up the world." Had you rather have the world than have Christ? Had you rather have the god of pleasure than the God of heaven? There is no way to stand neutral on this question. You must have one or the other; you must have the god of earth or the God of Heaven. I pity the man or woman who is living for this world. You will not only be disappointed now, but you will be disappointed all through this life. The god of pleasure can never lift you up and make your heart to rejoice. Solomon looked abroad over this world for that which would satisfy the yearnings of his soul. He picked up worldly pleasure, looked at it, and then laid it away and said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" There are many who live for wealth and social position.

What is it after you have got it? It is like the boy running after a bubble; when you get it it is gone. Oh, that this text would sink deep in the hearts of all here, that they might be made to realize their need of Christ! Don't go out of this hall and say you will forget this text. Just let it sink into your heart and say, "What shall I do with Jesus?" Won't you just stop a moment and think? What shall I do with Him? One of two things you must do; you must either receive Him or reject Him. You receive Him here and He will receive you there. O, may every soul make up its mind where it will spend eternity! Whether it will be found in the world of light or in the dark caverns of eternal woe.

Don't delay the answer to this great question, "What shall I do with Christ?" Accept Him now. When you are sick it is no time to receive Jesus. When death comes he often steals in unawares. Some men don't know that death is coming until they are hurried away into the other world without any preparation. How much do you think some lost one would give if he had his life over again? How much do you think Agrippa would give to be in Paul's place now? How much do you think those men who took part in the services and heard Christ preach to them would give if they had the opportunity you have here this afternoon? Oh, if I could go to the borders of the lost world, and call up one soul, and bring him on this platform, and let him tell the awful horror and woe of being separated from Christ, how terrible it would be. Why, I believe that Caiaphas would be very glad to exchange places with John; but it is too late now. All the opportunities are gone. They risked all for wealth and station. And what was the wealth and the position these men held? It was only for a few months or years, and then God changed their countenances and sent them away. The rich man would have been glad to exchange places with Lazarus, who sat with the dogs at his door. What must have been his misery when he saw from his terrible position Lazarus among the saved. It is a good deal better to be a poor beggar with Christ in your heart than to have the applause of this world and die without hope.

The time has come now for me to close these Sunday afternoon meetings. It is the last time probably that I shall ever speak to this congregation. I may never see many of you again. It is probably the last time we shall meet until we meet at the judgment bar of God. Shall we meet there? Oh, my friends, come into the fold of Christ to-day. If you receive Him it will be well; if you reject Him and are lost it will be terrible. Won't you just say that you will receive Christ to-day? Won't you say you will not longer reject Him?

Mr. Moody's One Purpose.

Don't go and get discouraged when you get to work because you don't find everything prosperous as you expected. You cannot tell what will prosper. What you think is prosperity may turn out to be the worst thing you could have done, and the thing you have least hope of may turn out to be your greatest success.

An old woman who was seventy-five years old had a Sabbath-school two miles away among the mountains. One Sunday there came a terrible storm of rain, and she thought at first she would not go that day, but then she thought, "what if some one should go and not find me there?" Then she put on her waterproof, and umbrella, and overshoes, and away she went through the storm, two miles away, to the Sabbath-school in the mountains. When she got there she found one solitary young man, and taught him the best she knew how all the afternoon. She never saw him again, and I don't know but the old woman thought her Sabbath had been a failure. That week the young man enlisted in the army, and in a year or two after the old woman got a letter from the soldier thanking her for going through the storm that Sunday. This young man thought that stormy day he would just go and see if the old woman was in earnest, and if she cared enough about our souls to go through the rain. He found she came and taught him as carefully as if she was teaching the whole school, and God made that the occasion of winning that young man to Christ. When he lay dying in a hospital he sent the message to the old woman that

he would meet her in heaven. Was it not a glorious thing that she did not get discouraged because she had but one school and scholar? Be willing to work with one. Bear in mind the words, "This one thing I do." I live for souls and for eternity. I want to win some soul to Christ. If you want this and work for it, eternity alone can tell the result. May God give us a passion for souls.

CHRIST OUR MODEL.

Christ is the Light of the World. He says, "If any man follow me, he shall not walk in darkness; he shall have the light of life."

When I was a little boy I used to try and catch my own shadow. I don't know whether any of you have ever been so foolish as that or not. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me, and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness. Peace and joy will go with you while you go with your face toward Him.

Once I was trying to walk across the field after a fresh fall of snow. I would try and see how straight a line I could make with my footprints in the snow. When I looked around to see how straight I was going I always walked crooked; but if I kept my eye on the mark ahead of me, and did not take it off, I could walk straight enough. So if Christians only kept their eyes on the mark—on Christ Jesus, and followed in his footsteps, not turning around to see what kind of a path they made, they would walk straighter. He is our model. If, instead of asking, Why can't I do this and that? Why can't I dance? Why can't I go to the theatre? Why can't I read *The New York Ledger*? I don't see why I cannot do it! Can you? Then put it in this way, What is the use of it? "Will it make me a better Christian?" If it won't, then I won't do them. Instead of asking, What is the use? and Why can't I? ask if it will be for the honor and glory of Jesus, and if it won't, say, I won't do it.

I do not see that we can have any better example than Christ himself. Just consult the Word of God and see what Christ would do. You will find that God never makes a man do wrong. Who ever heard of a man backsliding who walked with God? God never backslides. If we are going to keep company with God we have got to walk. God does not stand still and does not run. You must grow in grace or else in worldliness. Enoch walked with God. He found the right way back there in that dim age. He was the most unpopular man in that time. If they had had him up for office, I don't think he would have got to be even so much as constable. God and he agreed very well, so that at last God said to him, "Come up here and walk with Me." Old Dr. Bonner said, "Enoch started on a very long walk one day—he has not got back yet." It is sweet to walk with God. We walk the wilderness to-day and the promised land to-morrow. Oh, that we all could say, "Father, take my hand," and put our hands in His to-day. There is a difference between our having hold of God and His having hold of us. If God has hold of me I cannot fall, can I? If the great God who created heaven and earth hold us by the hand what have we to fear? When my little girl was about three or four years old her mother got her a new muff, and then she wanted to go right out and take a walk with that muff. She teased me to go out walking with her. I told her I was tired, but after a while I got up and went with her. I said, "Emma you had better let me take hold of your hand." She said, "No, I want to put my hands in my muff like mamma does." She was as proud as a peacock with the muff, and went strutting down the street. So a great many people start out with the idea that they are saved and can get along without the Word of God, but they find they need to have God hold them all the time. My little girl went along alone for a minute, and by and by down she went. When she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would let me take hold of your little finger;" but I said, "If you do, when your feet go from under you, you will let go and go down." She insisted on having my little finger, so I gave it to her. Pretty soon her little-feet slipped from under her, and down she

went again. Then when she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would take my hand." So I took her little hand, and held it by the wrist. Her feet went out from under her a number of times after that, but she did not fall because I held her. Oh, my friends, let us learn the lesson to-day of separation from the world. Enoch walked with God and God saved him. Abraham walked with God and God became his friend. Let us to-day put our hands in His as a friend, take hold and walk with Him.

David's Cunning.

But now the enemy comes back again stronger than ever, thousands upon thousands, a great multitude, and the hour of battle comes on. There on that hill are the armies of the Philistines, and here on this are the thousands of Saul; and at last a giant warrior comes out from the camp of the Philistines and cries to Saul's army, "Just select one man to come out and fight me, and if he will overcome me we will all be your servants," and he defies them day after day, and there is not a man in all that camp that dare meet the giant of Gath. They were all frightened, and the king trembled from head to foot. As he came out in the morning, I think I can see them looking so startled, and saying, "Look! There he comes again." So he defies them again and again—"Show me a man that will dare to meet me." And so every morning, day after day, day after day, for forty days, he came out two or three times a day, and each army was afraid of the other, not daring to open fire. Just then, up came a young stripling. (Some one has said he was the first delegate to the Christian Commission.) He had been sent up from the country by his mother, to see how his brothers were getting on in the king's encampment. I suppose the mother made up some nice things for them to eat, some nice cakes, perhaps, and jelly. I can see him coming up; perhaps there was a servant along, and up they came on their asses. Just as they came into camp, out came the giant again, and defied them. The young man looks at him, and then asks "What, what does that man say? Hark!" He hears the giant defy Israel, God's anointed, God's own people. His blood

begins to tingle in his veins. He goes into camp and says to his brothers, "What does that mean? Why do not some of you go out to meet him?" "Why," they said, "you don't know much about fighting, or you would not talk of such a thing in that way." Said he, "I will go myself, then." "It's a nice thing for you to say you'll go. Why, one look at him will make you run faster than you ever ran in your life." They began to make sport of him, and mock him. He said, "If there is no one else to go, I will go." But they only mocked him. At last some one said to the king, "There is some one in camp who offers to go and meet the giant of Gath." And the king said, "Go bring him." And when the king saw David, his heart sunk within him at once. What could he do? He had not been used to using a sword. He did not know anything about it. The king said to him, "You are not able." He looked at David. He saw that he knew nothing of the use of weapons in battle. Said David, "I think I would like to meet him. A lion and a bear got into my father's fold one night, and I killed them both; and I believe that God will be able to deliver me from the giant as he did from the lion and the bear." Some one has said there were thousands of men in that camp who knew that God *could* use them, but David was the only one there who believed that God *would* use him. Said David, "Now I will go." So they took him and began to dress him for the fight. They began to put armor upon him, and a shield, and a helmet. But in a few minutes it began to act upon him. He began to feel uncomfortable in it, and to twist himself, and make wry faces, and at last he said, "I cannot fight in this armor." He was like a little boy in his grandfather's overcoat. It did not fit him at all. He said, "I have not proved it. I have proved the God of Israel. I have not proved this armor." It was like the way of the world. A great many are anxious to work in Saul's armor. If he had gone out in this armor and conquered, they would have said it was Saul's armor that did it. Then he said, "Let me take my sling. I am used to that." "What!" they exclaimed, "a sling to meet the giant of Gath? Why, he has a helmet, and a sword, and a shield, and an armor-bearer\"

But David said, "Well, I will only take my sling." I can imagine how they made all manner of sport of him. But they were driven to extremes, and must have some one, and so they let him go. Even his brothers must have thought he would surely be brought back dead.

So he went to the brook and he picked up five smooth stones out of the brook. O, my friends, God uses the weak thing, God uses the little thing! You and I would have wanted some good big rocks to have slung at him; but David got a few little smooth stones, and went to meet his enemy. The giant came out full of indignation and wrath, saying: "Am I to take the consent of this man to meet me?" David said to him, "You come with a helmet and a shield and an armor-bearer. I come in the name of the God of Israel." So if we come in the name of God, will all giants fall. So he puts one hand behind him and raises the other right up and throws his sling, and the giant falls dead; and then he rushed right up to him and took his sword from him, and cut off his head, and with the sword and the giant's head in his hand, went forward toward the king. Then Saul called to his cheering army, "Make haste, rush upon them!" And it was not long before the whole camp of the Philistines were falling before their enemy.

So God used the man who was willing to be used. He used the man that had faith to believe that God would use him.

Dr. William Taylor read a part of the 14th chapter of Matthew: "And when it was evening, His disciples came to Him, saying, 'This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals.' But Jesus said unto them, 'They need not depart; give ye them to eat?'" In the course of his short address he said: "It is never needful to depart from Christ. The disciples misunderstood the meaning and purpose of the Master when they asked Him to send the multitude away. On the last day, men may be commanded to depart from the Lord, but never until then. What compassion He had upon them! How many there were who needed Him, and how like the Master all this is! So it is here to-day; God will not send you

away fasting. He would not even have the heart of a man if He did not long to feed the people and heal their sufferings and quiet their anxieties. A little boy perhaps had these loaves and fishes in his satchel, and Andrew was put to the blush when he said, 'What are these among so many?' He forgot to whom he gave them. We must not forget for whom we do what little we can do. Robert Burns said, 'Who does the utmost he can, does more.' I remember an old Covenanter's story I used to hear. A band of Covenanters were hidden in a cave, when a man came to them and passed himself off as one of them. But when he began to eat without first saying grace they knew he was a spy, and had only time to fly before the dragoons were upon them. A little chink lets in great light. How can a man be a true Christian and forget to give thanks? Prayers are transmuted into blessings, and come down upon us."

Mr. Moody then said: "I remember when I was in London hearing a clergyman say, 'How astonished Philip must have been when Jesus gave him a small loaf to divide among the multitude, not a grain of meal for each one!' He must have broken off a very small piece for the first man, then, finding he had as much left, more for the second, a little more for the third. But when he found the loaf did not after all grow any smaller, he would just break off half of it for each one. Faith grows! If we have faith, and will follow divine guidance, we can all do much for Christ and our fellow-men. A man may say he has no talents, he can do nothing; but I tell you do what you can; your faith will grow. Use what light you have. If you cannot be a lighthouse, be a tallow candle. People used to have to carry their candles with them, but when a lot of them got together it was bright enough. If each one would bring a little light and let it shine, there would be plenty of light."

The Farewell Meetings.

These occurred on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and called out vast multitudes. Indeed, one of the ablest secular journals, among other excellent things, says: "Into the Hippodrome he has gathered day by day the largest audiences ever gathered in

this city. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, some of whom scarcely ever enter a church, are just as much a part of his congregations as are the second-rate and third-rate boarding-house people, mentioned so conspicuously in a recent analysis by a morning journal. All classes and conditions of men have been represented in these great revival meetings.

"Mr. Moody is a man of so driving a persistence and so immaculate a consistency, that it is scarcely more possible that he should greatly change himself than that—to use a biblical figure—a leopard should change his spots. Indeed there is no prospect whatever that he will ever conform either himself or his style to the demands of propriety or to the requirements of grammatical rules. Let us frankly confess then, as we bid him good-by, that we are heartily glad there is none. He is what he is because he is what he is. We would not change him. Make him the best read preacher in the world and he would instantly lose half his power. Set him to imitating the elegant abstractions of Burnet and Barron, of Tillotson and Stillingfleet, and his style would become not only stilted but tame. Put him through a course of training in systematic theology, and you fasten big logs of fuel to the driving wheels of his engine. Give him a smattering of logic, and forthwith undue assumptions, beggings of the question, *ignoratio elenchi*, and ambiguous middles step forth and solicit the derision of his school-bred hearers. Even lend him an English grammar, and we should never again be charmed by his *naive* provincial colloquialisms. He is just right for his work as he is—original, dashing, careless. He has not, it is true, one word of solace or of light for the honest cultured doubter; but, on the other hand, the doubter knows too much to expect, either of him or of any human being, a solution of eternal mysteries. Should Mr. Moody address himself to lifting the clouds from the skeptic's soul, the greater part of his audience would learn atheistic arguments which would stop longer in their memories than would Mr. Moody's attempted refutation of them, and the clouds themselves would hang as thick and black as ever. The masses of men are not all philosophic disputants. They believe pretty much what they

are taught to believe. And these masses Mr. Moody reaches the more surely and widely because he is one of them himself, and because he has not been made elegant and faultless by the trimming and restraining processes of a liberal education. His very solecisms sound sweetly in their ears. His familiarity and conversational manner please them. They like his directness and his earnestness. He is driving a bargain with them, and he "talks sense." He is trying to comfort them, when "from the world's bitter wind they are seeking shelter," and he fills their souls with the assurance of a Father's love. There they sit and listen—the poor, the distressed, the afflicted, the sorrowful—taking "their fill of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill." Life becomes pleasanter to them. The future assumes a hopeful aspect. Mr. Moody touches more chords than their pastor on Sunday does. He comes nearer home. He nourishes them more. His society is more refreshing. They go away from the Hippodrome brightened and strengthened. They like Mr. Moody; and so does almost everybody. Hence we would not upon any account have him change himself. We enjoy his rude simplicity and his pell-mell earnestness, his downright individuality, and his uncalculating naturalness. We think delicious his "had ought to have done," and his "they come and said;" his "you was there," and his "Pilate, he was a heathen;" his "meracles" and his "heavun;" his "Ja-eye-rus's" daughter, and his "Ca-eye-phas" the high priest. We come to desire his frequent "thank Gods," his oft-recurring "but thens;" his interlocutory ejaculations, and his boxing gesticulations. We love to listen to the stories of his wonderful "little boy," and of his marvellously sharp-witted negroes. We admire his child-like faith, and his unquestioning trust. We are delighted with his quaintness which makes men smile, and his pathos which makes men cry. And we shall not soon forget his incomparable frankness, his broad undenominationalism, his sledge-hammer gestures, his profuse diction, which stops neither for colons nor for commas; his trueness, which never becomes conventional; his naturalness, which never whines; his abhorrence of Phariseeism and of ecclesiastical Machiavelism, his

mastery of his subject, his glorious self-confidence, his blameless life, and his unswerving fealty to his conscience and to his work."

A conservative and representative religious paper says: His preaching, unlike that of most of the evangelists we have heard, covers the whole field of doctrinal truth. Never were the fundamental truths of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, regeneration by the Spirit, the vicariousness of the Saviour's death, and an endless retribution, more clearly and earnestly set forth than they have been the past ten weeks in the Hippodrome. Nothing short of being created anew in Christ Jesus, and being made complete in his righteousness, has been the aim of the preaching there heard.

Of Mr. Sankey also it remarks: The singing, under the admirable lead of Mr. Sankey, undoubtedly contributed much to the inspiration which animated the services, and helped to draw the vast crowds which felt their influence. Every hymn was a gospel message, and the tunes seemed not only to have been made on purpose for the hymns, but the expression given to their spirit, and the articulation given to their words, were scarcely less than perfect. No singing was done in Choctaw. Every word was as audible as though it had been read in plain English.

Dr. Nathan Bishop, chairman of the executive Committee that provided for the Hippodrome services, is reported to have stated that: To this, as to every great work, there was a prior history of careful preparation. Long before Mr. Moody came to the city a few leading laymen held meetings of prayer for wisdom and guidance, and when the way was opened for the work to be introduced a guaranty fund of $25,000 was pledged, and has since been paid. The hearts of the people were ripe for the movement, and the results show that those churches most active in co-operation have shared most liberally in the fruits. Five thousand converts have been reported, of whom about 2,200 have already found church homes, and the remainder are under the tutelage of the committees of workers, and will soon decide what churches they will join. About $45,000 has been expended, and the Committee think never more wisely and with greater promise of good to the world. Thurlow Weed has said that Mr

Moody is the most successful in making his ideas *stick* in the heart of the people, of any man he has ever heard. So well are the Committee satisfied with the results, that they will be ready to renew their subscriptions when the time comes.

Add to this the vast sums contributed during the last days of the meeting for the Y. M. C. A., and the continuance of similar labors, and we see the amazing popularity and power of the evangelists.

Mr. Sankey said: I feel in my heart to-night a sad minor note sounding there, one of sadness and regret that the meetings that have been so blessed are so soon, so far as we are concerned, to pass away. This is a sad thought and note in the song of my heart to-night; yet still there is a louder note, one of a joyful tone, telling me that we shall meet again. I desire to say, before giving way to others, that in all of our work, both in this and other countries, we have never had more hearty, warm and efficient help than we have had in New York in all the departments of this work. My heart goes out this night to each worker here: it goes out to you all. We feel that each one, in whatever secluded place, has done his duty, and my heart goes out to each of you with a hearty "God bless you." I hope we shall not look back on the work here with regret. I hope we shall not hear that it has passed away or that the young converts have fallen away. I can say, and I trust not boastfully, from what we have heard from England, that the young converts there are standing well, and shall it be otherwise in our own country? I trow not. I believe it will go on from day to day, and scatter off into these various churches and Sunday-schools and Young Men's Christian Associations until tens of thousands are raised up to work for God.

Mr. Moody has had nothing but cheerful, and intelligent coöperation, and he said:

I want to speak of one thing that has cheered me since coming here, beyond measure, and that is the spirit of unity. We have not heard a word about denomination since I have been here. Thanks be to God, we are bound up in one bundle, and the moment we understand each other a little better, we shall

be able to do greater work, and the hosts of hell will not prevail against us.

Every young convert should go into the Church and go to work. I don't care what the denomination is, if the minister only preaches the Gospel. Some of the converts have asked me about going to theatres and balls, etc. I don't carry your consciences. I know that I couldn't do those things. Let Christ be your example. Of all things, don't touch strong drink. That has been the ruin of many young converts. Give up your right hand rather than touch it. You are called to be the sons and daughters of God. Don't disgrace the name. We want to get higher, nearer to God.

I don't like these farewell meetings. I don't like to say good-bye. But I can say, as I once heard Lucius Hart say, "I'll bid you all good-night and I'll meet you in the morning." May God bless you all!

Mr. Moody spoke of the kindly feeling that had existed between the ministers and others engaged in the meetings, and Mr. Sankey sang a farewell hymn to the tune of "Home Sweet Home.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Moody in the South and West.

Six days after his work closed in the North, the tireless evangelist opens a brief campaign in Augusta, Georgia. Here a good meeting had been held by the two friends of Mr. Moody, Messrs. Bliss and Whittle, of Chicago; and the preachers, without the aid of their song-helpers, Sankey and Bliss, joined forces and continued the war against Satan's kingdom. At their first joint gathering, the crowd assembled 6,000 strong in the Presbyterian Church Grove. Characteristically the fiery preacher, who came on to the stand while they were singing the second verse of a favorite hymn, bade them stop and put more force and spirit into it. He said it might do for a single congregation, but here were six congregations and they ought to sing with power. They instantly responded, and made the place ring with enthusiastic singing. He preached to them Jesus the Saviour, and made them feel themselves sinners, because God had come to seek them. The wonderful wealth of Scripture illustration, the bountiful supply of anecdotes, the immense energy, and the holy fervor of this herald of salvation, produced a pleasing and powerful effect on the vast multitude.

In his Grove sermon the next day, he said he had stood upon one text of the Bible for twenty-one years, and expected to stand upon it forever: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth it, hath eternal life." This was light to his soul. The way to get darkness out of the soul was to let light in. As the day following would be "Decoration Day," he referred to the broken-hearted ones, both North and South, who were mourning for friends lost in the late war, and asked the congregation to join him in praying for them. His heart is wide as humanity's sorrows and necessities, and he knows no distinction between

men, except as believers or unbelievers. He would have all men yet unsaved come to a knowledge of the truth; and the deeper their fall, the more eagerly he implores them to trust the all-powerful Redeemer. Speaking of the woman healed by touching the hem of the Lord's garment, he said: "Jesus had more medicine in the hem of his garment than all the apothecaries in the land."

The solemnities of "Decoration Day" occupied the minds of the people so fully, that no other meetings were held; and on Friday the assembly were driven by a shower of rain to take shelter in the church, where the vast crowd were once more enchained and subdued by the eloquence and pathos of the preacher, who showed them how to be saved by trusting the Lord Jesus. Sunday was a day of immense labor on the part of the evangelists, and corresponding results attended their efforts. At an early hour one church was filled to hear a discourse to Christian workers on courage, enthusiasm, and love. The value and power of these qualities of character were shown by incidents drawn from the Bible, from history and personal experience, and so presented as to electrify the people.

At the Grove meeting, Mr. Moody was illustrating how it is that if we offend in one point of God's law, we are under condemnation—"guilty of all." "If there was a chain hanging to a tree, and I had to climb up by that chain, and one link of it broke, I would fall to the ground. So with the law—if one link of it is broken, you fall into condemnation." The vast audience, numbering thousands, and swelling far beyond the enclosure, were held in perfect order, and thrilled by the earnest, glowing eloquence of the speaker.

The spacious church was packed at night by men only to listen to the sermon on the New Birth; and at the close of the exercises half a hundred stood up for the prayers of Christians.

The whole community became thoroughly roused on the subject of religion, and nobody feared to address his neighbor about these matters of universal concern. The next day the discourse on Work was preached in the afternoon, and the lecture on the

Blood in the evening; and though there was a cold, heavy rain, large houses greeted the evangelists. The papers said: "Men may sneer at Mr. Moody, but he is the best exponent of earnest, homely eloquence that the country contains. His power has not been exaggerated. He talks to the average man and moves him as no other preacher of the present time has succeeded in doing." Forty-nine persons remained to inquire personally, after the evening sermon, how they might be cleansed by the blood. In the afternoon more than one hundred asked for prayers. Thus the interest rose higher each day, and the whole country-side poured forth its multitudes to hear the Gospel.

His sermons on Heaven and Hell were, in substance, the same which have been reported in this volume; and under their influence, a very large number were brought into the inquiry-rooms, and there were individually directed to Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life." Sunday was the great day of triumph. In his sermon on Excuses, Mr. Moody represented one man as saying, I would like to be converted, but that preacher is a Northern man; I cannot be converted under him. Then he would tell you, go to-night, go this instant, and seek some Southern minister, but, by all means, be converted; your eternal happiness depends on it. Take your eyes from the minister, he is only the messenger of Christ, and place them upon the Saviour—don't trust or look to man, but to Christ.

Perhaps the use of this form of address was suggested by certain insinuations and charges cast forth by some petty minds. These were vigorously repelled by the press and the true-hearted people of the South, who gave the Northern evangelists a grand cordial welcome and full co-operation. The efforts to fasten severe language against the South upon him, and to represent him as working in the interest of Northern radicals, were promptly overthrown by ministers and editors, who declared themselves delighted with his utter freedom from all that could alienate or irritate, and his evident oneness of purpose to bring men as sinners to the Saviour. On the day of his departure from Augusta, Tuesday, May 9th, he said he "desired to say a few words be-

fore announcing his text. When Mr. Sankey and himself were preparing to go to the north of Scotland, their friends said they must expect to find a different order of things there—a condition of affairs wholly opposed to their plans and purposes; so, too, as to Ireland and London. But they had been treated with great kindness in all these places. They found the blessings of the Gospel and the power of the Gospel the same in them all. When he started South, he had been advised to expect quite a conflicting *status* of affairs; that a Northern man would not be kindly received at the South, especially at Augusta. He had not received an unkind word since he had been South. He had found here the same freedom to which he had alluded. He wished especially to say that he had no sympathy at all with men in any section of this country who were continually seeking to stir up strife and embitter the people against each other. He believed there would never have been any war if Christians had clung together as they should. Now that peace had come, he hoped that Christians would stand and work together for the peace and welfare of all." Then, turning to his sermon, he made a strong plea for men to come and be saved. Such was the spirit and such the method of our evangelist in the brief labors bestowed on the field of Georgia, which were blessed with results that live and operate upon tens of thousands, and make the names of these brethren fragrant in all the South.

On their way North, they were received with open arms at Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, and Kansas City, where they addressed great audiences.

At Chicago Mr. Moody was the guest of the princely merchant, his old and tried friend, Mr. John V. Farwell, who helped him from the early days of his humble mission work, and stood by him through the vast responsibilities of his later service for Christ, when tens of thousands in the Old World and the New were hanging on his words. One of the first things to be done was to remove the indebtedness of twenty thousand dollars that rested on his church in Chicago Avenue. The following description will show how great things he has attempted for God:

Its erection was begun at the time Mr. Moody left the city, about three years ago. The dimensions of the structure are 120 × 100 feet. The church is built of brick, with neat stone facings. There are several small towers at the different corners, and one good-sized tower, having a height of 110 feet, on the southeast corner. A bell weighing 4,000 pounds has been placed in the large tower, swinging for the present in an open belfry. Above the central part of the audience-room is a magnificent skylight of various colors. This is thirty-six feet in diameter. Above it on the exterior, in the centre of the slate roof, is a large skylight of heavy, hammered plate-glass, to protect the valuable inner skylight from damage. In the rear of the pulpit is a beautiful circular stained window, having an open Bible pictured in the centre. The other windows are of the Gothic style, and the glass is red and white.

Opening from the main audience-room are infant class-rooms capable of accommodating 120 pupils each. The walls and ceilings of these apartments are frescoed plainly; on some of the walls are illuminated mottoes: "Behold the Lamb of God;" "Even a Child is Known by His Doings;" "Thou God Seest Me;" "God Is Love," etc. On the first floor of the church are plainly finished rooms for lectures, sociables, prayer meetings, committee meetings, and other purposes. The largest lower apartment will seat 700 people. The rooms on this floor have been in use for some time. There is a basement underneath the first floor, in which are seven furnaces. In a confined space beneath the pulpit in the upper room there are also two furnaces. The audience-room of the edifice is reached by easy winding staircases leading from the vestibules. This department occupies almost the entire interior of the second story. There is a central space, something like the orchestra of a theatre, provided with plain chairs for 450 persons. Directly in front is the pulpit platform, and partly encircling the central section are what are called the lower and upper galleries. These are fitted up with ash-pews, and about 750 people can be seated below, with an equal number above. There are a number of columns in front of the galleries,

which are intended to be fitted up with heavy curtains, both in front and extending back, so as to make distinct Sunday-school class-rooms. When all of these curtains are in their proper places the central space near the pulpit will be used during Sunday-school hours by a Bible-class of adults. The somewhat peculiar construction of the main audience-room is due to the design of making it serve the double purpose of a place for regular worship and to accommodate the Sunday-school that has already outgrown the rooms on the first floor.

The Opening.

By 7:30 the vast edifice was more than two-thirds filled with devout worshippers.

The exercises of the evening began by a service of song, led by Dr. Miller, in which the congregation joined, and which occupied the first half hour from the time of opening until the services began.

Mr. Sankey rose and said he did not know that he should be able to sing the hymn, but he would try. The fact was he had just come from a sick-bed, but was so anxious to be present that night, he had endeavored to brace up all he could. He did hope that the day would come when they might reap a rich harvest from that church. After a request that the choir on the platform would join in the chorus, Mr. Sankey sang the hymn, and, though evidently not in his usual good voice, the sweet though powerful tones, and well-known, stirring manner of delivery, thrilled his hearers and left an evident impression.

Mr. Moody was reminded of a little incident when their first building was destroyed by fire. While looking at the ruins a little girl had come up to him, and, with tears in her eyes and broken voice, said: "Oh, Mr. Moody, do you think we shall ever have another church?" He was forcibly reminded of that question, looking around at the fine building he stood in. It was calculated that 500,000 children throughout the land had contributed their mite toward building that church. Forty-two States

had been heard from, and one letter had come from China, from a man who had heard of their doings, and felt the old Sunday-school fire awakened in his heart, and sent on to help in the work. The officers of the church would now pass around and take up a collection; and he would ask that each one give according as the Lord had blessed him; give willingly; he wanted nothing that was not so given. They had determined not to dedicate the building until it was entirely paid for. It was so bad to be in debt; he could not bear to look any one in the face if he owed anything. He believed that not a brick had been put into the building that had not been paid for.

After the collection, amounting to some thirteen thousand dollars, he advanced to the edge of the platform, and in his usual attitude, with the open Bible in his right hand, spoke as follows:

"Eighteen years ago, two young men, over on Michigan Avenue, started out to find some work to do in a mission-school. The Superintendent of Wells Street School told me if I could find a class I could attend one. I got eventually eighteen children; that was the happiest Sunday I have ever known. I had found out what my mission was. We afterward went down to Market Hall and opened there. That ought to have been called the Singing Church. It was nearly paid for out of the hymn-books. He himself could sing in the heart, as well as Mr. Sankey, but he could not get it out through his lips. He wanted a singer, and asked for one, and found Mr. Sankey. They got on very well then. First he would tell a story, then Mr. Sankey would sing a hymn; then he would tell another story, and so on. Then their hall was burnt down, and the war came on and broke them up, so they moved to a hall on Kinzie Street. It was not a very nice hall; it was often let for a dance on Saturday nights, and as he did not believe in hiring any one to do any work on Sundays, he used to go down himself and roll out the lager-beer barrels, sweep out the dirt and cigar-stubs and get ready for meeting. Next they moved to a corner-store on Dearborn Street, and there they had a blessed time; it was here he first got his passion for souls. In 1864 they found friends to put up the

church on Illinois Street, and so they had gone on. At one time his sole ambition was to be a prosperous business man, but he found out that he could not get on; there was something that told him to serve the Master, and he used to go around and talk to men about Christ.

"In 1865 we found we had to organize a church. We didn't know anything about that, so we called a council. Don't think there was ever such a council in Chicago. There were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians. Presbyterians said, Start a Presbyterian Church. That wouldn't do. And so with the other denominations. So they left us. In 1871 we were burned out. Sankey joined. In 1872 went to England, just to study. I then went to work, and I found it was such a field that I went to work, and just to show you how egotistical I was, I thought if the church could get along without me a year it would be doing well, and if it could get along without Sankey six months it would be wonderful. It was just such a night as this when I left; when I went up to the little old church and bid my friends good-bye. Well, I stayed three years, and when I came back I found a larger church than I left, and a better superintendent than I was, and that took all the egotism out of me. We have a church here that ought to be self-sustaining. If we could get ten cents a week from each one that comes here, that would make the church self-sustaining. That's the way they do in Scotland, and all the churches in Scotland are flourishing.

"What we want is diversity of gifts. Some have a gift to teach; some to preach; some to peddle tracts; some to go out and get children. Now let each one go and find what his mission is, and then do it. We want workers in the church; people that will work 365 days in the year. We dont want idlers. We want every man who takes an interest in Christ to take hold and work, and what would be the result if every Christian in Chicago would work. I have been asked what was the denomination of this church. Well, the church was started a long time ago, and it had no name then, and I don't know what to call it now. The greatest sticklers against undenominational churches are the un-

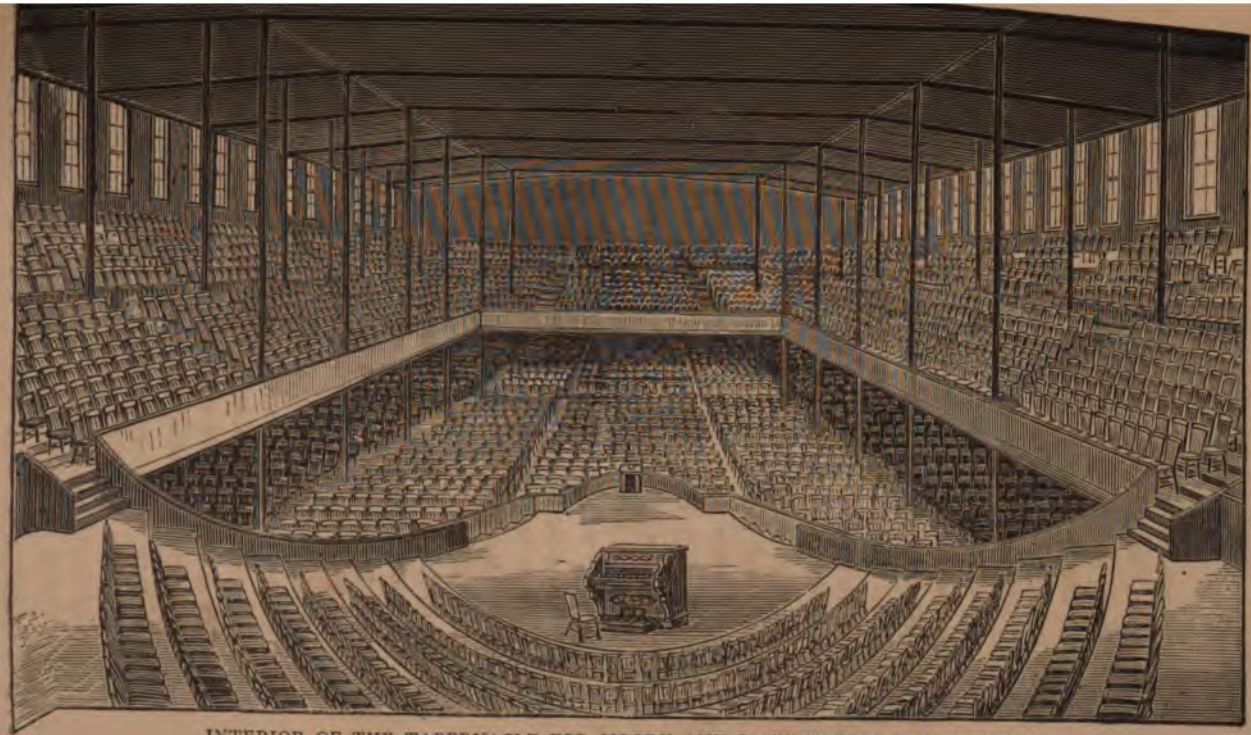
believers. I remember that when I went into the house of a drunken blasphemer to get him to go to church, he would ask, 'What church is it? My mother was a Methodist; I won't go to church only to a Methodist.' He seemed to think he would be going back on his mother if he went to any other church. The time has come for the church of God to use common sense, and get churches that we can get the people into. Now what are we to do? We open our doors and say 'Come in.' If they don't come, why we must go out and get them. During the war we had not men enough. What did we do? Why we called for volunteers. So in this terrible fight with the devil the church must call out volunteers. I know fifty men in Chicago who can preach, and who will preach, and it won't cost a cent. The whole tendency of the church seems to be to get away from the people. What the church wants is to get back to the people: to get laymen to preach to us—men like Barnabas, full of faith and the Spirit. The church in Chicago is going backward, and it must be revived by laymen, whom we can use. We must have mission Sunday-schools started all over the city.

When he spoke on his old down-town platform, Farwell Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Immense as it is, it failed to afford sufficient room to accommodate the thousands of people who would go anywhere to hear the great evangelist. The halls and corridors were thronged, and the crowd, as it poured into and away from the building, made pedestrianism almost an impossibility on the busiest street of the city. The audience was one of those enthusiastic masses of people, the current of whose sympathies sweeping along in an overpowering fashion, led captive everybody present, no matter how greatly they may have intended to scoff and sneer. Then Bliss sang and Moody talked. As ever, his speech was full of points. How clever and apropos most of them were! He is a genius in that, certainly.

Take this as one of a score. His text was, "What shall I then do for Jesus, which is called Christ?" and he was urging upon those present the importance of doing what they found to do with all their might—and now. Four years ago, he had talked to them

in that same hall on the same subject, and then had committed the greatest mistake of his life. He had sent them home with the request that on the next Sabbath they should come back and tell him how they would answer it. "How grievous a mistake!" said the preacher, as his voice quivered, and tears formed in his eyes. "Think of it, friends! The idea of giving you a week to think of what you should do for Jesus!" And then, with that fearfully rapid enunciation of his that has made him a terror to short-hand writers the world over, Moody went on: "That Sunday never came. Nearly four years have past, and to-day we meet again for the first time in this hall. The fire came the next day after our meeting, and swept the city bare, and scattered us all. How great the folly! In a week we may all be in eternity. Decide to-day, then, what you will do for Jesus, which is called Christ." Other recollections crowded in upon the speaker. It was in Farwell Hall that he had first met Mr. Bliss, and had caught the idea of the value of a "sweet singer" in his services. He should not have taken Mr. Sankey with him to England if it had not been that here, in that hall, he had seen how glorious it was to hear sung the praises of the Lord. And then he went on and told how on yestermorn he had seen off on the train his loved co-laborer, Mr. Sankey, now gone back to Pennsylvania under the advice of his physicians, who despaired of his life if he continued his labors without intermission for rest."

Mr. Moody himself, when urged by the pastors and clergymen to undertake evangelistic work in Chicago, at once pleaded that he must have opportunity for bodily and mental recuperation. He was worn; and not only so, he was weary of repeating himself, and thought the people must tire at hearing what had been so often printed as it fell from his lips. He wished time for study that he might gather new and fresh thoughts and illustrations for the fall campaign. He could not pledge himself to begin at Chicago, as there were negotiations pending with Boston; but at some early day he would communicate his plans to them, which he hoped would be according to the will of God, and meet their views. Thus he is "that exceptional character, a prophet with honor in his own country."



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE FOR MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Moody and Sankey in Chicago.

From the first tidings of the work in Great Britain many of the people of Chicago had been deeply interested for the success of their fellow citizens abroad. When evil rumors were sent forth concerning these strangers, Chicago speedily put them down, and endorsed the brethren as true men and worthy servants of Christ. It was also eagerly desired that, on their return to the United States, they should begin their evangelistic labors at home. But other counsels prevailed; and we have recorded the marvelous triumphs of their campaigns in the centres of population, and among the cultivated people of the East. Nothing like them ever occurred; and the expectation of their friends waxed higher as the time drew near for their advent in the Northwest.

October first, 1876, was the date agreed upon for the commencement of the meetings; and by that time all things had been got in readiness by the various committees. The Tabernacle, located on the corner of Franklin and Monroe streets, was tested in every possible way. The great choir of six hundred voices found its acoustic properties excellent on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning at precisely eight o'clock, Mr. Moody took his stand at the railing in front of the platform. He declared the building to be the best for his purpose he had ever used; and now seven thousand people were reverently waiting to hear the word of God from his lips. The ushers were the leading men of the prominent churches, who wore a badge of ribbon. The choir gave with great effect the hymn

"We praise Thee, O God,
For the Son of Thy love."

Mr. Moody appeared a stout, muscular, healthy-looking man in

middle life. He has a small bright eye that reveals the humor there is in him. Once he set his hearers to laughing, and fell but little short of that several times. In his manner he is warm, hearty, prepossessing. He is a man of profound conviction, and deep feeling. He is intensely in earnest, and he does not distract his hearers' attention from his theme to himself. So much, few who have ever met him or heard him preach will hesitate to say. He said without other introduction: I want to give you a passage from the Word of God as a kind of watchword for these meetings: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." We have got to take our minds off these large meetings and fix them on God. If we are to have a great blessing in the Northwest it must come from God. Now let us all sing the hymn,

Joy to the world!
The Lord is come.

It is not in the books but it is in your hearts."

Mr. Sankey sang the solo, "Only an Armor-Bearer," first, however, lifting up his voice for God's blessing upon the singing as well as upon the preaching in the meetings which were to be held, and that the Gospel might be carried, on the wings of song, into many hard and careless hearts.

"When I first came in here," said Mr. Moody, "and saw that text, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' I said to myself, that is just the chapter to open with. We want the resurrection power right here in Chicago." He then read the account of the raising of Lazarus, in the eleventh chapter of John.

Another song by Mr. Sankey.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who shall go and work to-day?

Another hymn was sung by the whole congregation, and then Mr. Moody announced his text:

Jesus said, take ye away the stone.—*John xi*, 39.

Now, I haven't any doubt that nearly all this congregation are looking for a blessing in Chicago,—if you are not you ought to be,—and if there is not a great blessing on these meetings it will

be our own fault. God is always ready to bless. I know there are some people who say, "We must wait God's time; there is a set time to favor Zion;" but I tell you my friends, the set time to favor Zion is when we are ready. God will do His work if we will only do ours. Whenever the dead are raised, there must always be somebody to roll away the stone.

The impression made was solemn, all felt assured of the Divine presence and blessing.

The congregation of the morning gave a feeble idea of what would be the attendance in the afternoon. The doors were to be opened at three o'clock, but the crowds began to gather at all the entrances long before that hour. From every door, as soon as it was opened, a dense throng of humanity pushed and jostled its way into the Tabernacle, down to the main floor, and up into the galleries. Men and women of all ages and every condition, the devout and the undevout, the church-goers and the Sabbath-breakers, Sunday-school children and hoodlums, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, all pressed into the Tabernacle and the eight thousand chairs disappeared from view like a field of wheat under a visitation of locusts. By twenty minutes of four o'clock the building was full, up-stairs, and down-stairs. The crowd filled Monroe street, sidewalks and driveway.

The sidewalk on the south side of the building was full. The crowd at every entrance was so dense that a person could hardly work his way up to the door. Scores and even hundreds of people were going away in all directions. Inside, the spectacle was one not often to be seen. Chairs were placed clear up to the platform, and in the aisles so far as prudence would permit. Every available inch of room was utilized, and everywhere were human beings packed so closely that they could hardly rise to sing. Mr. Moody had before him about nine thousand persons.

It was announced to the throng of people on the streets in front of the Tabernacle, that an "overplus meeting" would be held in Farwell Hall, at which Mr. Sankey would sing, and in about five minutes that hall was crowded to the utmost, leaving

still a large number of persons who were obliged to console themselves with a hope of being in season next time.

At this overflow meeting one of the speakers said: We have been asking God to give us a great blessing, but this is far beyond all our expectations. We are of one accord, but we cannot all be in one place, because there is no one place large enough to hold us all. A brother spoke of the Christian unity which marked the preparation for and commencement of the meetings, saying, We are all one for Christ, and all are with Christ. We are together in the ship, and Christ is standing on the shore, and telling us to let down our nets for a draught. We will let down the nets into the waters of Chicago, on the right side of the ship, and it may be that we shall catch so many souls that we shall have to send out to other cities for help in the work of gathering them in, as the disciples sent for help to the other ships around them.

The work was continued Monday in Farwell Hall, under as favorable auspices as those with which it commenced on Sunday in the great Tabernacle. At neither of the gatherings of the previous day, were the evangelist's theory and practice of labor in this revival campaign better developed than at the mid-day prayer service.

A year ago, in reply to an invitation to come to Chicago, Mr. Moody wrote that he would gladly do so when all seemed prepared, but not before. His pulpit expressions of Sunday were distinctively sermons addressed to Christians. Once, he argues, have Christians like-minded and, to use his own figure of speech, working well in the same harness and under the same easy yoke, and the work well begun is half done. He had all the clergymen whom he could reach around him on the platform. This at once identified each of them with the revival movement; it disarmed a prejudice which might have existed, that the work was not in harmony with church work and pastoral work in the various congregations of the city. Mr. Moody felt the great want here as well as elsewhere was—piety. Before any vast or effective good could be accomplished those professedly Christian must attain this plane, must pass through the valley of hu-

miliation before the heights of blessing could be compassed. No better mode of reaching such results was known than by enlisting pastors and churches in the campaign, and thus saving all who made a public profession at the Tabernacle meetings, and leading them into the communion of those churches to which their inclination turned as to a home.

Farwell Hall can comfortably accommodate twenty-three hundred persons. At twelve o'clock when the meeting was opened, every sitting was occupied. The gallery was filled in every part, many standing around the back tiers, and scores disposed in the stairways leading down to the platform. The space in the main hall under the gallery was almost impassable, the entrance from Madison street overflowing down even to the sidewalks and up into the hall. The aisles contained many more, while on the outer edges the listeners had gathered. The front of the platform was occupied by Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey being at his side with the record of the singing pilgrim. The rest of the stage was filled with many of Chicago's leading ministers, clergymen representing many denominations.

During the delivery of Mr. Moody's remarks, the audience, especially those who were near the platform, were visibly moved by the almost tearful earnestness with which he urged his hearers to come to God with broken and contrite hearts. Mr. Moody then prayed, and the brief, simple petition was so effective as to move some even to tears. At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Sankey sung the hymn, "O! to be nothing," and said before singing it: "Neither is he that planteth anything; neither is he that watereth anything."

At one of the meetings "Waiting and Watching for Me," was given by request.

When my final farewell to the world I have said,
 And gladly lie down to my rest:
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
 And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision, at last
 The walls of "That City" I see,

Will any one then at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

CHO.—Will any one then at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?
Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Oh should I be brought there, by the bountiful grace,
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path—
Pray only for self while I live—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me!

The beautiful hymn was sung by Mr. Sankey in a touching manner, and here and there through the vast congregation, could be seen those whom its sentiments awakened, and who had suggested to them the possibilities here, and the belief in a hereafter so sweetly, pathetically described in the song.

The noon prayer-meetings grew in numbers and power, day by day. On Friday there were over three thousand persons in Farwell Hall when the meeting commenced. The ministers present were, as usual, invited to seats on the platform on the right and left of the speaker's desk. The desire to hear Mr. Moody was everywhere apparent. The main hall was filled quite early, and the congregation consisted chiefly of those who were manifestly Christian workers.

The vast assemblage edged its way up to the reporters' stand and down the aisles and up in the galleries, and in the vestibule and through the long corridors, overflowing to the streets—Madison at the front, and Arcade court in rear. Among those down in the congregation, might be seen the familiar face of the famous Sojourner Truth, whose countenance would almost light up with intelligence, as the service proceeded. The aged woman was an intent listener, and a devout worshiper, and when Mr. Moody, in his earnest, nervous way, told of the great lesson of

humility which all had to learn, many a hearty "amen" was heard from the Sojourner. The spirit of the meeting was one of great devotion. Except Mr. Moody's, there were no appeals to the congregation. The petitions offered were stronger perhaps than the regular addresses. They were brief, and reached many. No extra effort, no unusual means, no new ways, were manifest. The service was effective, because of its simplicity. It was strictly an hour of prayer. The occasion was felt as being pivotal—the turning point in the revival meetings. It was also an occasion of expectancy. Not only had Christians been praying for a blessing; they waited for its coming. The opening exercises are always Mr. Sankey's. His sweet songs are finely suggestive, and prepare the minds of the hearers for the spoken words that follow. The evangelist without the singer, would be lands unbroken to the sower, the seed without the soil.

An invitation was extended to all who desired prayers. The service had been of an impressive character, but it was not expected that so large a number of persons would respond. Indeed, it may be said that the whole congregation arose, and by this act requested prayers in its behalf. This is an evidence that the scene at the after-meeting, the day before, was not an impulse of the moment to be forgotten in an hour.

The fine weather brought out a large congregation in the evening to the Tabernacle. The congregation was, however, to be disappointed. A sad occasion it was to Mr. Moody, whose labors have been suddenly broken off at the moment when the revival seemed about to begin. At a late hour, and but a short time before the time of the evening service, Mr. Moody received a telegram announcing that his youngest brother had died suddenly. The news was so unexpected, that Mr. Moody was nearly prostrated at the startling intelligence. At once he called the members of the Devotional Committee, and stated the sad news which had come to him. He decided at the conference held just before the night service in the Tabernacle, and while the congregation was gathering in the great hall, to go at once to Northfield, Mass., and be present at the funeral of his

brother, whom he left but a few weeks since. The assemblage of eight thousand people were not aware of the change which had been made in the leadership of the Tabernacle services, and were unprepared for the intelligence imparted by the Rev. A. E. Kittredge, who read the dispatch which had been received from Mr. Moody's home.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., Oct. 6, 1876.

Samuel is dead. E. MOODY.

A pastor said: "The blow had been of overwhelming power on Mr. Moody, and was also felt as a great blow by the pastors and the Devotional Committee who had been coöperating with the bereaved brother, and that aged mother who had been left desolate. The pastors had had a conference with Mr. Moody, and the contents of the telegram were made known to the friends who were waiting to learn the cause of the call. The brother who died had been, because of an illness, as the Benjamin of Mr. Moody's family. The hearts of the pastors had clung around Mr. Moody, and they could not say nay in this call, when Mr. Moody said he would like to go home and look once more on the silent face of his brother. He said he wanted to stand once more beside his aged mother and put his arm around her, as she was passing through great trouble in this dark hour. Mr. Moody was now on his way to the depot to take the train which would carry him to Northfield. The pastors at the conference with Mr. Moody had voted unanimously to continue these revival meetings during the coming week. They had been praying for faith, and had been looking to God in sincerity. This had tried them, and yet they still had faith in God. Major Whittle and Mr. Sankey would be at the meetings, the latter to be there all the while during Mr. Moody's absence. Many might have come from a distance to hear Mr. Moody, and might be disappointed, but the meetings would be continued under Major Whittle and Mr. Sankey. He had no doubt that many hearts went out in sympathy for the bereaved brother and his aged mother."

During the week of the evangelist's absence, the services

were conducted as usual, and all labored with increased zeal and energy, to supply the great leader's place. Much good was done, and the returning preacher found that he had only to go straight forward in the line of Major Whittle's successful course. The Major was like Moody, a layman whose Christian labors developed him into a man of power in the Master's service. It was a fine tribute to his character, and ability in preaching, to be able to carry forward with swelling force the enterprise to which his friend was alone thought adequate. It became more and more evident that God was in the movement.

Mr. Moody again in the Tabernacle.

His first sermon, after he returns from the grave of his brother in Massachusetts, contains characteristic reminiscences; and from it we gather illustrations of the power of prayer and incitements to personal labor for souls.

Twenty-one years ago last March, when God converted me, I began to cry to God that six brothers and two sisters might be led home to peace. And for twenty-one years that has been my prayer: that has been my cry to God. A postman came one day and brought a letter that told me my youngest brother was given up by the physicians to die. On that day I got the letter he was dying. I went into the fifth story of a building, and if ever I prayed earnestly in my life I did then that my brother might be spared. I wrestled with God in prayer. It seemed God answered my prayer. The next letter said he was better. He had a run of typhoid fever that lasted forty-two days. And when he got off that bed, I felt in answer to prayer, the boy was much dearer to me than ever before.

A year ago I went to preaching in that town. In the last month, my heart going out to that dear boy, I asked all those present in the church willing to become Christians to rise, and he, my long-sought brother, rose for prayers. What a precious relief for my heart! He turned his face toward Heaven that very night. He became an active Christian. And when they soon after decided to have a Young Men's Christian Association for that town, the young men wanted a president and they

elected him for President. Oh, that was a blessed day for me, when my brother, converted to God, after twenty-years' prayer, took charge of that little band I heard him make his first speech, and that seemed the happiest day of my life. He was a young man of great talents, he was the star of the family, the most promising one of the family. No one of us could have done as much for Christ had he gone to him in his earliest man hood. And he went to work. He took a leading part in religious meetings. He went and talked with weak brothers and set them on their feet again. He searched for souls on both sides of the Connecticut River, in both sides of the valley. More conversions took place after I left than when I was there. Every Sunday afternoon he would go out into the country and take charge of meetings, and as I used to stand in the pulpit, and look down on that young brother in his zealous work, no one but God knows how I loved him and rejoiced with great joy. I thank God that now his works do follow him. The young Christian men met immediately after he died; a hundred of them came together to choose some one to take his place. And how it rejoiced my heart that George Moody took the place of Samuel, and has set himself earnestly to the work. He said: "From now I will try to follow more faithfully after Christ." And when we met Wednesday night—it was Tuesday we laid him away—another brother was harnessed to the work in place of the dear buried one. Oh, dear friends, if souls weigh on our hearts let us go and bring them to Jesus. Let us write to them beseeching letters if our lips cannot reach them. Let us not rest day or night. Let us this morning go out and bring our friends to Christ. Let us commence with our own families; let us find our brothers. If our brothers have yielded let us go to our friends. If they are strangers to Christ, oh, go bring them now while you may. Exhort by word of mouth; exhort by fervent and repeated letters. Begin at once your mission, lest it be too late forever, and praise God for the dear privilege of bringing others to him.

The evangelist, self-poised and conscious of the greatness of his work, leaves there his sainted dead and goes forward to

grapple with souls. In his afternoon sermon he tells a touching story

I heard of a young man who came to Chicago to sell his father's grain. His father was a minister somewhere in Illinois. The boy arrived in Chicago and sold the grain; and when the time came for him to return home the boy did not come. The father and mother were up all night, expecting to hear the sound of the wagon every minute, but they waited and waited, but still he did not come. The father became so uneasy that he went into the stable and saddled his horse and came to Chicago. When he reached here he found that his son had sold the grain, but had not been seen since the sale and concluded that he was murdered. After making investigation, however, he found that the boy had gone into a gambling house and lost all his money. After they had taken all his money from him, they told him to sell his horse and wagon, and he would recover his money. He lost all. He was like the poor man who came down from Jericho to Jerusalem, and who fell among thieves, and after they had stripped him of everything they cast him off. A great many of you think as this young man thought. You think that rumsellers and gamblers are your best friends, when they will take from you your peace, your health, your soul, your money—everything you have, and then run away. Well, the father, after looking about for him fruitlessly, went home, and told his wife what he had learned. But he did not settle down, but just took his carpet-bag in his hand and went from one place to another, getting ministers to let him preach for them, and he always told the congregation that he had a boy dearer to him than life, and left his address with them, and urged them if ever they heard anything about his boy to let him know. At last, after going around a good deal, he got on his track and learned that he had gone to California. It was during the time of the gold excitement. He went home, but he did not write a letter to him. No, he just arranged his business affairs and started for the Pacific coast to find his boy. This is but an illustration of what God has been doing for you. There has

not been a day, an hour, a moment, but God has been searching for you. When the father got to San Francisco he got permission to preach, and he had a notice put in the papers in the hope that it might reach the mining districts, trusting that if his son were there it might reach him. He preached a sermon on the Sunday, and when he pronounced the benediction the audience went away. But he saw in a corner one who remained. He went up to him and found that it was his boy. He did not reprimand him, and he did not deliver judgment upon him, but put his loving arms around him, drew him to his bosom, and took him back to his home. This is an illustration of what God wants to do to us, what he wants to do to-day. He offers us his love, and his forgiveness.

Mr. Moody's method is that of the disciples who went out to preach in pairs, and who did such service in the beginning of their ministry. He read a Bible lesson at the noon meeting, on prayer, from Jeremiah, the thirty-second chapter. The thought of the hour was the omnipotence of God. "There is nothing too hard for Me." Mr. Moody read a number of verses of the context, and gave a running commentary on the chapter as he read, hinging his remarks on the willingness and power of the Almighty to do all things for which His people prayed. The address was followed by a fervent petition by Mr. Moody, who invoked the blessing of God on Chicago, on a revival of religion in the churches, and a revival of honesty among the business men here, and asked for success to follow Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, Needham and Stebbins, and More house and Inglis, in their evangelist work.

The recitation of his apt illustrations, as every one knows, has made him famous, and he could scarcely have been happier in his choice of parable than he was in the evening. Whenever Mr. Moody steps into the dry theological or doctrinal vein it appears always that his hold upon his audience relaxes, but it is pleasing and encouraging to note the expression of earnestness and emotion upon the many faces before him when he expatiates upon Christ Himself or describes the scenes incidental to the miracle-wonders of the Saviour of the

world, or when he relates such stories as that of the ruler's daughter, the blind Bartimeus, or that of the two sisters whose brother was dead, and one or two ran to the mourner crying, "The Master is come; He calleth thee." These are the strongholds of the evangelist, and as he forgets himself in his recitation of these incidents in the life of the Master which appeal to all humanity, then it is that Mr. Moody is most successful.

Mr. Moody's work as a method was clearly brought out at the meeting for drunkards. His plan while laboring in the large cities of the East was to commence his preaching systematically, laying good foundations, reaching Christians first, and non-professors of religion afterward. In New York and elsewhere every Friday the special subject for study and the special objects of prayer were intemperance and its victims.

TEMPERANCE

Enlisted the greatest interest. Mr. Moody takes but little part in the meetings, which are almost wholly in the hands of reformed inebriates. Every one of the score who have spoken bears testimony to the one fact: "We have but one remedy for the deadly evil—salvation through JESUS CHRIST."

Whatever any one may think of Mr. Moody as a preacher, no man can deny that he is a general. Seeing the front seats unoccupied, he said: "Will you all please rise up and come forward? I can not think of going on until those chairs are filled up; they are in the way; they can't see or hear, so fill them up; sit close up together and the meeting will be a hundred per cent. better." Looking up in the gallery he said: "Please come out of the gallery and get together, right down here. You look very lonesome up there." And this was not all, for, leaving the platform, he walked to the back seats transferring their occupants to the front, and having seated the gathering—which had now swelled to some twelve hundred persons—to his satisfaction, he returned to the platform. The effect of the cheering words and kindly, but business-like manipulation of the Evangelist, upon the assemblage, was simply marvelous. People were brought up to

gether, and instead of appearing estranged, warmed up and became congenial; faces brightened up, the singing was much more hearty than before, and what had in the beginning most certainly threatened to be an exceedingly drowsy service was transformed into one of the most successful and interesting meetings yet held.

A terribly suggestive statement was crayoned on the blackboard which stood on the platform:

WHAT STRONG DRINK DOES.

It costs $1,000,000,000 in money.
It makes 50 per cent. of our insane.
It makes 65 per cent. of our paupers.
It causes directly 75 per cent. of our murders.
It makes 80 per cent. of our criminals.
It sends forth 95 per cent. of our vicious youth.
It sends one every six minutes into a drunkard's grave, or nearly 100,000 a year.

Says one:

There was a little incident at the Friday temperance meeting which struck me pleasantly. Farwell Hall with its broad sweep of galleries was packed, the seats all occupied, and the standing room as full as possible, before the services began. The interest in these meetings is very great. And yet Mr. Moody stepped to the front and said there were great numbers without seeking access; "and now," said he, "I want five hundred of you to leave your seats and go down to Lower Farwell Hall, and thus make room for some of those without. Go down and pray for these poor inebriates, and God may give the five hundred a greater victory than the thousand who will remain." I did not expect to see a person move. It was a great sacrifice to leave a meeting so full of interest. The music was grand, the speakers were electrical; and yet, no sooner was the hymn struck up than the movement began. Of course woman took the lead. She always does when personal sacrifice is demanded. Ladies left their seats and led the phalanx, and the lower hall was filled.

As the service proceeded in the large hall, the voice of praise came up from below, the softest, sweetest music I ever heard.

The singing is remarkable in this, that no matter how large the congregation, be it four thousand or eight thousand, it is perfectly under the control of Mr. Sankey. At his request the chorus will roll up like great waves of sea. Then he will lift his hand and say "Softly," when the peculiar, æolian melody of thousands of soft, commingled voices reminds one of the music of the winds and the brooks on a summer night. I judge that this results more from the sentiment, to which there is always instant response, than to musical training.

I only meant to write a few lines, and yet I wish it were possible to depict the minor scenes of the revival. It is inexpressibly touching to see wives and children wistfully and eagerly bringing in drunken husbands and fathers, and seeking the cure of conversion. I noticed one woman on the street, in front of the hall, gazing around for her inebriate husband, who had promised to come. The anxiety, grief, hope, marks of pain and care on that face, are not to be forgotten. Her face lit up gladly, and I knew that she had discerned him in the throng. On he came, but she could not wait—rushed to meet him with words of love and cheer and hope. I was so much interested as to the result, that I followed it up, and was rejoiced to know that her husband was saved. One more happy home, joyful wife and children, and one more slave of sin and death set free!

The witnesses, coming in and not knowing the testimony of those that preceded them, tell the same story—"I signed pledges, I resolved, promised, vowed, that I would reform. My mother, sister, wife, children, tried to save me. I tried to save myself—all in vain. I WENT TO JESUS AND HE SAVED ME."

Among the reclaimed men who took part in the exercises, was Mr Latimer, a man of uncommon intelligence, whose story moved the audience most profoundly.

He confessed that it was difficult to speak about past experiences, especially when a man had been a heavy drinker, as he had been for sixteen years. He began sixteen years ago by taking his first bottle of ale in the back-room of a country store,

and then entering the army, he had plunged into dissipation, from which he thought at first he could free himself, but, as the years went by, he found the habit had become so strong that he could not control it, for it controlled him. He had stood at the mouth of the cannon, in front of the fixed bayonet, with the muzzle of a pistol right before him, and yet never had felt there such a heart-sinking as when he began to realize what a man is, fettered by that vice. He came to this city some little time ago, and spent most of his days and nights in drunkenness and playing cards, sometimes taking thirty or forty drinks a day. While in this condition he came, one night, to the Tabernacle out of curiosity, to hear what was being said, and to see what was being done. He sat in the gallery and was shielded by one of the long pillars that supported the roof. He saw the crowds enter with happy faces and apparently light hearts, and nice clothes, and it hardened his heart, for he felt that he could never be like them. Then he heard Mr. Sankey sing the hymn, "What Shall the Harvest be?" It struck him when he heard the first verse:

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

And then, said Mr. Latimer, Mr. Sankey sung the third verse, a verse that entered my heart. It aroused me from my stupor. It brought me to feel what my own condition was, and these words entered my soul:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

During the recital of these lines the speaker's voice trembled.

his whole frame was agitated, his words and manner were impressed on his auditors, many of whom were moved to tears, and sobbing was audible in many parts of the great hall. He then went on to say that that night he had listened to this hymn, describing his own experience, he found no rest; the words seemed to meet him wherever he went, "What shall the harvest be?" They were written on the walls of the hotel where he boarded. They haunted him wherever he went. He tried to drown the words by drinking heavier, but he couldn't remove them. There they were wherever he turned, "What shall the harvest be?" He left the Tabernacle saying to himself he would never return; but finally, such was his unrest, he went into the inquiry-room, and talked with Mr. Farwell and Mr. Brewster, and after a great struggle he gave himself to Christ. He trusted in the salvation wrought out for him, and though he had lost position, home, family, by the accursed cup, he rejoiced that God had looked down on him and saved him.

Mr. Sawyer is another wonderful instance of the power of Divine grace. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Mr. Sawyer felt that he could celebrate his birthday in no better way than in helping to make it a happy day for those with whom he sympathized so deeply, since not four years ago, he was in the same slough of despond, and going down to a drunkard's grave. He was formerly in the employ of Claflin & Co., in New York, and through drink lost his situation. Four years since he was converted, and came to Chicago to help Mr. Moody "rescue the perishing."

A company of noble women seconded his proposed plan for a Thanksgiving dinner, went to work, and spread the tables with a sumptuous feast, arranging seats for two hundred and fifty of these reformed men. It was a touching sight to see them coming in and taking their places at the tables, many of them looking as though it had been a long time since they had seen such a dinner. Some of them were fine-looking men, many of them under thirty years of age, but others bore the marks of long and low dissipation. In looking at them, one was prompted to exclaim, "What but the grace of God could

save such men from their sins?" Surely, "He *can* save to the uttermost all them that call upon Him!"

How they enjoy the dinner; and when it was over how good it was to hear one and another testify of the love of Christ, contrast their present state with that of a year, two, three, ten, yes fifteen years ago, which had been spent in drunkenness and debauchery! Mr. Moody made a few remarks after the dinner, impressing upon them all the fact that Christ, and Christ alone could save them, and keep them from temptation; then invited all of them most cordially to come at any time to his church, to the vestry, to the reading-room (which was always open) and to all the meetings there. Then Billy Murray (who is well know to all Chicagoans as one who for twenty years has been a notorious drunkard, although occupying a position of some respectability, but who was converted two months ago, and has been working for others ever since), spoke most feelingly of what Christ had done for him, and said: "He has not only made me his own and redeemed me, but I thank him that he has taken from me even the *desire* for strong drinks, which seems like a miracle to me. I can go into saloons now and talk with the men, urging them to Christ, and the fumes of the liquor all about me do not affect me at all." Quite a number spoke, many giving similar testimony and among them Col. Latimer, the circumstances of whose conversion a few weeks since we speak of above.

It is a notable fact, to which many of these men testify, that after their conversion, and the sudden ceasing from the use of all intoxicating drinks, when they expected as a matter of course an attack of "delirium tremens," they escaped entirely, and some even said that the gnawing feeling which they had for years been conscious of, when not under the influence of liquor, was no longer felt. What work can be more Christ-like than trying to turn the steps of these erring, sinking, despairing souls from the sorrowful road to destruction, toward light, and joy, and a heavenly home.

Says one: I have felt that the position taken in regard to the absolute cure of the appetite by conversion was carried to a

dangerous limit. My theory has been that God leaves us to the force of temptation arising out of bad habits, but gives sufficient strength to resist it. I did once know a man who was lifted from the gutter, where he had wallowed for ten years, and his thirst for alcohol cured at once by the Holy Spirit; but it seemed to me an exception, which God had made in view of the weakness of the will of, and the power of the appetite over, his child. And I have thought that these converted drunkards might, when the craving returned, take it as an evidence that they were deceived, and so evil come of it. But what is one to say when, one after another, scores of regenerated drunkards get up and tell us that the appetite is entirely gone. "I can go past a saloon as easily now as I could go into one ten days ago," said one of them to-day. These men are not lying. They are the happiest mortals I ever saw. Criminals pardoned at the foot of the gallows could not be more rejoiced. There is no getting over their testimony. They know what hell is. No need of telling them about its horrors. They have been there. You may imagine the effect of their testimony. It seems to me it would almost draw tears from a statue of stone. I saw a poor wife to-day trying to keep her drunken husband quiet in the meeting, but he sprang up, hurled curses at Moody, and staggered out of the Tabernacle. The poor woman bowed her head and shook in an agony of grief. O, what a limitless curse is strong drink!

About five hundred drinking men went into the inquiry-rooms to seek salvation. "How many of you wish relief from intemperance?" asked Mr. Sawyer, himself a saved inebriate. Nearly every hand in the room went up. All want cure. All who went in to labor and pray with them were regenerated inebriates. And such an inquiry meeting! They were not more, or as much, seeking to flee from wrath to come as from *wrath already burning them up*. They all, it seems, took special care to observe a day of thanksgiving for their individual deliverance. Those that had families gathered them around them. None of them lacked a good turkey and other good things wherewith to rejoice—thanks to the sensible and thoughtful friends of temperance. With

one accord they said that it was the happiest day of their lives. I cannot convey an idea of the type of joy exhibited. It was not hilarity. It is a kind of joy that does not spring up from the exuberant forces of the body or of the mind. It is serious, calm, profound. Bless God, the era of miracles has not passed away. These men are as much—nay, much more—evidences of the direct interposition of Almighty God than the healing of a withered arm—by as much as both soul and body are more than a single limb of the body.

The Evangelist's Tenderness and Fidelity.

I was in an infirmary not long since, and a mother brought a little child in. She said, "Doctor my little child's eyes have not been opened for several days, and I would just like you to do something for them." The doctor got some ointment and put it first on one and then on the other, and just pulled them open. "Your child is blind," said the doctor; "perfectly blind; it will never see again." At first the mother couldn't take it in, but after a little she said, "Doctor, you don't mean to say that my child will never see again?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "your child has lost its sight and it will never see again." And that mother just gave a scream, and drew that child to her bosom. "Oh, my darling child," sobbed the woman, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? never to see the world again?" I could not keep back the tears when I saw the terrible agony of that woman when she realized the misfortune that had come upon her child. That was a terrible calamity, but what was it in comparison to the loss of a soul. I would rather have my eyes plucked out of my head and go down to my grave in total blindness than lose my soul.

In my native town one afternoon a man went out to see his stock. Seven o'clock came and he did not return; eight o'clock came and there was no sign of him; nine o'clock came and still he did not come. It was a dark night and the news spread through the streets that the deacon must have been killed. When the news was flashed around they did not fold their arms and say they would wait till daylight and start out and seek for

him; but the old and the young men saddled their horses instantly and lighted their torches and went forth into the darkness to find the lost one. They found him in the pasture, killed, and brought him into the little village, and I never saw a community so excited and so grieved. But what was that—the cutting from a man's life of say twenty years, to the loss of a soul. A drunkard may go on through life in his mad career and go down to the grave and no one will weep for him. He came to save that soul; He stooped from the throne of glory to the manger to bring the lost soul back again. Oh that you could realize what a lost soul is. He wants you to take the title of lost sinner. That's what he wants you to do. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost;" and if a man will only know he is a sinner and cry from the depths of his heart, the Lord will come right to where you are.

I remember preaching one night in winter—one of the coldest winters we had—the winter after the Chicago fire. I had been studying up grace, and it was the first time I had spoken of it, and I was just full of it. I started out of the house, I remember, and the first man I met I asked him if he knew any thing about the grace of God, and I tried to preach to him. This man thought I was crazy. I ran on and met another, and finally got up to the meeting. That night I thought perhaps I was speaking to a lot of people who felt as I did about grace, and when I got through I asked any one who would like to hear about grace—who had any interest in it, to stay. I expected some would have stayed, but what was my mortification to see the whole audience rise up and go away. They hadn't any interest in grace; they didn't want to learn anything about grace. I put my coat and hat on, and was going out of the hall, when I saw a poor fellow at the back of the furnace crying. "I want to hear about the grace of God," said he. "You're the very man I want, then," said I. "Yes," the poor fellow said, "you said in your sermon that it was free, and I want you to tell me something about it." Well, I got talking to him, and he told me a pitiful story. He had drank away twenty thousand dollars, his home had been broken up, and his wife and chil-

dren had left him. I spoke to him, and it was not long before we were down together praying. That night I got him a night's lodging in the Bethel, and next day we got him on his feet, and when I went to Europe, he was one of the most earnest workers we had. He was just a partaker of grace—believed that the peace of God was sufficient for him, and he took God at His word and he was a saved man. I hope some poor wanderer will come here to-night, and will see the force of this lesson. It may be that your home has been all broken up, that your wife has cast you off, that your friends have forsaken you. God will take you and bless you if you will but repent. He can do great things; he can raise you from darkness to light, from lowness to highness, and He will go to the corners of the world for a man if he has sunk into the pit, and will raise him up. He brought me out of the pit and set me up. It was His grace—His grace that did it.

Mr. Warner, superintendent of probably one of the largest Sunday schools in the world, had a theory that he would never put a boy out of his school for bad conduct. He argued if a boy misbehaved himself, it was through bad training at home, and that if he put him out of the school, no one would take care of him. Well, this theory was put to the test one day. A teacher came to him and said, "I've got a boy in my class that must be taken out; he breaks the rules continually, he swears and uses obscene language, and I cannot do anything with him." Mr. Warner did not care about putting the boy out, so he sent the teacher back to his class. But he came again, and said that unless the boy was taken from his class, he must leave it. Well, he left, and a second teacher was appointed. The second teacher came with the same story, and met with the same reply from Mr. Warner. And he resigned. A third teacher was appointed, and he came with the same story as the others. Mr. Warner then thought he would be compelled to turn the boy out at last. One day a few teachers were standing about, and Mr. Warner said: "I will bring this boy up, and read his name out in the school, and publicly excommunicate him." Well, a young lady came and said to him: "I am not doing

what I might for Christ, let me have the boy; I will try and save him." But Mr. Warner said: "If these young men cannot do it, you will not." But she begged to have him, and Mr. Warner consented. She was a wealthy young lady, surrounded with all the luxuries of life. The boy went to her class, and for several Sundays he behaved himself and broke no rules. But one Sunday he broke loose, and, in reply to something she said, spat in her face. She took out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her face, but she said nothing. Well, she thought upon a plan, and she said to him, "John," we will call him John, "John, come home with me." "No," said he, "I won't; I won't be seen on the streets with you." She was fearful of losing him altogether if he went out of the school that day, and she said to him, "Will you let me walk home with you?" "No, I won't," said he, "I won't be seen on the street with you." Then she thought upon another plan. She thought on the "Old Curiosity Shop," and she said, "I won't be at home to-morrow or Tuesday, but if you will come round to the front door on Wednesday morning, there will be a little bundle for you." "I don't want it; you may keep your old bundle." She went home, but made the bundle up. She thought that curiosity might make him come.

Wednesday morning arrived and he had got over his mad fit, and he thought he would just like to see what was in this bundle. The little fellow knocked at the door, which was opened, and he told his story. She said: "Yes, here is the bundle." The boy opened it and found a vest and a coat and other clothing, and a little note written by the young lady, which read something like this:

"DEAR JOHNNIE: Ever since you have been in my class I have prayed for you every morning and evening, that you might be a good boy, and I want you to stop in my class. Do not leave me."

The next morning, before she was up, the servant came to her and said there was a little boy below who wished to see her. She dressed hastily, and went down stairs, and found Johnnie on the sofa, weeping. She put her arms around his

neck, and he said to her, "My dear teacher, I have not had any peace since I got this note from you. I want you to forgive me." "Won't you let me pray for you to come to Jesus?" And she went down on her knees and prayed. And now Mr. Warner said that boy was the best boy in the Sunday-school.

And so it was love that broke that boy's heart. May the Lord give us that love in abundance! May we be so full of love that every one may see that it only prompts us to bring them to heaven.

I remember going into a young converts' meeting in Philadelphia, where I heard a story that thrilled my soul. A young man said he had been a great drunkard. He had lost one situation after another, till finally he came to the very dregs. He left Philadelphia, and went first to Washington, and then to Baltimore. One night he came back to Philadelphia. He had lost his key and could not get into his home. He was afraid to go into the house while the people were stirring, so he staid outside watching till all had retired. He knew that after that there would be at least one who would hear him and come to the door. He went, he knocked; when he heard the footsteps of his mother. "O Edward," said she, "I am so glad to see you." She did not reprove him; did not rebuke him. He went up stairs and did not come down for two days. When he came to, the servants were walking about the house very softly, everything was quiet. They told him that his mother was at the point of death. His brother was a physician, and he went to him and asked him if it was so. "Yes, Ned," said he, "mother cannot live." He immediately went up stairs, and asked his mother's forgiveness, and prayed to his mother's God to have mercy upon him. "And God," said he, "my mother's God, heard my prayers," and the tears trickled down his face, and he said: "God has kept me straight these four years in the face of all trials." Oh, sinner, ask for His grace and might; do not turn Him away. Oh, to-night let Him save you.

I remember while in Philadelphia a man with his wife came to our meetings. When he went out he wouldn't speak to his

wife. She thought it was very queer, but said nothing, and went to bed thinking that in the morning he would be all right At breakfast, however, he would not speak a word. Well, she thought this strange, but she was sure he would have got all over whatever was wrong with him by dinner. The dinner hour arrived, and it passed away without his saying a word. At supper not a word escaped him, and he would not go with her to the meeting. Every day for a whole week the same thing went on. But at the end of the week he could not stand it any longer, and he said to his wife: "Why did you go and write to Mr. Moody and tell him all about me." "I never wrote to Mr. Moody in my life," said the wife. "You did," he answered. "You're mistaken; why do you think that?" "Well, then, I wronged you, but when I saw Mr. Moody picking me out among all those people, and telling all about me, I was sure you must have written to him." It was the Son of Man seeking for him, my friends, and I hope there will be a man here to night—that man in the gallery yonder, that one before me—who will feel that I am talking personally to him. May you feel that you are lost, and that the Lord is seeking for you, and when you feel this there will be some chance of your being saved.

I want to tell you a lesson taught me in Chicago a few years ago. In the months of August and July a great many deaths occurred among children, you all know. I remember I attended a great many funerals, sometimes I would go to two or three funerals a day. I got so used to it that it did not trouble me to see a mother take the last kiss, and see the coffin-lid closed. I got accustomed to it, as in the war we got accustomed to the great battles, and to see the wounded and dead never troubled us. When I got home one night I heard that one of my Sunday-school pupils was dead, and her mother wanted me to come to the house. I went to the poor home, and saw the father drunk. Adelaide had been brought from the river. The mother told me she washed for a living, the father earned no money, and poor Adelaide's work was to get wood for the fire. She had gone to the river that day and seen a piece floating on the wa-

ter, had stretched out for it, had lost her balance and fallen in. The poor woman was very much distressed. "I would like you to help me, Mr. Moody," she said, "to bury my child. I have no lot. I have no money."

Well, I took the measure for the coffin and came away. I had my little girl with me, and she said: "Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and mamma had to work for a living, and I had to get sticks for the fire, and was to fall into the river, would you be very sorry?" This question reached my heart. "Why my child, it would break my heart to lose you," I said, and I drew her to my bosom. "Papa, do you feel bad for that mother?" she said; and this word woke my sympathy for the woman, and I started and went back to the house, and prayed that the Lord might bind up that wounded heart. When the day came for the funeral I went to Graceland. I had always thought my time too precious to go out there, but I went. The drunken father was there and the poor mother. I bought a lot, the grave was dug, and the child laid away among strangers. There was another funeral coming up, and the corpse was laid near the grave of little Adelaide. And I thought how I would feel if it had been my little girl that I had been laying there among strangers. I went to my Sabbath school thinking this, and suggested that the children should contribute and buy a lot in which we might bury a hundred poor little children. We soon got it and the papers had scarcely been made out when a lady came and said, "Mr. Moody, my little girl died this morning, let me bury her in the lot you have got for the Sunday school children?" The request was granted and she asked me to go to the lot and say prayers over her child. I went to the grave—it was a beautiful day in June, and I remember asking her what the name of her child was. She said Emma. That was the name of my little girl, and I thought what if it had been my own child? We should put ourselves in the places of others. I could not help shedding a tear. Another woman came shortly after and wanted to put another one into the grave. I asked his name. It was Willie, and it happened to be the name of my little boy—the first two laid there were called by the same names as my

two children, and I felt sympathy and compassion for those two women.

If you want to get into sympathy, put yourself into a man's place. Chicago needs Christians whose hearts are full of compassion and sympathy. If we haven't got it, pray that we may have it, so that we may be able to reach those men and women that need kindly words and kindly actions far more than sermons. The mistake is that we have been preaching too much, and sympathizing too little. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of deeds and not of words. May the Spirit of the Lord come upon us this night. May we remember that Christ was moved in compassion for us, and may we, if we find some poor man going down among thieves, or lying wounded and bleeding, look upon him with sympathy, and get below him and raise him up.

Mr. Sankey's Address.

Mr. Sankey, after reading a few verses from the 145th Psalm, delivered the following address: I would like to give you here to-night one of my reasons for thanksgiving, which fills my heart with praise, and that is the glorious unanimity among all Christian hearts to-day in the work of the Lord. It is a theme for praise and earnest thanksgiving, not only among us but among the people of the entire Northwest, and even of the country. Christians are working heart to heart and hand to hand, and wherever there is union there is strength and blessing, and the grand results of this union are witnessed in the inquiry room night after night. I remember when we were far across the sea how Mr. Moody and I thought of the dear ones at home with whom we had labored, and I recollect, when we saw the results of the glorious work around us, how we used to pray that we would be spared to return and witness such scenes in Chicago. And to see what has been done during the past four weeks, what a source of thanksgiving we have—how God has prepared the way for us and led us here in His own good time. What I have to thank God especially for is the wonderful power He has manifested in the power of song. I remember about five years ago,

of coming to yonder depot one morning early. It was my first visit to this great city, and I knew none here save one man. I went along Madison street, up State street, to the North Side, and met my dear brother Moody. I had met him one year before in a distant State, while he was engaged in the work of the Master. As I went along those streets I recollect how I wondered if God had a work here for me in my coming to this city, or whether I had come on my own volition, and how, while thinking in this way, I sent up a prayer to God to bless me in the service in which I was about to engage. With thankfulness I remember the very first day I spent in this city. Somewhere down here we came among the sick and lowly, and went from one house to another singing and praying with the people; and what a blessing we received. God led us into other fields. I remember when the Tabernacle was rebuilt, how I used to enjoy gathering the little people in and teaching them those sweet songs that are already encircling the globe. Yes, encircling the globe, for but a few days ago I received a copy of these gospel hymns printed in the Chinese language. They are sung in Africa and Asia, and are heard in France and Germany, England and America. I remember what peace and pleasure I had as I first taught these little hymns on the North Side. One day a lady called on me when I first had those classes and said: "There is a little singing girl belonging to one of your classes who is dying. She wants you to go and see her." I went to her home—a little frame cottage—and there I found a little maid dying—one whom I had known so well in the Thursday evening meetings. I said, "My dear child, how is it with you?" "Will you pray for my father and mother as you pray for us?" was the reply. "But how is it with yourself?" I again asked. "Oh, sir," she answered, "they tell me I am about to die, but I have found the Lord Jesus Christ." "When did you become a Christian?" I inquired. "Don't you remember one Thursday when you were teaching me to sing—

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me?

And don't you remember how you told us that if we only gave our hearts to Him He would love us, and I gave it to Him?" What that little dying girl said to me helped to cheer me on more than anything I had heard before, because she was my first convert. Thank God, there have been many since. And then this blessed union puts me in mind of the union we witnessed in London. I cannot tell for the life of me who all these ministers and christians are, and probably Mr. Moody can't either, but all seem united. This scene puts me in mind of one witnessed on the Thames, in London, one Saturday afternoon. It was our holiday, and we went for a sail on the river. As we were going up I noticed that there were many vessels that appeared to be stranded; all sail was set, and the sailors were on the decks, but the ships were perfectly stationary. I asked the captain, and he told me they were stranded because the tide was out. In the afternoon, as we came up—the tide from the ocean had rolled up, and the water had risen—we saw the vessels were going out to the sea in full sail, and I remember how the whole scene brought to my mind the hymn:

> Light in the darkness sailor, day is at hand,
> See o'er the foaming billows fair heaven's land.

I thought it was a very good picture of the church to-day. All the doubts and difficulties seem to have been swept away by the tide of salvation which has broken over the city, and the sailors are singing the songs of praises. I hope and pray that God may keep this tide at its flood, and in the coming weeks the blessings shall be many.

Mr. Sankey said again: We were holding some meetings at Northfield, Massachusetts, the home of Mr. Moody, and after the service a gentleman came to me and, taking me by the hand, said with deep emotion: When you were here last year I did not believe in religion and would not go to your meetings. But one evening when the church was too small to hold the people, Mr. Moody left the church and the meeting was held in the open air. I was sitting under the porch of my house over on the mountain side across the river, and a line of that song came

wafted to me on that still air of the evening: "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own." I began to feel the force of the truth that the Good Shepherd was looking after me, but I determined not to be caught by Moody and Sankey, and so kept away from the meeting till after you were gone away. Then I went to the church, the Good Shepherd found me, and now I with my family belong to this church. And when I heard that, I said to myself, I will keep on singing this little song, since the Lord is still using it to bring back the wanderers to his fold.

Mr. Sankey sang a hymn he had not sung since the Sunday night of the great fire. That night he got into a boat with what things he had saved from the fire, and put out into the lake, when, tossed by the billows, he watched Chicago burn, and sung,

Dark is the night and cold the winter air.

Mr. Sankey sang, "The mistakes of my life have been many," prefacing it with the remark that the Lord generally let His people make mistakes enough to keep them humble, but past mistakes were no reasons for discouragement.

A substantial-looking business man said that till a short time ago he was a confirmed skeptic. On the eleventh of October he dropped into the Tabernacle hall with a friend and heard Mr. Sankey sing "Watching and Waiting." The song haunted him. He couldn't get rid of its influence. It compelled him to kneel before God that night and ask pardon and grace, and he felt the answer to his prayer instantly. He had served the devil thirty-nine years, and he was a hard master. His present master was an easy one. All his old bad habits had been taken away. He hadn't cared to swear or drink. The Bible that he had attacked he was satisfied was true.

Mr. Sankey's voice sometimes loses its freshness, but when he sits at his little organ and sings alone, there is a depth of feeling in his song that stirs the soul of even an unchristian listener to sympathy. His solos are the only parts of the musical exercises that carry any power with them. Listening to him, it becomes easy to understand the secret of his power. He *believes*, and

every one of his clearly articulated words drops into the hearts of his auditors as only the words of an earnest believer could.

The solos might be like the songs of birds, but the grand chorus was like the sound of many waters. The very air was tremulous with waves of harmony. That strange effect was again perceptible which once or twice has been noticed before—while the congregation sang the opening hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the music could be distinctly felt, as one sometimes feels the electric condition of the air before a thunder-storm.

Dr. Gray and Mr. Thain give

INCIDENTS FROM THE INQUIRY-ROOMS:

On a rainy evening, while the doors of the Tabernacle were closed, during the reading of the Scriptures, a man and his wife came to one of the doors and sought admittance. Finding it locked, the man rapped loudly and disturbed the meeting; and one of the janitors stepped to the door, opened it, and supposing that there was a crowd, and that their entrance would drown Mr. Moody's voice, opened the door far enough to address the man, and informed him that the doors could not be opened until the conclusion of the reading. This so incensed the man that he began to curse and swear at an appalling rate. The janitor, on opening the door a little wider, and seeing that only two were waiting, and that it was raining quite hard, told them to step inside and wait until Mr. Moody finished reading, when they would be shown to a seat. No sooner did the man enter than he turned on the janitor and began to heap upon him curses and abuse, and taking a seat near the door with his wife, refused, after the reading, to be shown a better one. The janitor, who is a Christian, thought that he would watch the effect of the sermon upon the blasphemer. At first he seemed to be utterly indifferent, but gradually he began to look at the speaker for a moment at a time, and before the discourse was finished was leaning eagerly forward in wrapt attention. At the close of the sermon, during Mr. Moody's prayer, he bowed his head on the chair in front of him. When Mr. Moody in

his prayer said, "O God, hear the prayers of that wife for her unsaved husband," the wife laid her hand upon his shoulder and he sobbed aloud; and at the close of the prayer, when the invitation was given for all who were anxious to retire to the inquiry-room, he was the first to rise and enter, followed by his wife and the prayers of the janitor.

A Mr. Doolittle, who had been a drunkard for twenty-two years, testified to his acceptance of Christ some four or five weeks ago; his wife was also converted, and they had erected a family altar.

A member of the Board of Trade who had also been a hard drinker, testified to his being saved through the medium of the hymn "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

Mr. Benjamin Patrick had inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, and had filled several prominent positions in Chicago, but had finally fallen, through drink. While he was endeavoring to pray at the meeting of the Women's Temperance Union at Farwell Hall, it seemed as if a voice whispered in his ear, "Ben, you can stop if you will, I will stand by you." He felt that Christ had forgiven him his sins, and he stood up and told his friends about him that such was the case. His friends, some hundreds of miles away, were laying plans to come to Chicago to try and save him, but Christ had got ahead of them.

Three more who had been drunkards for several years gave testimony to the power of Christ in saving them from their appetites.

At the conclusion of the meetings all who desire to remain for further prayer are invited to do so, and the audience is dismissed. From a third to a half of the people retire, when inquirers are requested to meet in the appointed apartments, the women in one and the men in another. The persons sent to converse with them are carefully chosen, consisting of ministers and wise and discreet laymen and women. Ill-balanced enthusiasts would crowd into these meetings to "labor" with inquirers, and do infinite mischief. All these details Mr. Moody holds firmly under his own control, and though always kind, is always rigorous. The tender conscience, the broken heart, the

trembling flame of new love for Christ, the feeble light of hope, require the careful, gentle, wise treatment which can only come of hearts filled with Christ and hands trained to delicacy of touch. In the firm refusal of admittance to every self-appointed spiritual physician, is common sense and practical benevolence.

At the close of the meeting, when Mr. Moody called upon those who wished to accept Christ to arise, or those who had just been saved to testify, and after several had borne testimony, which is always brief, such as, "I have just accepted Christ," or, "I have been saved to-night," a tall German arose, and in his broken English said:

"I am saved!"

Mr. Moody: "When did you accept Christ, my friend?"

German: "Night before last."

Mr. Moody: "That is good. Now, is there another?"

German: "Here" (leaning over and assisting a lady to rise).

Lady: "I have been saved."

Mr. Moody: "When did you accept?"

Lady: "To-night."

Mr. Moody to German: "Is that your wife?"

German: "No, my neighbor;" and then assisting a lady beside him to rise, he again said, "Here!"

Lady (with face all aglow): "I am saved!"

Mr. Moody: "When did you accept?"

Lady: "Last night."

German: "No! this morning at three o'clock."

Mr. Moody, to German: "Who is that?"

German: "*That* is my wife."

And thus the work goes on. Whole families are coming to Christ.

An intemperate man found the Saviour and deliverance from his appetite, and then began praying for his wife. The next night he brought her with him to the meeting, and induced her to enter the inquiry-room. Seeking out the man who pointed him to the Saviour, he said, "Oh, she's here! There she is! Come and talk to her!" She found salvation that night, and

now that man says, "I am the happiest man in Cook county; I *know* I am!" The same features which have characterized the meetings held by our brethren elsewhere, is apparent here. There is nothing like undue excitement in the large meetings, or the meetings in the inquiry-rooms.

Instances like the following are often brought to light. A worker spoke to a young man to whom he was directed by Mr. Moody. Sitting down beside him he asked: "Well, what are your difficulties?"

"I have none, sir."

"No difficulties? Then you must be saved."

"Yes, sir."

"When did you accept salvation?"

"A few moments ago, while listening to the sermon."

And thus the blessed work goes on. Fathers, husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, children and friends, who have been the subjects of many prayers, are now being led into the fold; yea, and outcasts, who have no one to pray for them, are finding that there is a Saviour even greater than their sins.

A prominent business man from Boston being in Chicago on business, was induced by a friend to go to the Tabernacle just before leaving on the train for his home in Boston, he having purchased his ticket, intending to leave on the night train. The gentleman was a Unitarian in belief, and a scoffer at the doctrine of the Atonement. After attending the evening meeting he told his friend he had changed his mind about starting for home that night, not stating his reason for so doing, however. The next night he went to the meeting again, and again postponed the time of his departure; and on the third night, I believe, he entered the inquiry-room and there accepted Christ, and now he does not know when he will return to Boston. He has entered the inquiry-room as a worker, and is visiting the business men of his acquaintance, and trying to influence them to accept the Gospel plan of salvation. As he is a man of great wealth and social standing, and as he is thoroughly in earnest in the Master's work, there is no telling how many he may lead *home* to glory with him.

The writer met a young man in the inquiry-room, who was under deep conviction, who said, upon being asked if he would believe and accept Christ: "I have been raised a Universalist, and taught that all would be saved, but," said he, while tears sprang to his eyes, "I feel very strange since I heard that sermon; I can't tell what *is* the matter with me." The sermon was on the text: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." The Word was presented to him, and, after praying for him, he was asked to offer a word of prayer. The struggle was a hard one; only broken sentences and sobs at first; but at last, raising himself up, he said, trustingly: "Lord Jesus, I believe that You died for me." Then the struggle was all over, and the "peace which passeth all understanding" came, and the newborn soul began to praise the *giver* of salvation.

A Chicago rationalist, sure of his logic, accosted Mr. Moody with, "Mr. Moody, will you meet me in argument on this whole question?"

"No," said Moody; "I will not."

"Just as I expected. You can dogmatize *ad libitum* at the Tabernacle, but you dare not meet the tests of reason."

"Look here, my friend," said Moody; "you are an educated man, and have a wide range of learning; now, do you suppose you could make a fly understand all that you know?"

"No, of course I could not."

"Well, the difference between you and God is a million times greater than the difference between you and a fly. Wouldn't it be more in keeping if you would not deny what *you know* that God has said to you *through your own conscience?* Settle that quarrel of yours with God, and you'll have enough to do."

There was no answer to this, because the man knew that he was having just that battle on hand.

An old, grey-haired Irishman thus relates his experience: "When the Tabernacle was being built I was on hand every day, and when some of the workmen inquired what my business was, I told them I was inspector. I was hoping all the time,

that, when the building was finished, I might be the first one to be converted. I was not the first, but, glory be to God! I was converted there. I have had a taste of the water of life, and now I am hungry for the bread of life, that I may grow strong in Christ's service. Pray for me."

A lady spoke to a young man, and asked him if he was trusting in Christ as his Saviour. He hesitated a moment, and said "Yes; I am." An old gentleman sitting near him, addressing the lady, said, "Yes; my son was saved last night. He is the youngest of seven sons, and now they are all Christians. I brought him eighty miles to attend these meetings in order that he might be saved, and I did not come in vain."

Sunday morning a lady spoke of her anxiety for two friends, and said that she was praying that they might be converted that day. In the evening she brought them with her, and they were both led to accept Christ before they left the room. Another case is mentioned of a man who refused to attend the meetings, saying that he could not believe in such an absurd doctrine as substitution. At noon he picked up a paper containing one of Mr. Moody's addresses, and began to read it. He threw it down when partly read, and left for his business. In the evening, when he came home, he picked up the same paper and began to read the unfinished address. One of Mr. Moody's touching incidents fastened itself upon his mind and in his heart. He rose up, entered his room, and then and there gave himself to the Lord, and is now rejoicing in Christ, his substitute. Three young men came to one of the meetings "just to pass away an hour." At the close of the meeting one of them entered the inquiry-room, having been brought under deep conviction. His two friends agreed to wait in the large room for him. In the inquiry-room he was led to put faith in Christ as his Saviour, and then went out to meet his friends. He found a worker conversing with them, and found that one of them was rejoicing in the same blessed hope which he had found, and the other was under deep conviction.

WHO'LL TAKE CHRIST.

"Come," said Mr. Moody, at this meeting, "we seem to be short of workers, and as I've the same thing to say to each I may as well say it to all;" and mounting a chair, he said:

"Who'll take Christ now? That's all you want. With Christ you have eternal life and everything else you need. Without Him you must perish. He offers Himself to you. Who'll take Him?"

"I," falters a trembling girl. "I," and "I," say others, who rise and gather round the speaker till about a dozen are standing.

"Now, let all inquirers and all who now will take Christ as their own for the first time, kneel down and take Him," then, turning to one who still stood near, "have you taken Christ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, are you saved?"

"I don't know. I wish I could feel so."

"Don't you see you haven't done what you said you had, for to take Christ is to believe what He says, and He says: 'Whosoever believeth *hath* everlasting life.'"

Coming out of the afternoon meeting a little girl accosted us with: "Please show me the way to the inquiry-room."

"This way, little one," we said. Coming soon to where the crush was greater than elsewhere, we felt the little fingers clasped tightly round our arm and the little form pressed closely to our side.

"That's the way to get to heaven," we said, as by a sudden impulse. "Hold tight to the hand of Jesus, press closely to His side, and He will guide you safely through all uncertainties and confusions to the very place where you want to go."

"Yes," said the child approvingly, "I'm a Christian already, but I want to learn how to get close to Jesus and to hold tight to His hand."

A correspondent has taken a stolen glance at Mr. Moody's Bible. It may not be generally known that this great revival preacher has a Bible which he uses on all occasions, in public

as well as in private, wherever he appears, before his immense audiences; whether in the pulpit of our churches or on the stand in one of our great halls or opera houses, however handsome a copy of the Word of God may be placed before him for his use, he neglects it for this smaller flexible back edition which he readily holds in his hand, and with every portion of which he appears familiar. To any passage or text—whether in the Old or the New Testament—in this, he turns at once in expounding or illustrating the meaning of the Scriptures.

It was on one of these occasions, while Mr. Moody was holding some of his gospel meetings at one of our Western towns, I chanced to be present. The service of which I speak was held in a capacious opera house. There was a vast audience assembled: I was on the stand not far from Mr. Moody; he was seated beside the cabinet organ, which was closed, with his arm resting on its top, while his hand lay carelessly on his Bible. Some other minister had been addressing the congregation. Suddenly something attracted his attention and induced him to leave his seat by the organ and take a chair just in front. At that moment a call was made for one of Mr. Sankey's soul-stirring hymns. In an instant all was hushed to breathless silence I quietly took the seat at the closed organ which Mr. Moody had vacated. There lay that wonderful Bible, parted for a brief season from the hand that held it, while every one was wrapt in ecstatic peace by the music of Mr. Sankey's melodious voice, and seized this precious opportunity to examine Mr. Moody's Bible.

I turned over the leaves from Genesis to Revelation. It was in itself a wonder. No schoolboy's primer was ever thumbed and worn by use as this book. It appears to be marked, annotated, and interlined in almost every page and chapter with marginal and foot-notes, from beginning to the end. Even in my hasty glance I was favorably struck with remarks on passages which had entirely escaped my observation in all my previous examinations of Scripture.

And here, I have seen on this very sword the evidence of a desperate conflict: here I see the very marks left by blows

which he has dealt; here on this Bible are the witnesses—the battered blade, the glint and gaps, left to bear testimony of the hand to hand conflict where the battle was raging and the victory won.

MR. MOOREHOUSE

Came forward with a Bible in his hand, saying, "Luke begins his Book of the Acts by referring to his gospel, in which he says he has given an account of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach. Mind ye, the 'do' comes first. There are a good many of us who don't seem to have very much success in teaching; and I fancy the difficulty is that we try to begin with the teaching rather than the doing. A friend once sent me some beautiful plants for my cottage garden in the Old Country. I set them out, and in midsummer the garden was very showy with the great bright colored geraniums. People used to come to see me and praise my geraniums, and then after a while they would say, 'what is it that smells so sweet?' I'll tell you what it was. It was not the great showy geraniums at all; but a little bed of mignonette down in one corner that nobody noticed and nobody praised. Oh, my friends, I would rather be a sprig of mignonette in God's garden than all the showy geraniums in the world. God does not want people for show, but for sweetness."

This is the brother to whom Mr. Moody is confessedly indebted for a gracious change in the spirit and methods of his preaching.

PRAYING FOR DRUNKARDS.

We select from the *Inter-Ocean* report: Previous to the regular services the people sung several hymns. This particularly good idea was carried out at all the meetings, thus obviating any feeling of monotony or stiffness that might fall upon the audience through silence. Upon entering, Mr. Moody requested about five hundred Christians present to go down to the lower Farwell Hall and pray for the meeting, and allow room for many

who would be turned away if space was not given. A great many, after an apparent reluctance, arose and went down stairs, where a crowded meeting was held.

The people bowed their heads in silent prayer while the Rev. Davis read the following requests for prayer: For the conversion of two sisters addicted to the use of stimulants; from Sandwich, Illinois, for a brother in this city, intemperate; for young men in Washingtonian Home; for the conversion of a friend in bondage to drink; for a brother fifty years old addicted to drink; for two friends, that the appetite for drink be destroyed; for a husband who has stopped drinking, but not a Christian; for two inebriates, heads of families; for the drunkards of Warsaw, Indiana; for the intemperate husbands in Framingham, Massachusetts; for step-brother out of employment taken to drink; for two husbands, inebriates; for eight intemperate sons, by their parents; for a moderate drinker; for a man given to drink; for a drunkard asking prayers for himself; for three men trying to reform themselves; for an intemperate physician; for a confirmed inebriate; for a son by a mother, Cleveland, Ohio; for a husband and father; for a son by a mother, Dayton, Ohio; for a son by a mother; for an only son in Dixon, Illinois, by a mother; for a clergyman who has fallen through intemperance; for a husband and father who drinks and profanes; for a lad who drinks; for a young married man who drinks; for an architect who drinks; for a father, brother, and friend in the office, who all drink; for a young liquor-seller in Mansfield, Ohio, who drinks; for a young man from the East, who has been drinking since thirteen years of age; for three brothers by a sister; for a husband from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, thrown into jail by drink; for the saloon-keepers of this city, that God would open the eyes of manufacturers of strong drink; for an inebriate husband who cannot live long unless saved by Christ; for a brother and two sons-in-law drinking; for a young man found intoxicated in the street last night.

After prayer and singing Mr. Moody said:

The only time the Edinburgh castle was ever taken was by

its strongest point. The besieged trusted to its precipitous and rugged rocks in the rear to keep it, and concentrated all their energies upon the gates, but while they were keeping their foe from the entrance the enemy climbed the rocks and scaled the walls and obtained possession of the fortress. A man might think he has every power to resist the cup, but he will be disappointed. The only power that could overcome the passion for strong drink was to be obtained from the gospel, and Mr. Moody closed with an urgent appeal to every one within the range of his voice to partake of the spirit of the gospel, which would lead them in the way of truth and purity.

A few moments of silent prayer intervened, when

Mr. Sawyer was introduced, who said that four years ago he had no power to resist strong drink. He was under its dominion, and had no hope. He had made promises to himself over and over again to resist the cup, but his efforts were futile, until he came under the influence of the gospel. He spoke of the progress of the work here and in the East, and from the evidence brought before them day after day it could only be inferred that the hand of God was in the work. He cited several cases by way of encouragement, in which the passion had been overcome by Christ's influence, and concluded by an earnest advice to intemperate men to come from the pit of darkness in which they were living.

"Rescue the Perishing" was sung by Mr. Sankey, the congregation joining in the refrain.

Mr. Moody introduced Mr. Cummings, a member of the Board of Trade, who said it was very hard for him to stand before an audience like the present and confess to his own shame, but if it would do any good for the cause, he was willing to sink all personal considerations. He believed that Christianity was the only means of reformation left for a drunkard, and the testimony of those who had been reclaimed from the use of ardent spirits by its power would be sufficient evidence of this. He said he had not been a low-down drunkard, but he had been far enough down to feel the shame of his past life. If there was one class in the community who needed the prayers

of the community more than another it was the drunkards. It was the experience of all that pledges and promises will not do any good. He had made the most solemn promises, but after a few days liquor had fresh allurements for him, and he fell back again The only remedy, said the speaker, is to turn to Christ; and, unless a man who is addicted to its use will turn to Him he will go down deeper and deeper until there is no hope for him.

The speaker was about to sit down when Mr. Moody said: Tell us how you were saved.

Mr. Cummings—My mother, wife and children prayed for me, and I prayed for myself.

Mr. Moody—You went into the inquiry-room, didn't you?

Mr. Cummings—Yes. I was taken sick, and while in my room I read my Bible and a little book Mr. Moody gave me, and from that gained knowledge and comfort that my sins had been forgiven. Of course I will carry the effects of the sins I have committed. I have spent a considerable portion of my life in the service of Satan, but with the grace of God, I will devote the rest of it to his cause. I have spent more than half a million of money in the service of Satan.

Mr. Moody wanted to call attention to one point here, and that was that this man crucified his pride in going into that inquiry-room. He believed that pride was the means of keeping grace from a great many in a similar condition to the one in which the former speaker had been.

Mr. Diller, of Springfield, Ill., is ten years a Christian, but the story of his conversion and his subsequent upholding by the Lord, was so remarkable that he was called upon to tell it. It is briefly as follows: From his early youth he was accustomed to drink. So far back was the time that he had no recollection of when he commenced it. When he came out West, he set up in the drug business, and as was the custom, kept wine, whisky, brandy and gin. He drank very hard for some years, but it was behind his own counter, and therefore he was a respectable drunkard. Mr. Hammond came to Springfield in 1866. His wife, who was a Quaker, went to hear him and came back thor-

oughly disgusted. His son and daughter, however, continued to go to Mr. Hammond's meetings, and were so much impressed that finally they began to read the Bible. He thought they were getting a little excited, so he forbade them going. They begged to go after school-hours, so he yielded and let them go. One Tuesday the boy came home and said he was converted. On Wednesday the girl was converted. On Thursday his wife, who had got over her prejudices and began attending again, was converted; the little girl they were raising, got also converted. The house was now too hot for him, and he kept in the store and away from the family as much as possible. One day as he was going out from dinner, his wife asked him: "Won't thee go to the meeting?" "No, I won't," he said. "Won't thee go and look in?" "No," "If thee were to die, what would become of thee?" "I should go to hell," was the answer. "When does thee expect to repent?" "Oh some time." "When will that sometime be?" The last question kept ringing in his ears everywhere he went. Next Sunday he went to church, and thought everything the minister said was directed to him. There was an open-air meeting that Sunday afternoon, but he wouldn't go, having to attend to a sick call. His wife and children accompanied him, but he had scarcely left the house when he was face to face with Mr. Hammond. When at that meeting his wife and children stood up to confess Christ, he felt a great burden, but he could not stand up. We give the remainder of his testimony in Mr. Diller's own words:

One day my son asked me, "Papa, why can't we have family prayers just as they do at uncle's?" That troubled me; to think of an old grey-haired man who couldn't pray when his son asked him. One night my wife sat up to pray for me, and in the morning she said, "How did thee sleep?" "Very well," I said; it was as big a lie as I ever told in my life. Then I rose for prayers, but it seemed as if I had to pull up the State House with me. For two nights and three days I could neither eat nor sleep, and at last I sent for Bill Prentice, a Methodist elder, who used to be just such a man as I was, and when he came I said:

"Bill, I am a great deal dead."

"I am mighty glad of it," says he.

"What will I do to get out of this?"

"There is nothing can help you a bit, only the blood of Christ. Up and believe!"

And I did. I began to pray, and instead of praying to God as one who was a good way off, I whispered right into His ear, and He saved me. I felt so light and airy that you could have carried me on top of your little finger. Then we set up the family altar, and there were five new-born souls around it. I couldn't contain myself for joy. My appetite for liquor left me, and for three years I had none of it. But one day when I was ill the old enemy came back with terrible force. I looked into a saloon and saw a couple of men drinking beer. It looked so foaming, and cool, and bitter, and refreshing! Just the thing! Then I went down to my store, where there was wine, and brandy, and gin, and whisky; and then I went up into a room over the store and said my prayers—only said them. There is a great difference between praying and saying your prayers. When I went down the appetite came back. Horror of horrors! So I went back and said some more prayers. But when I came down the same terrible temptation seized upon me. You drunkards know what it is. I went back to that little room and threw myself on my face before God, and said, O God, is it Thy will that I should once more become a miserable drunkard, and bring ruin on myself and my family? I don't know whether I prayed five, or ten, or fifteen minutes, but, glory be to God, I got the victory over that appetite, and have kept it ever since.

The next announcement was a surprise to the vast congregation. When Mr. Moody first came to Chicago he read a letter from a Scotch lady, in which the writer earnestly requested him to be on the look out for her long lost son Willie, giving a description of him. It was not known to what part of the world the boy wandered, nor, indeed, whether he was alive or not. Last Friday Mr. Sawyer discovered in one of the temperance meetings a homeless and helpless wanderer who turned out to

be the young man in question. Mr. Moody now introduced to the audience a slight young man of about thirty years of age, who spoke in such a way as to carry the conviction that he was a man of talent and cultivation. He said:

Twenty years ago I was a happy boy starting out from my home in Scotland to a school in a distant city. My father thought to make me a doctor, but my mother hoped I would be a minister. At school I fell in with evil companions, and, as the result, my life has been one long day of debauchery, the memory of which has lashed me with a whip of scorpions. When I was twenty years old I went away to Australia, and rushed through that country as a gold-seeker. Then, growing homesick, I came back to Europe, and landed in Amsterdam. My father came to meet me, and after a while secured me a responsible position in a drygoods house. I married one of the sweetest little women that ever drew the breath of life, the daughter of a minister and a Christian. In three years she died of a broken heart on my account, and when I shut down the big black coffin-lid over her white face I felt as if my last hope was gone. We had one daughter, and when I took the little child in my arms and bade her good-bye, to go out and wander over the face of the earth, she gave me a hug as of iron, her tears burnt into me, and she said, "Papa, will you be long away?" From that time I roamed the wide world over, miserable, hungry, naked,—a blot on the face of the earth. When I first came to Chicago I tried for a while to do better, obtained a situation in a house which sent me out to travel; but with plenty of money I went back to my cups again—lost my situation, lost my friends, lost all. Then I missed my mother!

On Friday last I came into this hall, and went into the inquiry-room, after the meeting was over. Mr. Sawyer asked me my name, and said he had been looking for me for six weeks; told me there was a letter for me from my father and mother. Then they prayed for me. Man could not save me, but I bowed at the foot of the Cross, and asked the mercy of Him who died on it for me, and He saved me. And now I would rather live

on crusts of bread moistened only with my tears than to go back to the life of sin from which I have been saved.

During the giving of the above testimony many thousands were moved to tears, and when Mr. Moody, in broken accents, prayed that the prodigal might become a preacher of righteousness, as his mother designed him, the scene in the house was beyond description. It was admitted on all hands that such a temperance gathering was never witnessed in the Northwest.

The Audiences.

Again: Large as the Tabernacle is, the seating capacity is entirely too limited for the Sunday night gatherings. The evangelists would not have the slightest difficulty in filling a building half as large again. At 7.30 the doors were closed, and the notice hung upon the outer wall, "Overflow Meeting in Farwell Hall." Until long after 8 the stream of people, disappointed in gaining admission, was continuous coming from the evangelical temple. These audiences are composed for the most part of people who are either non-church goers or are church members whose interest in religion rarely extends beyond mere church membership. They are all a very respectable, good-natured-looking lot of people, these Sunday folks, the bulk of them attracted, doubtless, not from any particular disposition to be impressed by what they shall hear, but by that spirit of curiosity which is natural. Some probably come only to see and mix with the large crowd; others may wish to hear the world-famous preacher and singer; and again another class, and by no means a small one, are attracted with a view to the discovery of the spring of power by which these men draw their tens of thousands. Many, too, come to mingle dress and devotion, who, with one eye on the hymn-book and another on the latest fashion, note the cut of sack and polonaise, the combinations of color upon the newest bonnets, and these impressions very often are carried away to be acted upon, while all evangelical truths are left where they were enunciated—in the Tabernacle.

There are a good many boys and young men, and a good many girls and young women among the audience, with a scat-

tering of elderly people; but the majority are young folks. It is a noteworthy fact that the audiences, be it Sunday or Monday evenings, are always very decidedly respectable in appearance. One would suppose that the lowest orders would be attracted to these meetings, if it were possible to attract them to any place of devotion; but one looks in vain for many representatives of that class of men and women, whom one would like, above all others, to see among the crowds at the Tabernacle.

A Great Woman's Meeting.

At the close of the noon prayer-meeting a most interesting service was held in Farwell Hall. The mid-day gathering was one of high privilege, one where Mr. Moody's power as a revivalist was apparent. It had been arranged that an extra meeting should be held directly after the noon-day meeting. The hall was cleared of all but ladies interested in revival work. A meeting followed, where deep devotion and indications of approaching awakening were manifest. Between four hundred and five hundred women were present, mostly mothers who had requests for prayer to offer, and a large number were prayed for.

We have not spoken, so far, in these reports, of the work of the Ladies' Committee, connected with the Tabernacle meetings. One of the gatherings of women brought together by this committee was held at one of the inquiry rooms of the Tabernacle. The room was crowded, large numbers standing. The reports given in showed that there is diligent work done by the ladies interested. Visitors in twelve of the city churches reported the number of calls made by them, with incidents illustrating the character of the work going forward in the churches, respectively. One lady, Mrs. Haas, of the Lutheran church, had distributed nearly four thousand invitations to the meetings, two thousand cards, and has spoken to nine hundred persons upon the subject of personal religion. Several girls had been rescued from a house of ill-fame and sent back to their friends, and the fruit of the womens' work seems to be abundant.

Dr. Gray says of the Parents' meeting, held on Tuesday even-

ing: It was announced that a sermon would be preached to parents, and all the tributary roads running into the city brought in large numbers in the afternoon and evening to attend the meeting. For you must know that the power of the Gospel is sufficient to convert a locomotive. If there never had been any Gospel there never would have been any locomotives; and the iron horses are willing to recognize these obligations by good service to the Master. They run earlier, later, faster, and carry larger loads. They are proverbially prompt and rigorous as to their time-tables, but now they are sufficiently accommodating to wait a half hour for the services in the Tabernacle to close. But this aside—the Tabernacle was full of fathers and mothers. Some did not go. "Why should I? I know well enough that I have not done my duty to my children—it is now too late and I do not care to be made to suffer unavailing remorse by Mr. Moody's sermon. I already realize those dreadful words, "TOO LATE!" But Moody seemed to realize that he was handling sore hearts, and he was very tender of them—none the less forceful, however, in appealing to the parents to make the spiritual interests of their children a matter of first concern, and of frequent conversation with them. On Wednesday evening occured one of the most beautiful and impressive scenes ever beheld in this city. The occasion was a meeting for young men and boys.

The cars were full of young men. Every way-station furnished its company of them. A snow storm was driving before a sharp wind, which only seemed to make it more pleasant for the hearty fellows. There was not the usual play-ground hilarity, but they were as cheerful and happy as they could be. They filled the floor of the Tabernacle completely full, about four thousand of them. In the galleries over half were boys, probably six thousand young men altogether. It was such an audience as was never before seen in the Northwest, and doubtful if such an assemblage ever met before in this country. Moody handled them admirably. He gave them a sermon on "Decision," taking the conflict between Elijah and the Baal prophets as his text. "If the Lord be God, follow him. If Baal be God, then follow him." He put the issue with startling force, as well

as with perfect simplicity. Baal hears no prayers; he helps no one, living or dying; but if he is God then let us be manly enough to say so. If we have no souls, but die like dogs in the streets, let us acknowledge it and justify our living like dogs, for present pleasure, for mere animal existence alone. But *what does your mother think about that?* And then he touched skilfully the boy's love for his mother, and the mother's prayers for her boy. The kind of arguments he addressed to them were, throughout, such as would appeal most strongly to the better instincts of young men. He said that if the Bible were true, it could not have been written by bad men. If false, it must have been written by liars. But would bad men give their lives to doing good and trying to make people better and happier? That Wednesday night meeting will be talked of by those boys fifty years hence.

Mr. Morgan, of the firm of Morgan and Scott, publishers of the London *Christian*, presented an address to Messrs. Moody and Sankey adopted at a meeting of English evangelists held in London a day or two prior to Mr. Morgan's departure for America. It was signed by about fifty persons, among whom were Henry Varley, H. Grattan Guinness, Reginald Radcliffe, J. E. Matthieson and Dr. Barnardo.

Cases of Conscience.

These were mentioned in the sermon on the text, "Their rock is not as our Rock." Some of you remember me speaking of a man who came in here who was a fugitive from justice. The Governor of the State from which he came had offered a reward for him, and he came into this Tabernacle. He received Christ, and returned to his State. This morning I received the following letter:

"Dear Sir and Brother —Owing to the law's slow delay I am yet a prisoner of hope. By Thursday or Friday my case will be reached, and I'll be committed to the Penitentiary, for how long I do not know. This condition is voluntary, or of my own seeking, because I feel it due the cause of God, or the

only evidence I can give of my repentance and desire to do better. My family and friends hope ultimately to obtain a pardon. I desire to thank you for the interest you have taken in me, and I ask your prayers, and those of God's people in Chicago, that I may have strength and grace to live under these calamities; that my poor heart-broken wife and children may be sustained; and, further, that God's blessing may rest on all efforts being made for my future. After it is all over, and I am in a felon's cell, I'll write you. In your efforts to warn men to do better and lead a new life, bid them beware of ambition to accomplish an undertaking at all hazards. Such is my condition. Had I left off speculation in an invention I might now be happy. Step by step I yielded until my forgeries reached over thirty thousand dollars. My aim was not to defraud, but to succeed, and pay it all back. Oh, pray for me—for all who suffer with me. While in Chicago I was under an assumed name. Here I am, in my native village, in my father's home, a prisoner, not daring to go out, or even to see my children (we have three, two boys and one girl). I hear their voices, and when they sleep I silently go in their little room and look at them in innocent slumber. My crimes are in another county, whither I go Thursday. May our heavenly Father bless your labors. Humbly and repentant, I am,

* * *"

To-morrow probably he will go into the penitentiary to suffer for his crime, but now his Rock is our Rock.

One week ago I preached on the text, "Christ came to heal the broken-hearted." I told you just before I came down that I had received a letter from a broken-hearted wife. Her husband one night came in, to her surprise, and said that he was a defaulter and must fly, and he went, she knew not where. He forsook her and two children. It was a pitiful letter, and the wail of that poor woman seems to ring in my ears yet. That night up in that gallery was a man whose heart began to beat when I told the story, thinking it was him I meant, till I came to the two children. When I got through I found that he had taken

money which did not belong to him, intending to replace it, but he failed to do so, and fled. He said: "I have a beautiful wife and three children, but I had to leave her and come to Chicago, where I have been hiding. The Governor of the State has offered a reward for me." My friends, a week ago this poor fellow found out the truth of this text. He was in great agony. He felt as if he could not carry the burden, and he said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to pray with me. Ask God for mercy for me." And down we went on our knees. I don't know if ever I felt so bad for a man in my life. He asked me if I thought he should go back. I told him to ask the Lord and we prayed over it. That was Sunday evening, and I asked him to meet me on the Monday evening. He told me how hard it was to go back to that town and give himself up, and disgrace his wife and children. They would give him ten years. Monday came and he met me and said, "Mr. Moody, I have prayed over this matter, and I think Christ has forgiven me, but I don't belong to myself. I must go back and give myself up. I expect to be sent to the Penitentiary; but I must go." He asked me to pray for his wife and children, and he went off. He will be there now in the hands of justice. My friends, don't say the way of the transgressor is not hard. It is hard to fight against sin, but it is a thousand times harder to die without hope. Will you not just accept Christ? Take Christ as your hope, your life, your truth.

Last week a beautiful-looking young man came into the inquiry-room. He had been brought up in a happy home with a good father and mother. He had gone astray. When he came into the inquiry-room, he said he intended to become a Christian, but he could not because he knew what it would make him do. He had robbed an express company, and that sin came between him and God. He had been heard and received a verdict in his favor, but he knew he was guilty. He had gone into the witness box and committed perjury. He turned away and left the building. Last Friday, however, he was at the noonday meeting; he was in my private room for a while, and I never felt so much pity for a man in my life. He wanted to become a

Christian, but the thought of having to go back and tell his father that he was guilty, after his father had paid two thousand dollars to conduct his trial. After a great struggle he got down on his knees and cried out, "O God, help me; forgive me my sins;" and at last he got up and straightened himself and said, "Well, sir, I will go back." A friend went down to the railway station and saw him off, and shortly after I got this dispatch from him

"MR. MOODY:—God has told me what to do. The future is as clear as crystal. I am happier than ever before."

He went on his way, reached his native village, and I received this letter from him this morning, and I have felt my soul filled with sorrow ever since it came. Let me say here, if there is any one in this hall, who has taken money from his employer, go and tell him of it at once. It is a good deal better for you to confess it than have it on your mind—than to try to cover it up. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." If you have taken any money that doesn't belong to you, make restitution by confession at least. If any one here is being tempted to commit a forgery or any crime, let this be a warning to them:

"MY BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I am firm in the cause. I have started, and feel that God is with me in it. And, oh, dear brother, do never cease praying for my dear father and praying mother, and I wish you would some day write them and tell them that God will make this all for the best. If I live for ages I will never cease praying for them, and I never can forgive myself for my ungratefulness to my dear broken-hearted sisters and brothers and dear good parents. Oh, that link that held the once happy home is severed. O God! may it not be forever. Would that I had been a Christian for life; that I had taken my mother's hand when a child and walked from there, hand in hand, straight to Heaven; and then the stains would not have been. But we know, O God, that they can't follow me into Heaven, for then I will be washed of all my sins, and the things that are on this earth will stay here.

"Oh, my dear Christian brother, my heart almost failed me

when I was approaching my dear, happy home, and the thought that I was the one out of eight brothers and sisters to break the chain of happiness that surrounded that once happy and beautiful home, which is now shaded with misery, and the beautiful sunshine that once lit that happy, that dearest of homes, is now overshadowed with darkness. Oh, I fear it will take my dear parents; it is more than they can bear. When I reached home, and they all greeted me with a kiss, and I told them I had started for Heaven, and God sent me home to tell them, my mother shed tears of happiness, and when I was forced to bring the death-stroke upon her, the tears ceased to flow, and God only can describe the scene that took place. I called them all around me, and I thought I could not pray if I were to attempt it. But when I knelt with them in prayer, God just told me what to say, and I found it the will of God; and after I had prayed, I kissed them all, and asked their pardon for my ungratefulness, which I received from them all. Then I made my preparations to leave home, for how long God only knows; but I got grace to leave in a cheerful way, and it appeared for a short time; and if God lets me live to return home, I will join my mother's side, take her to church, and bring my brothers and sisters and father to God. We will all go to Heaven together. My beloved brother, I must see you some day, and just tell you what God has done for me, and I know He will never forsake me, when I am shut up in those prison walls for a crime I justly deserve. When I can't communicate with any one else, I know I will not be shut off from God. Oh, glory!

"I came to Cleveland last night, and was going to get that money and return it to the General Superintendent, but my attorney had made that arrangement already. I find there is an indictment at Akron against me now for perjury, and I am going to take the morning train and go to Akron. Court is in progress now, and I am going to ask the court if there is an indictment against me, and if there is, I will hear it and then plead guilty. I will write again soon, and give you all the particulars, and the length of my sentence."

I want to urge this letter upon your consideration as a warning. Think of the punishment that young man has brought upon himself; think of the agony of that father and mother when he broke the news to them—when he told them of his guilt. His "rock was not as our Rock." May God bless every young man here, and may they be brought to the acceptance of salvation. May they turn to Thee, God of their fathers and of their mothers, so that they can say, "Your Rock is our Rock—we are servants of God."

Probably every man who has an ambition to be a useful servant of Christ, will be gratified to know how he may fulfil the desire of his heart, and will welcome any facts in the experience of so genuine and able a laborer as the evangelist. His beginnings and progress have seemed natural, and yet in the order of Divine Providence. They were so humble that any one may aspire to some measure of power, who earnestly desires it, and allows God to lead him. We append these thrilling

Personal Reminiscences of Christian Work.

I remember a good many years ago I resolved I wouldn't let a day pass without talking to some one about their soul's salvation. And it was in that school God qualified me to speak the Gospel. If we are faithful over small things, God will promote us. If God says, "Speak to that young man," obey the word; and you will be given by and by plenty of souls. I went down past the corner of Clark and Lake streets one day, and, fulfilling my vow, on seeing a man leaning up against a lamp-post, I went up and said, "Are you a Christian?" He damned me and cursed me, and said to mind my own business. He knew me, but I didn't know him. He said to a friend of his that afternoon that he had never been so insulted in his life, and told him to say to me that I was damning the cause I pretended to represent. Well, the friend came and delivered the message. "May be I am doing more hurt than good," I said; "may be I'm mistaken, and God hasn't shown me the right way." That was the time I was sleeping and living in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, where I was then president, secre-

tary, janitor, and everything else. Well, one night after midnight I heard a knock at the door. And there on the step leading into the street, stood this stranger I had made so mad at the lamp-post, and he said he wanted to talk to me about his soul's salvation. He said, "Do you remember the man you met about three months ago at a lamp-post, and how he cursed you? I have had no peace since that night; I couldn't sleep. Oh, tell me what to do to be saved." And we just fell down on our knees, and I prayed; and that day he went to the noon prayer-meeting and openly confessed the Saviour, and soon after went to the war a Christian man. I do not know but he died on some Southern battle-field, or in a hospital, but I expect to see him in the kingdom of God. Oh, how often have I thanked God for that word to that dying sinner that He put into my mouth!

And I have just been engaged in this personal work all my life. God's business is not to be done wholesale. Think of the Master Himself talking just to Nicodemus; and then how He talked to that poor woman at the well of Samaria. Christ's greatest utterances were delivered to congregations of one or two. How many are willing to speak to tens of thousands, but not to speak to a few. I knew a man who was going to get rich and do large things for God, but he never did anything; he wouldn't do little things—that was the secret. Oh, be willing, Christians, to be built into the temple, as a polished capstone, or just a single brick—no matter just how, but somehow. Say to yourselves in your homes, in your Sunday-school classes, in your daily rounds, "I'll not let this sun go down, till I lead one soul to Christ." And then, having done all, shall you shine as gems in the great white throne forever and ever.

I want to tell you how I got the first impulse to work solely for the conversion of men. For a long time after my conversion I didn't accomplish anything. I hadn't got into my right place, that was it. I hadn't thought enough of this personal work. I'd get up in prayer-meeting, and I'd pray with the others, but just to go up to a man and take hold of his coat and get him

down on his knees, I hadn't yet got round to that. It was in 1860 the change came. In the Sunday-school I had a pale, delicate young man as one of the teachers. I knew his burning piety, and assigned him to the worst class in the school. They were all girls, and it was an awful class. They kept gadding around in the school-room, and were laughing and carrying on all the while. And this young man had better success than any one else. One Sunday he was absent, and I tried myself to teach the class, but couldn't do anything with them; they seemed farther off than ever from any concern about their souls. Well, the day after his absence, early Monday morning, the young man came into the store where I worked, and, tottering and bloodless, threw himself down on some boxes. "What's the matter?" I said. "I have been bleeding at the lungs, and they have given me up to die," he said. "But you are not afraid to die?" I questioned. "No," said he, "I am not afraid to die, but I have got to stand before God and give an account of my stewardship, and not one of my Sabbath-school scholars has been brought to Jesus. I have failed to bring one, and haven't any strength to do it now." He was so weighed down that I got a carriage and took that dying man in it, and we called at the homes of every one of his scholars, and to each one he said, as best his faint voice would let him, "I have come to just ask you to come to the Saviour," and then he prayed as I never heard before. And for ten days he labored in that way, sometimes walking to the nearest houses; and at the end of that ten days every one of that large class had yielded to the Saviour. Full well I remember the night before he went away (for the doctors had said he must hurry to the South), how we held a true love-feast. It was the very gate of heaven, that meeting. He prayed and they prayed; he didn't ask them, he didn't think they could pray; and then we sang "Blest be the tie that binds." It was a beautiful night in June that he left on the Michigan Southern, and I was down to the train to help him off. And those girls, every one, gathered there again, all unknown to each other; and the depot seemed a second gate to heaven, in the joyful, yet tearful, communion and farewells

between these newly-redeemed souls and him whose crown of rejoicing it will be that he led them to Jesus. At last the gong sounded, and, supported on the platform, the dying man shook hands with each one and whispered, "I will meet you yonder." Some of the very best, most constant teachers I had, before going to Europe, were converted at that time, and they in their turn have gathered many sheaves, and I myself was led by this incident—this wonderful blessing of God on individual effort—to throw up my business and give my whole strength to God's work.

Shall not that young man have a high place, a place very near the Saviour of men, in the day when He makes up His jewels? Oh, friends, if you want to shine in the kingdom of God, work for Him to-day. Shall not every one go out of this building saying, "I will try to bring one soul to Christ to-day?"

But let me say a few words to church members. I've a good deal more I would like to say to young converts, but you know time presses. I want to say to the ministers, church stewards, or deacons or wardens, if you expect the converts to come you must give them a good warm grasp of the hand. A man preached upon the subject of recognizing converts in heaven, and one of his hearers recommended that he preach the next Sunday upon recognizing converts on earth. If these converts come into church let all connected with it give them a warm grasp of the hand. I'll never forget the first prayer meeting I attended in Chicago. I came into the city a perfect stranger, and I went into the Second Baptist church, where the Chamber of Commerce is now. I had been converted a few months, and I felt rather timid, but I thought I would get up and say something. When I finished, a gentleman came up and grasped my hand and said, "God bless you," and then Mrs. Phillips came to me and gave me her hand, and a blessing, and asked me home, and that was the first home I entered in Chicago. I had belonged to the Congregational church, but I found that Baptist church very dear to me. I found my wife there, and very dear that spot became to me. Now let that young man go up to the Second Presbyterian church, and let Judge Skinner or some

other member take him by the hand; he will feel at home there. He'll say, "That's the place for me." Let any one go to the Methodist church, the Presbyterian or Baptist churches, and they will remain. That shake of the hand did me more good than five sermons. I was lonesome in the city. I had no friend; I wanted some one to take me by the hand.

Old Farwell Hall.

The last time I preached upon this question was in old Farwell Hall. I had been for five nights preaching upon the life of Christ. I took him from the cradle and followed him up to the point in the judgment hall, and on that occasion I consider I made as great a blunder as ever I made in my life. If I could recall my act I would give this right hand. It was upon that memorable night in October, and the Court House bell was sounding an alarm of fire but I paid no attention to it. You know we were accustomed to hear the fire bell often, and it didn't disturb us much when it sounded. I finished the sermon upon "What shall I do with Jesus?" and I said to the audience, "Now, I want you to take the question with you, think over it, and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with it." What a mistake! It seems now as if Satan was in my mind when I said this. Since then I never have dared give an audience a week to think of their salvation. If they were lost they might rise up in judgment against me. "Now is the accepted time." We went down stairs to the other meeting, and I remember what Mr. Sankey was singing, and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse:

> To-day the Saviour calls:
> For refuge fly,
> The storm of justice falls,
> And death is nigh.

After the meeting we went home. I remember going down La Salle street with a young man who is probably in the hall to-night, and saw the glare of the flames. I said to the young

man: "This means ruin to Chicago." About one o'clock Farwell Hall went; soon the church in which I had preached went down, and everything was scattered. I never saw that audience again.

The Christian Convention.

In connection with his services in other places, we have seen Mr. Moody gathering the pastors and leading workers from the adjoining regions round about, to gain instruction and stimulus for the Lord's work. Accordingly Chicago calls a convention for a three days' session, to begin on November 21st.

Several thousand assembled and enjoyed many meetings of great power and preciousness. The general topics were very similar to those fully discussed in New York, of which a copious report is given in the chapter on the sermons in the Hippodrome.

As might have been expected, Mr. Moody advanced many good ideas, some that were crude, and little that was new. His peculiarly fresh and emphatic way of putting things gave the occasion its chief value.

One session was occupied with *impromptu* answers to written questions handed to him. His ready tact and quick wit made this the most enjoyable, if not the most profitable feature of the convention. His answers were sometimes so pat as fairly "to bring down the house." Here are a few plums:

Why do evangelists know so little about science? Because they've got something a great deal better.

What shall be done with dancing Christians? Give them something better to do. If there is a dancing Christian in the house, and his conscience troubles him, just give Christ the benefit of the doubt.

Why should old hymns, rich in sentiment, be displaced by such as "Hold the Fort?" We don't want them displaced. We want them all. There is no reason why we shouldn't have new hymns. I like my wife better than anybody else. That is no reason why I should want to be with her all the time, and never see anybody else.

How would you teach a Christian to work? Teach him by example. I want to say to those young converts, maintain the church. One of them was saying the other day that he could get along without joining the church, that Mr. Moody did not belong to any church. Now I want to say the first thing I did after I was converted was to try to get into the church. They would not have me, because they thought I was not converted; but I tried again and again, till I got in. Don't stand outside of the church.

May the penitent inquirer be told that he is pardoned? Let God tell him that.

Is there any way of reaching the masses while the system of pew-renting prevails in our churches? A quickened church reaches the masses, pews or no pews. A dead church is dead whether its pews are free or rented. The pews have not much to do with it. Sometimes I think that five minutes' talking to a man or woman will do them more good than any sermon.

Opposition and Mr. Moody's Good Nature.

There was the usual amount of criticism by pulpit, and individuals in the press; but our earnest brother treated all men handsomely, though he spared no man's errors. Said he:

Those people remind me of a man who used to talk against our meetings in another city. He never came near them himself, but only condemned them from hearsay. You will generally find that the people who have the most to say against these revival meetings are the people who don't know anything at all about them. No man in his senses can come to these inquiry-rooms and see these drunkards and gamblers and harlots coming to Christ and beginning a Christian life, and then speak evil of the work that is now going forward. But I was going to tell you about that man. He had a son, an only son, I think, who was very often brought home at night drunk. One night this young man came to our meetings, where he was converted, and he went home and told his father that he had become a Christian. The father couldn't believe it at first, and thought because the boy had got religion it would all be over in a little

while. But the boy held out one week, and another and another, and at last the father came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me."

"Forgive you? Why I never saw you before."

"True, but I have been talking against you and your meetings, and now that my son has been converted here I want you to forgive me for having said anything against this work of the Lord."

The venerable Thurlow Weed tells a story of the preacher's self-control:

This occurred last winter at the hippodrome. It was at the evening service. The house was densely (and when was it otherwise?) filled. Five or six thousand faces and twice as many ears were looking and listening to Mr. Moody. An impassioned and eloquent portion of his sermon was interrupted by the loud crying of an infant. Mr. Moody paused, and turning to those sitting near him, entered into conversation with them. The mother soon succeeded in quieting the child, when Mr. Moody with a cheerful expression of countenance resumed; but not more than five minutes elapsed before a louder wail was heard. Mr. Moody again paused and again entered into conversation until the mother a second time succeeded in quieting her child. In the course of a few minutes, however, the baby's voice was heard for a third time, the mother and father simultaneously rising, with the evident intention to depart. That seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, for they were seated in the centre of the immense audience. The parents succeeded however, in reaching the middle aisle. Mr. Moody, meanwhile, stood, encouraging them with a benignant smile. Their nearest way out was by a side door. There was almost breathless silence as they passed down the middle aisle. When near the preacher he exclaimed: "God bless that mother. I wish there were many more Christian mothers possessing the courage to bring their children to church when they cannot leave them safely at home." The effect was electrical. A sense of relief was felt throughout the house. That mother's heart was not the only one that thanked Mr. Moody for a seasonable mani-

festation of sense and sympathy, which did equal credit to his head and heart.

On another occasion: a lady availed herself of her prerogative, and swooned away. There was a general straining of necks, and Mr. Moody said: "If you turn around in that way. I cannot preach to the back of your heads. If some one faints away, we cannot help that. Six or eight thousand people cannot help one. We have ushers here, and if any of you faint you will be carried out and treated kindly.

Mr. Moody again referred to the mothers who bring their babies to the meeting, saying that he was glad to see them; for those mothers who had no servants to leave their children with were too much deprived of the usual church services through fear of annoying the minister and congregation. He related a pleasant incident of a woman who came to his old North Side church bringing her baby, whom he welcomed and told that she was to take the sermon all to herself, and find Christ that very night. To his surprise she actually was blessed and saved during that very sermon, and afterwards brought her husband and two other persons who boarded in the family, all of whom were speedily brought to Christ.

"A sinful girl" wrote him a letter complaining that her class were neglected. He at once had a service for them and preached with tenderness and power to the vast throng, among whom were large numbers of the fallen. Accordingly:

Some of the noblest Christian ladies went to houses of prostitution, entreating the inmates to seek a better life; and when they succeeded in getting the poor creatures to go to the revival meetings they have taken them to the inquiry-rooms, and gathered about them, praying for them with all the tenderness and earnestness of Christly sisterhood. When these outcasts who have fallen into the mire through the lusts of men, and whom hardly a man will trust with the keeping of his home, no matter how bitterly they repent, and though he be as guilty as they,—when they give themselves to the Saviour for a new start in life these Christian women take them to their homes and guard them as if they were their own children, till a permanent place

is found for them. And, after all, this is their reasonable service as certainly as caring for drunkards, as they have been doing for two or three years past. Probably very few men go into the depths of drunken debaucheries without also falling into the slums of licentiousness. And how much better is a fallen man than a fallen woman?

The record of these few weeks' work can only be hinted at in the public prints, but it cannot soon be forgotten by the recipients of the sweet grace of charity, nor by the Lord of the penitent and sorrowing.

One German woman, a plain, simple body, who makes her report in mutilated English, has, from her scant means, sent six poor, straying girls to their friends in the country.

Hardly a day passes without bringing prostitutes to the inquiry-rooms to lead a better life. It would be a wholesome lesson for careless young girls who want to put on fine ladies' gear without honestly earning it, if they could look into the faces of these wretched women.

Said a lady in her report: "I followed one out of the gallery and for some distance before I could prevail upon her to go to the inquiry-room. She turned upon me like a hunted wild creature. I never shall forget the scared, despairing look of her face." Another sat like a statue while the women gathered about her and tried to encourage her to come to Christ. A lady took her hand and said: "I'm glad you're here. We'll help you find our Saviour, and you can be at peace once more." With a stony, hopeless look in her large, tearless eyes, the poor thing said, "If I say I'll leave my bad ways, you'll none of you believe me."

One poor girl in the inquiry-room sobbed out in her prayer, "O God, do give me some place to go, so I can leave this dreadful life."

Many letters have been received from parents whose daughters have been lost in these haunts of infamy. The ladies have instituted search, and some have been found living under assumed names. A number of ladies have opened their homes

to these rescued women, taking care of them till they can be sent to their friends, or helped into a new way of living.

The Refuge on the South Side is full, and a call has been made for bedding to supply the added need occasioned by the effort to reform.

Among the meetings for various classes there were stirring ones by various business houses.

The employees of the great dry goods house of Field, Leiter & Co. held a most interesting service in Lower Farwell Hall, presided over by Mr. H. J. Willing, a member of the firm, with Mr. Lansing, of the upholstery department, at the organ. There were nearly four hundred present, quite a church in itself. The subject was the third chapter of John. Several spoke, putting the doctrine of Christ's dying in the sinner's stead in quite a business-like, simple, yet very effective way. Mr. Henry Field advised all present to feed on the word of God as the safest and most effectual way to stand firm and become strong Christians. Messrs. Field and Willing offered prayer, and a very large number gave short testimony. On a call for Christians to rise, the great majority of those present responded. Another call for those who desired to become Christians was made, and the majority of those who had remained sitting arose. At the close there was an inquiry meeting, which continued over an hour. The inquirers were instructed by some of the more experienced Christian employees and members of the firm.

At a young men's meeting: One man said he had long been a professing Christian, but was dead and cold and had no enjoyment. He had become interested in the meetings and felt like working for the Master, and was really happy. Another said he was converted twenty-four hours before. He was a wholly changed man. Another said he was converted Sunday night, and he couldn't get home quick enough to rejoice his wife's heart by telling her of his conversion. When he had told her he had to wake his mother up and tell her the good news Another said he was unable to give expression to his gratitude to God for what He had done for him.

Mr. William Terrence, of Glasgow, the "Willie" whose return from the land of swine and husks has attracted some notice, said that if any one had occasion to give thanks to God, he was the man. Since his conversion he was perfectly happy. He had devoted himself to the service of God. He was anxious to work for others. He thanked God that he had been used a little already. He had been at Dwight with Mr. Latimer.

Mr. Baxter said he began to drink at the age of thirteen, and for the last five years he had been a hard drinker. Four weeks ago he went into the Tabernacle too drunk to pay much attention to the sermon, but the hymn "Watching and Waiting," roused him from his stupor. He thought of his mother watching and waiting for him in heaven. Two days later he went to Farwell Hall and there accepted Christ as his Saviour. Since that time he had had no appetite for drink. Christ had done for him what no pledge or society for reformation could have done. Mr. Sawyer offered prayer. Another man said he had always believed in God, but never in a divine or risen Jesus Christ. He had been a reader of Paine and Voltaire. He had been converted through the prayers offered for him at the noon prayer-meeting. He now read the Bible prayerfully and for instruction.

Another man had been an infidel. For eight years he had scoffed at religion. Went to the meetings to scoff at them, but Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine," and that somehow fastened the arrow of conviction in his heart, and he was finally enabled to trust in Christ.

"How many men are there here who used to be infidels before they were converted?" asked Mr. Moody. About twenty rose in answer to this question. "There," said he, "that shows that infidels can be converted. I have got some very angry letters from infidels. I got one from an infidel in Boston, the other day, accusing me of being a liar, because I said infidels were converted in these meetings. That man said it was no such thing. Now this man is just the one to talk to infidels."

Mr. Moody read the following:

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—*Mr. Moody*: Mr. James Allen, Scotchman, of Glasgow, was brought into the Woman's Christian Temperance Meeting by a fellow-boarder, about three weeks since. He was intoxicated. The next day he signed the pledge. Two weeks ago Sunday night he accepted Christ at the evening Tabernacle meeting, and since has been rejoicing in Christ. Last night he perished in the Madison street fire, probably trying to save the women who also perished. We find that he aroused the landlord, who escaped, and he, too, no doubt, could have escaped when he aroused the landlord. His wife and little ones live in Boston, and do not know of his death. He sent a message to you on Friday, which I received this morning, to please have Mr. Moody seek out his wife and try to bring her to Christ. She lives near the Tabernacle being built in Boston. Please pray for this family.

Almost his first words the night he came to Christ, were in substance, "I don't know what might happen, and I would like to be ready. I want to settle it to-night."

Mr. Price, of Hooley's minstrels, whose superb tenor is heard supporting Sankey and Stebbins, was drawn to the Y. M. C. A. rooms, by witnessing the pluck of a yoke-fellow, who was distributing invitations at the door of Hooley's theatre. The spectacle of a man standing curses and blows, being knocked down and then dragged across the street, and yet always returning to his post for the sake of handing out a few more printed slips of paper, was enough of a novelty to attract him with some forty others, over to the rooms where he was converted.

The attention of Tony Delight, the barber whose conversion was reported, was first arrested one stormy night, the night Grimwood was lost in the balloon, a terrible night in Chicago, when the gamblers turned pale with affright at the thunder, and stopped playing. The testimony of the angry elements to the existence of God, was shortly followed by the lisped entreaties of a dying child, that he should meet her in glory.

I know what I am talking about. People will go to Farwell Hall to hear the gospel preached. I know a man who had

been living in a saloon, who was led to go to Farwell Hall by one of the dodgers we distributed on the street. He was converted, and told me a singular story. His father was a very intemperate man, and left his wife and two daughters in Scotland, and came to America with his little boy, thinking in a new place he could reform. A man needn't leave Scotland and come to America to get away from the devil. The very day they landed here the father got drunk, lost his son, and they never met again. The boy was bound out, ran away, became a sailor, and turned up here. After his conversion he prayed God to put him in the way of finding his mother, and while on his knees God put it into his mind to write to the man in Massachusetts, to whom he was bound out. In reply he got a letter from his mother that had been waiting for him for several years. Five years ago his mother and two sisters arrived here. That man became a lake captain, and has led many to Christ. One of the sisters is in the Tabernacle. I could give you other instances all night, of what the association has done. If it hadn't been for the association, there would have been no Whittle, or Bliss, or Morton, or Rockwell, or Cole, or Sankey, or Moody. Let us pray that it may be a beacon of light to guide many souls into the desired haven.

Among the inquirers at the Tabernacle one evening about two weeks since was a young woman about sixteen years old, who for five years has been employed in the work-room of one of the largest wholesale dry-goods houses in Chicago. Mrs. T. W. Harvey entered into conversation with her, and was amazed to hear her say: "I never heard the name of Christ until I heard it at these meetings. None of our family ever went to church, but I came to hear Mr. Moody, and when he spoke of a man by the name of Christ I had no idea who or what He was. I have heard of God, and my brother has just got a book that tells about Him, and is beginning to study it." The lady gave her such instruction as her strange case required, and went away wondering that in a Christian city such a dark mind should have been found.

Major Cole, returned from a revival tour of a year and a half

in England and Scotland, said: I want to give you some account of the work of God in Great Britain since Brothers Moody and Sankey left. I am at a loss at what point to begin, there are so many that are so full of interest and joy. An old lady being asked which of the Bible writers she liked best replied, "Jake, John and all the others." So I would say of the cities and towns in Great Britain, where God has blessed the labors of His servants, I like London and all the others.

I remember meeting Mr. Moody on Madison street just before he went to England, and asking him what he was going for. "For ten thousand souls for Christ," was his reply. I have no doubt that this great number have been saved through the Moody and Sankey meetings, and the work is still going on, widening and deepening. I have no doubt that God called Brother Moody to go out of his own land as truly as He did Abraham. A few months ago I was at a meeting held in Glasgow, at which the Moody and Sankey Committees, as they are called from London and Dublin, and Edinburg, and Dundee, and delegates from one end of the kingdom to the other, were speaking of the mighty work of grace which had been going on since these brethren left. The news was so full of joy that I was obliged to leave the hall and go into a little room and fall down on my knees and, with tears of joy, give thanks to God for what he had done; for the buildings put up; for the young men sent out to speak for Christ; for the young women who are shining as lights in society; for the rich men who are bestowing of their abundance to help on Christ's kingdom; and for the women who are out till ten, and twelve and one o'clock at night looking for some of their lost sisters whom they may rescue from their lives of shame.

About the first thing I met when I landed in New York, was the question, "How does the work hold out?" I answer it is all the time increasing. I saw fifteen hundred people arise for prayers at once. I have heard ministers testify that they never knew how to preach the Bible till Mr. Moody taught them; and they have declared that they have been able to reach more souls

during this year and a half than during all the rest of their ministry.

On the sea there was a religious service: a man stood up and said, "We will sing out of Moody and Sankey's collection hymn Number 80." At the boiler-shops in an English town, the men had a meeting, and sang out of Moody and Sankey's hymn-book, and at the arsenal at Woolwich, when they were casting the monster gun called the "Peacemaker," three hundred men at dinner-time had a prayer-meeting, and sang Moody and Sankey's hymns. One man said, "We call this gun the 'Peacemaker,' but Christ of whom we sing is the Great Peacemaker." This work is not going to stop; there are millions of prayers going up from Christian hearts on both sides of the ocean that the revival wave which began at York, in England, shall sweep round the world.

THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Moody's warm heart overflowed in these words:—Day after to-morrow we are to meet down at the Tabernacle for a Thanksgiving service, but in order that we may have a pleasant and profitable meeting, there is something first to be done. There are a good many people for whom nothing is prepared, poor families who haven't any turkey for Thanksgiving, and the proper thing for you to do is, when you go out of this meeting, to go and buy them one and send it around to them. It may be if they have a turkey for Thanksgiving they are in want of many other things. Perhaps the children haven't any shoes or warm clothes for the winter. We are all of us full of sympathy for orphans, but there are often many children who are overlooked, who need your attention quite as much. I would a thousand times rather be an orphan than the child of a drunkard. I sometimes think that it would be a good thing if the drunkard's children were orphans, so that we could get at them better; some of those wretched men will sell the boots of their feet, and jackets off their backs to get money to buy liquor, but we can manage to give them a good Thanksgiving dinner by taking it to them ready cooked.

Perhaps you could get the boys to put on the boots and soil them a little before their drunken father finds them out, and it might be well to put a patch on the jacket so he can't sell that. Thursday is Thanksgiving and we want something practical. This is a cold morning, and a good time to stir around and do something. There are a great many families living in cellars and garrets that will be cold this winter, and it would be a Christian thing to send them a cord of wood or a ton of coal. I have been thinking how we might reach hundreds of poor families. Let each one of you who have more than you need for yourselves, look up some poor household and say, "I'll be Bishop over that family;" do them all the good you can and try and get them all to come to Christ. They will believe what you say if you show them a kindness. A friend of mine in Boston used to carry some cards in his pocket, which were printed with these words: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If there is any good I can do let me do it now, for I do not expect to pass this way again." And whenever he met a friend he would give him one of these cards. No man could talk with him fifteen minutes without finding out that he was a Christian. Now, I think that would be a good motto for us. Happiness communicated doubles itself. Job's captivity was turned when he began to pray for his friends. What you want to do is to get done thinking of yourselves. Get to the end of self, and go out and see how you can be a blessing to somebody else. May the Lord give us grace to reach out our hand in love and kindness.

There are two classes of poor people, the Lord's poor and the devil's poor, and if you give to the latter you only encourage them to live on in idleness, and to bring up their children for the penitentiary. One reason why people are poor is because they refuse the gospel. If they would only seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, God has promised to add all other good things. But you mustn't seek Christ for the sake of getting the other things. If you do you will not find *Him*. See to this matter yourselves. Go and visit the poor;

find out about them; get the children into the Sunday-school; give them the comforts of life, and don't fail to help them to come to Christ.

I heard Judge Olds, from Columbus, relate his experience, which I shall never forget. When the war broke out, he took some interest in the soldiers, but when his only son left him and went into the army, he became very much interested, and gave a great deal of time, days and weeks together, to the soldiers who passed through Columbus. After a while he thought it was taking too much time from his business, and resolved to give his time to that work. He went down to his office one morning, when he had an important case coming on, and pretty soon he saw a poor boy in blue coming in at the door. People had got in the habit of sending soldiers to Judge Olds, because he was always so kind to them. The Judge went on writing without noticing the soldier until he pulled out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk. The Judge glanced at it, and saw that it was in the handwriting of his son. Then he seized it, and read: "This young man belongs to my company; he is sick, and is going home; if he comes to you, do everything you can for him for Charley's sake." When the Judge read that he forgot all about his resolutions, left his important case, ran out and got a carriage and took the poor fellow to his house, put him into Charley's room, nursed him and took care of him until he was well enough to start on his journey again, and then took him to the train, put him in a comfortable place, and sent him on to his mother. "I did that for the sake of my son," said the Judge; "for Charley's sake; but what do you suppose our Father in heaven would do for the sake of His Son for those who are in trouble and need His help?"

Inquiry Meeting.

The inquiry meeting was especially interesting. The success of this feature of the meetings is very great, every evening very large numbers entering in in quest of gospel light. A large number of earnest Christian workers are always in

attendance, and by their kind and cheerful words succeed so well in winning men and women to better lives as to stamp this as the spot where really the effective work is done. The inquiry meetings are brief, lasting only twenty minutes, and are growing in favor every night.

Brother Moody advised Christian workers to study each case carefully, learn the difficulties, and apply the scriptural remedy to each. What is a help to one, is a hindrance to another. Use tact in approaching inquirers, judgment in dealing with them, and God's word as the only remedy. Always carry your Bible into the inquiry-room, and use the printed page, appealing to the eye as well as to the ear. There are passages in the Bible suited to every case, and be ready to meet every objection with "Thus saith the Lord."

Inquirers are divided into classes. First, the professing Christian who has no liberty, no assurance, is in "Doubting Castle." The whole of John's first epistle, was written for such. Use 1 John v, 13; iii, 2, 14, and 24.

The second class are backsliders. Use Jeremiah ii, 5, 13, 19, 27, and 32; iii, 12, 13, 14, and 22; Hosea xiv, 1, 2 and 4; examples of backsliders reclaimed, David, Peter, Thomas, and all the disciples.

The third class are those not deeply convicted of sin. Use Romans iii, 10, 12, and 23; Isaiah i, 5 and 6; 1 John i, 10; Isaiah liii, 6.

Avoid speaking false peace. Don't tell a man he is converted. Let God tell him that. See Jeremiah vi, 14.

The fourth class think themselves too great sinners. They are under deep conviction. Use Isaiah i, 18; liii, 4 and 5; 1 Peter ii, 24; Isaiah, xliii, 25; xliv, 22; Romans, v, 6; Matthew, xviii, 11; ix, 12.

The fifth class don't know how to come to Christ. They must receive a person, not a creed. John i, 12. They must believe. John, iii, 15, 16, 18, and 36; v, 24; vi, 10 and 47. They must trust. Isaiah, xxvi, 3; Psalms, xxxiv, 8. They must take a gift. Revelation, xxii, 17; Psalms, cxvi, 13; Romans, vi, 23. They must come. John, vi, 37; Isaiah, lv, 1.

The sixth class don't feel that they are saved. Nowhere in the Bible is feeling coupled with salvation.

The seventh class go away trusting, and come back doubting. They have neglected to confess Christ. Use Romans iv, 9 and 10; Matthew, x, 32.

The eighth class are afraid they will fall. Use Jude, 14th verse; Isaiah, xliv, 10 and 13; 2 Timothy, i, 12; Romans, viii, 35 and 39; Colossians, iii, 3 and 4.

The ninth class say they can't believe. Use John, vii, 17.

The tenth class say they will try to be saved. Use Romans, iv, 5.

For the time to be saved, see Isaiah, lv, 6; 2 Corinthians, vi, 2; Hebrews, iii, 7.

For the danger of delay, see Proverbs, i, 24 and 28; Psalms, ix, 17; 2 Peter, ii, 9.

For contrasts in conversion, see Acts, xvi, for Lydia and the jailer; Acts, viii, the eunuch; Acts, x, the centurion.

See the great invitations, Revelation, xxii, 17; Matthew, xi, 28.

Although their work formally closed about the middle of December, yet the delay of the preliminaries in Boston, whither the evangelists were called, and the illness of Mr. Moody's family, kept them in Chicago, and they gave themselves to the continuation of the revival, with what strength they could command. The various meetings were maintained with unabated interest, and the vast throngs still pressed into the Tabernacle, and overflowed into Farwell Hall.

And here we must record an event that struck a pang through the hearts of tens of thousands in Chicago, and was felt as a personal bereavement in all the land. This was the tragical death of Prof. P. P. Bliss, the sweet singer whose songs and music had been widely used in the revival meetings, and by Sunday schools and churches over the whole country.

"He was coming from the holiday meeting at his old home, with its tender memories clinging to him, to hold a grand praise meeting in Chicago, to which he was looking forward with all the wholesome enthusiasm of his stalwart Christian manhood.

Moving along a line leading from joyous scene to pleasant duty, he was stopped midway to die."

He was detained by missing a R. R. connection, and on the fatal night, December 29, he was plunged down to the horrible destruction that has made Ashtabula, Ohio, forever memorable as the scene of one of the painfullest disasters that ever befell a train of cars laden with human beings. The secular press said:

Mr. Bliss was the song writer of the church and Sabbath-school. He stood prominent among those earnest workers who have invested Sabbath-school music with the cheerfulness, lightness, brightness, and briskness that were wanting in the old hymns, and who have added to them new pathos and tenderness. His works were songs rather than hymns, and they were written under the inspiration of the ideal song-writer. In words and music, his compositions were adapted to the longings and wants of those he desired to reach. The illustrations were familiar, the methods were striking, the sentiment was an echo of the feeling in his own heart. He seized quickly upon incident, or figure, or story, and turned it to good account. Catching suggestions from the actual life of the people, his songs and his musical compositions came to the masses as revelations. The relation of an army incident, suggested "Hold the Fort." It was written on the impulse of the moment, and it has traveled the world over. It has been translated into not only nearly all the European languages, but into Chinese and the native languages of India. It is not too much to say that it is popular beyond any other Sabbath-school song of the age. And with it travel others almost as popular; "What will the Harvest be?" "Almost Persuaded," "Only an Armor-bearer," etc., etc.

When we remember that every child, from the lisping four year-old, to the youth of fifteen or eighteen, is singing in Sabbath-school and home, "Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand," and that not only in home and Sabbath-school, but at political meetings, people have been shouting, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," then, and not till then, do we realize how near this man was to the people at large.

Mr. Bliss was a fine specimen of the vigorous and robust man. He was gifted with a sweet voice and an attractive manner. He carried into his musical work the martial bearing and movement of the commander in a great crusade. This spirit breathes along his lines and swells in all his music. Children caught quickly this heroic spirit. His military figures found the nation responsive. He is never, in any composition, at a halt. He is always marching forward or struggling upward. There is always the suggestion of the leader's plume to the front; there is always a purpose, a hope, a promise, a resolve, at the heart; there is always present the spirit that moves masses to responsive or heroic moods, or that pathos that calls out the best there is in man. Hence the popularity of Mr. Bliss' compositions, and, more important, the good influence they have exerted.

One of his intimate friends relates how many of his compositions, now famous, first found shape in his own home; of how, with wife and children and a few chosen friends about him, he first sung the songs that were to be given to the world. And this friend tells of how the singer and his family rejoiced over the perfecting of some work that reflected an experience or trial or struggle or rejoicing that they themselves had lived through. The man spoke from the heart of his home, and no wonder he touched the popular heart.

He was only in his prime, being thirty-eight years old.

Mr. Bliss possessed a powerful and sweet voice, which he cultivated carefully. He was a remarkably pleasing and effective singer. He had a rare fertility in the composition of airs, sweet, simple, and calculated to touch the popular heart. They were precisely what was wanted for Sunday-schools and gospel meetings, and were sung not only in chapels and tabernacles, but in thousands of homes.

He was a man of a very lovely character. Among those who saw much of him he inspired not only respect and esteem, but feelings of a very tender personal attachment. "He was a very good man; a very lovely man," said Mr. Frederick W Root. "I knew him only to love him," said Mr. Sankey. Mr.

Bliss married a Pennsylvania lady about the time of his coming west. His only children were the two little boys aged four and two years, respectively. His father is dead. His mother and two sisters survive him in Towanda, Pa., and when they are called they will find the son and brother at the celestial gate "watching" for them.

When the death of Mr. Bliss and family reached the firm of [illegible] Co., they immediately ordered their foreman to proceed corps of assistants, to the Tabernacle and drape a ts interior with the emblems of mourning. About 1, were used in festooning the front of the platform and f the gallery. The material used was, of course, whi ck cambric, which was contributed by Field, Leiter &

At a praise service for Mr. Bliss at the Tabernacle, not less than twenty thousand persons assembled in and around the place. Within: In front of Mr. Moody's stand hung a portrait in oil, of Mr. Bliss. A cross of white flowers adorned the front of the organ. Nearly all of the local clergy sat on the platform. It was a service not of words but of sacred song; and the many beautiful hymns which arose in a mighty volume of sound from the lips of that great audience were all the product of Mr. Bliss' beautifully simple talent. The finest of his sacred lyrics were sung with a depth of earnestness, fervor, and heartiness that has never been surpassed in this city. It was an effective demonstration of the matchless eloquence of the human voice when a great throng of people lift up their hearts and voices together in songs of praise. The services opened with two of Mr. Bliss' most stirring hymns. The first, that triumphal song, "Hallelujah, 'tis done," whose words and music so harmoniously and beautifully blend the sentiments of rejoicing and thanksgiving. The second, "Hold the Fort," one of the martial hymns of the Christian soldier.

One of the most beautiful of the exercises was the singing of Hymn 23, the favorite song of the Sunday-school, commencing:

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
But this is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

The choir sang each stanza and the children in the audience took up the refrain alone. The childish treble of the little ones rose from all parts of the hall, and the effect was remarkably pleasing and sweet in contrast with the heavy voices of the adult singers.

Another beautiful song, in which the entire congregation joined, commenced, "Will you meet me at the fountain?" It was suggested to Mr. Bliss when he heard a party of friends agree to meet at the fountain in the evening.

Another favorite hymn, which was rendered softly and with very pleasing effect, commenced:

A precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

A hymn based upon the twenty-third Psalm, which Mr. Moody read, was rendered by Mr. Sankey, assisted by a quartette. It is one of the least familiar of Mr. Bliss' pieces, but is not exceeded by many of his efforts in effectiveness of sentiment or sweet simplicity of melody. Another hymn which was sung by the congregation, is one of the richest and most moving of the sacred melodies composed by Mr. Bliss. The music and words, unlike the most of his pieces, breathe a spirit of tender sadness, whose sombreness is relieved by the delicate underfeeling of hope and trust which runs through the verse and song. It commences:

Weary gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hand and clouded brow,
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me where hast thou gleaned to-day?
The harvest past, my search revealed,
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.

Mr. Moody said that the first time he ever heard Mr. Bliss

sing, he ren red one of his hymns whose chorus commenced "Only reme. ber." The hymn was rendered by Mrs. Johnson, with much feeling and beauty, Mr. Sankey accompanying on tl n. Mr. Sankey sung "Watching and Waiting" in h ective and impressive style. This familiar song is o that Mr. Bliss ever made to the ever fails of being deeply impressive when Many will remember with what sweet power was sung by Mr. Bliss and his wife at the dedicat of the Chicago Avenue church.

Mr. Moody stated his who was on the fated train says that the last t Mr. Bliss was two or three hours before the accident. his Bible and pencil and paper in hand and was writing another hymn.

Among the other exercises was the singing of "Beneath the Cross of Jesus," "Roll on, roll on, O billows of fire," "Whosoever heareth," and "Only an armor-bearer."

Mr. Moody made a very affecting and eloquent prayer, and the song service was concluded with the singing of "Rock of Ages," to music that was composed by Mrs. Bliss.

Notes from a reporter's pencil are valuable in this connection, because they give us Mr. Sankey's thoughts and experiences:

"I have noticed that 'Watching and Waiting' has been a decided favorite. Has that, too, a history?"

"Something of one. The words were brought here from England, by Rev. F. J. Hartley. Mr. Bliss wrote the air, but the words seemed so childish in sentiment, that he didn't care to connect his name with it, and you see the music is published in our book anonymously. Though it went into the book, I thought it was too childish a thing to sing, and I went through the Philadelphia meetings without giving it at all. But one day in New York the feeling of the meeting was so much in harmony with the central thought of that song that, as I wanted something new, I ventured to give it. It just touched the feeling of the audience, and produced such an effect as the first singing of

'The Ninety and Nine.' Since that, both in New York and here, I have had requests by the hundred to sing it. By the way, 'The Ninety and Nine' was originally 'The Lost Sheep.' That was the name of the poem, and that is what I called it when I began to sing it. The one lost sheep is the subject of the piece. But Mr. Moody got to calling it 'The Ninety and Nine,' and the people took up that name, and I had to direct the publishers of the book to change the name."

"You have sung a good many pieces here, that are not in your book."

"Yes; they'll appear in the new book we are getting out. It will be published in a week or two, I think. It will be almost entirely different from the present book. There are three or four songs that we can't get along without, but otherwise, the book will be wholly new. Mr. Moody wanted me to have the new book out before we came here, but I told him I couldn't face a western audience without the songs we used in England and the eastern cities. But now the time has come for a change. You know we are charged with making a profit off the singing-books, photographs, etc. You are authorized to say officially for me, that there is not the slightest foundation for any of these reports. I have never received a penny from the publishers of the book. It may interest you to know that I lately received three copies of our book of songs in Chinese."

At a meeting Mr. Moody said that if Mr. Bliss could have foreseen his fate, he would doubtless have charged his Christian friends to pray for his two boys who were to be left in a world of temptations, without a father's care, and a mother's prayer. Brother Moody wished to lay this charge on every Christian heart, so that all would pray for them as for their own children. Pray for Paul and George by name.

Funds for a monument to Mr. Bliss had already been partly raised, but the boys must be provided for. Means to educate them must be raised. He had that morning raised ten thousand dollars, and put it in the hands of Mr. Henry Field, in trust, for the support and education of the sons of Mr. Bliss. If any person chose to add to this fund, he was welcome to do so, but no

one was solicited, and no offerings except those of a free will were desired. He hoped the church of America, regardless of denomination, would become the nursing mother of these boys.

My heart goes out to one person this morning, and that is the mother. His father is dead. It was only a few weeks ago that he died, and his mother is a widow. And how additionally terrible a blow this will be, for he was her only son. Let us just have prayer for that mother, that God may sustain and help her. And then let us not forget that dear Mrs. Bliss was not one inch behind her husband. She was an angel of goodness and gentleness, hovering around him and helping him. She taught him to pray; she taught him music, and together they walked in faith, and together went down to death and up to glory. You see this casual charge brought against him, that he used his talents for coin. When we got out this little hymn book, there was a royalty realized upon it of sixty thousand dollars. The book had received the close attention of Brother Bliss, and an offer was made him that he should have five thousand. It would have been all right, but as to that matter the world need never have known it, had he accepted it. But he refused point blank; he would not have a single dollar. He gave his time and labor free-handed to the Lord, without thought of reward. He was a noble man; he was a prince among men; Chicago never knew him; Chicago never had a truer man; I don't believe any of our citizens would be missed so much as he will. He will be preaching a hundred years hence, and so long as Christians shall sing his beautiful, cheerful hymns. It seems as though God raised up this man just to write these hymns. Now let us pray, not only for that mother, but for Mrs. Bliss's father and mother, and for every member of the family. God be praised for such a woman; God be praised for such a man.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, referring to the death of Commodore Vanderbilt, thus contrasted these two public men.

In the scale by which we measure men, we rank lowest

those who work in matter for the mere purpose of moulding it into more useful form. It is a useful and honorable thing to be a husbandman, mechanic or merchant; but such men are not generally conscious that they are working for their fellow-men, and their labor is considered of the lowest order. Next come those who work upon the mind, who deal in ideas —thinkers, discoverers of truth, and philosophers. Next in the scale are those that develop the imagination and the finer qualities of taste, as all true poets. Highest of all stand those who mould the heart to nobility and shape it to the Divine will—the workers in disposition. Cornelius Vanderbilt died yesterday—one of the most remarkable men that New-York has ever produced; one of the clearest heads; one who had the art of turning thoughts to things; a man of great sagacity; a man of intense foresight, capable of comprehensive plans and combinations, of great energy of will, of clear executive processes, who took few backward steps. Beginning early he made himself felt upon the commercial interests of his neighborhood, and has gone on through a long series of years and reached an extraordinary old age of activity with his understanding clear and crisp and radiant to the very last. He was a man that did a great deal of good, a man that deserves in his rank the honors of that rank. There are few of the commercial forces that have been his equal, perhaps none his superior. Yet there it stops; there it stops. It is true that in his last days, thanks to the Christian woman whom God gave him for a companion and good guide, he endowed a university, and the good he has done in that will outrun and outlast immeasurably all the other successes of his life. But I am speaking of the man's intentions, his recognized purposes and methods all through his life. He had a wide field and scope, and certainly as a mere business man he must be spoken of honorably.

Another man has died within a few days, not in his home, surrounded by sorrowing friends, or with physicians of skill about his bedside; not with the thermometer of his life recorded, like the weather, each day in the newspapers. He

died a death in the midst of unutterable horrors; for in that terrific plunge made through the broken bridge at Ashtabula, it would seem as if all the horrors of tearing and rending and burning and lacerating were there combined. There Mr. Bliss died; not a great man, but one whose whole life was devoted wholly and sweetly to ennobling the dispositions of men. His hymns will no ng as Watts's or Wesley's, but they were written for and they have moved a whole generation of Chris thinkers. They have had a silent influence, gentle ew in summer, and have nourished ten times ten the nder roots. His life suddenly ceased, and a few r iced it. He held no such place in the world as Con anderbilt. It is not right that I should compare th to say that the latter was vastly more strong in mind and possessed of a more expansive character. But Mr. Bliss has done a far grander work; he has made the heavens not brass but transparent; he has brought something of the heavenly chants down to earth. He has been as the tongue of the Lord. It was a glorious career; it lies not within the circuit of every one's imitation in the same way; but each one can do the duty that stands over against us. To us these accidents seem terrible; but to the most of those who met their death at Ashtabula it was no more than falling asleep. The soul of Brother Bliss winged its way at once into the presence of God.

These grand words were the hearty tribute of one who knew the sweet singer of our American Israel only by his songs. His pastor gave him royal testimony at the funeral services in Chicago; on which occasion, a hymn was read lately written by Mr. Bliss, and left without music, beginning:

I am past the cross,
I am on the heavenly side.

His very last song was sung by the choir, and as it was found at his home, and is quite new, we give it as the freshest production of his graceful pen.

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes.
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes arise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Chorus—
Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows, He knows."

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see.
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence came
His loving, "Follow me."

O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

MR. P. P. BLISS was born in Clearfield County, Pa., July 9th, 1838. He had very slender early advantages, and was therefore a self-made man. His wife was instrumental in his conversion, as she also contributed very materially to his success in every department of life in which he shone. After going to Chicago he drifted about among the churches till he was called to the leadership of the choir and Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, where he proved himself a man of

great usefulness. His gentle spirit and devoted life were fully developed, and his musical talents made him welcome wherever he could be heard. Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury found him a kindred worker in the field of Sunday-school music, and he stepped forth into the front rank as a composer of hymns and tunes for revival and prayer meetings. In connection with Major D. W. Whittle he went far and wide through the south and west, and had the promise of immense usefulness as an evangelist, when his career was so fatally checked. Eternity will reveal the reason why he was allowed thus early to cease from his labors. His pastor conveyed the remains to their last resting-place near the home of his youth; and he said after his return that not a shadow had come over the faces of the friends of the deceased singer. God's ministry chased away the darkness. There was the grandmother of eighty-three years, her face already shining with the light of the heaven to which she stood so near. When the sad news was told her she said: "Only a step has Philip gone in advance of me." His parents walked calmly and without a murmur through the valley of the shadow, knowing it to be only a shadow. The funeral service was turned into an inquiry meeting, and twenty-five persons avowed their determination to accept Christ. Thus even his death was blessed in giving life to souls dead in sins: while it stimulates his fellow-laborers to unceasing earnestness in gathering the harvest for Him of whom Mr. Bliss sung:

My only hope and story
 Is Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
 The cross of Calvary.

A Reluctant Farewell.

Lingering long among their old friends, they were still thronged as no other evangelists have ever been. The vivid press reports photograph the constantly recurring scenes:

Last evening was a memorable one in the history of evangelism in the Northwest. For sixteen weeks Messrs. Moody and Sankey have held forth at the Tabernacle to audiences which in



P. P. BLISS.

Chicago have been unprecedentedly large, and that of last night closed the general meetings. Sunday services have always been of the most interesting character, and those of yesterday, and of last evening in particular, were no exception to the rule. It is needless to say the building was full. At 6:30, the placard might have been hung out, "standing-room only," and at seven o'clock entrance to the sanctuary was almost as difficult an undertaking as to attempt to walk through the eye of a needle. From that hour the crowd outside were augmented. By 7:30 around the Monroe street doors thousands congregated, pushing and elbowing, and imploring the inexorable ushers to open the gates and let them in. But their appeals were in vain. There they stood, however, watching and waiting until the meeting was over. A similar state of affairs existed on the Franklin street side. Upon a narrow stairway, leading to Mr. Moody's private room, were crowded a mass of people, male and female, in the hope of getting into the meeting that way.

A religious tea-party was given by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to reformed drunkards. It was a sort of farewell gathering. Mr. Moody expected to have few, if any more opportunities to talk to them, and preferred to meet them in a semi-social way. The attendance was large, the hall being nearly filled, and the platform actually crowded, with brands plucked from the burning.

He said there were a few things which he wanted to say to them, and he would say them now, because he might not have another opportunity. Some of them might think he was uncharitable, but he didn't mean it that way. Now, his experience was that young converts, after a time, were likely to begin to find fault, saying that the church was not warm enough. He had done that at first, but found that the church members would button up their coats and take it as hard as he could take it. They got to look on him as a nuisance on account of his grumbling. After a while he discovered that the way to make people warm toward him, was to be warm himself. More flies could be caught with molasses than vinegar. It was necessary for converts to be sweet themselves.

He had understood that not one out of five of the converts was going into the church. The church was the best thing on God's earth, and they should all go into it. The preachers were their best friends.

He would rather earn five cents, than have any one give him five dollars. They should all go to work. He didn't know what God was going to do with a l[illegible] They must go to work, and they must not grumble i[illegible] suspected them at first, or if they could not get as go[illegible]ions as they had before they fell. They must expect [illegible]low.

There was another thing. [illegible]ome of them were given to lying. He brought this up [illegible] he had understood that one of the reformed had been [illegible] That was a thing which would not do. It hurt everybo[illegible] was the best thing to tell the truth and the whole truth, even [illegible]t were against one.

Even if they did not, try as they might, get on as they would like to, they should stand firm and not go back to sin. God would open a way for them.

Tuesday, January 16th, was the final day, and in spite of a heavy storm, thousands gathered at the noon-meeting, and the brethren poured out their hearts in grateful praise. Mr. Sankey said he couldn't let the meeting pass without expressing the sentiments of his heart. In the first place he wished to thank God that the churches had thrown open their doors to the young converts. He would leave the house with sadness if he felt that they were to have no religious home. As it was, he should leave with a glad heart, because the churches gave such a warm welcome to all classes. He begged the young converts not to tarry at the threshold, but to knock at the church doors till they got in. He feared for those who stood out. They would soon be in the condition of the lost sheep. He was thankful to know that the gospel was, and would be preached in the churches. He never had been assisted by a more faithful band of singers than here, and he only spoke the feelings of all, when he bore testimony to the good work they had done. He hoped Christians would always rally around singing the gospel as a means of grace, and hoped a blessing

would rest on the new songs. He hoped the Christians of Chicago would pray for Mr. Moody and him every day, and every hour.

Mr. Sankey then sang :

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?
You have thought of some useful labor,
But what is the end in view?

Mr. Moody asked all Christians to offer silent prayer for the conversion of all unconverted persons present. He invited all who wished to be prayed for to arise, and over one hundred persons did so.

In his farewell sermon at night, Mr. Moody said :

There is a picture I used to see, and I remember I went and bought a steel engraving of it, I liked it so well. It is of a woman coming up out of the water, and both her arms around the cross. One day I was walking down the street, and I saw another picture of a woman with one arm around the cross. She was reaching down and getting hold of others, and pulling them up from the water. I put the other picture away; I didn't want to see it any more; I liked the other so much better.

I believe I was a Christian three years before I led a soul to Christ. I didn't know how to set myself to work. But after a while I got into the vineyard. If you want some work to do let me advise you to go to church next Sunday and go to the minister and ask him if he has not something for you to do. If he has not, don't you join that church : just keep going until you find a minister that has something for you to do. No matter what it is, do it. Take a little waif from the streets. A young convert in London used to go down to the Seven Dials, one of the worst places in London, and used to go about there, picking up little waifs. When I knew him he had saved some three hundred of them. Some were in South America, on his plantations; some were in Canada, here, and some were at home, in England. When he took them from the streets, he would go

and have their photographs taken, just as they were, all ragged and dirty; and then he would bathe them and put clean clothes upon them, and learn them to be civil and teach them some useful employment. After he kept them a few years and gave them a good education, he would take them to a photograph gallery again and get another photograph; then with the two he would send them out. [illegible] to show them what they had been; the other was to [illegible]m what he had done for them. Let your memory go [illegible]netimes to where the Son of God found you, and then le[illegible]g of gratitude go up from your heart. It is the greates[illegible]ge on earth to go out and work for the Son of God.

The mighty mass of peopl[illegible]urged into the Tabernacle to hear this discourse to the converts were not disappointed. Tickets were issued to newly converted persons, and more than four thousand of these were seated on the lower floor, which was reserved for this class alone. As had been announced before, this evening there was a call for eighty thousand dollars for the Association, and for bills, and the continuance of the work. The large amount was soon nearly made up, many men contributing five thousand, twenty-five hundred and a thousand dollars. Mr. Moody had his hand on the purse-strings.

His farewell words were very tender, and his young converts, to whom he has become endeared, were completely overcome. He had a kind word for every one with whom he had been associated—the clergy, the press, the ushers, the choir. He commended all to the care of God, and bade them not farewell, but good-night, and hoped to meet them all on the morning of the resurrection.

The choir was very fully represented, and sung their hymns with even more spirit than usual. The airs of the gospel hymns are attractive enough even with indifferent singers, but rendered with a well-trained choir, the real beauty of the compositions appears.

"Old Hundred" was sung by all at the conclusion of the services. Then several meetings were held in the adjoining rooms. In the hall thousands of people lingered for fully an hour after

the close of the meeting, and engaged in conversation, and indulging in pleasant partings. It was like the breaking up of a large family who had become bound to one another by a common love, and who desired to linger as long as possible around the spot where they had found so much happiness and spent so many happy hours. By and by, however, the night grew old, the lights were turned down, and the curtain dropped upon this, the most remarkable series of religious meetings ever held in the Northwest.

Estimates of Mr. Moody and of the Work.

It is interesting to clip the various notices of men's impressions, who observed the progress of these services from secular and religious stand-points:

Mr. Spurgeon says: We rejoice to mention that during the last few months we have met with more converts from Messrs. Moody and Sankey's than in all the time before. Some of our brethren have also made the same observation. It is probable that many held back till they saw where it was best for them to join, and if so they are to be commended. We expressed our disappointment very plainly some time ago, because we met with so few decided conversions; and it is therefore with the utmost pleasure that we intimate more pleasing tidings. We could not believe that such earnest gospel preaching could be without saving result, but we feared that the converts would remain separate, and not unite with the churches. For awhile it seemed to be so, but we are delighted to have seen and conversed with many who make good disciples and hearty workers. God be thanked for this evermore.

A paper speaks of the probable number of converts as four thousand and adds:

What is better, the work is likely to be prosecuted with, as is more than probable, redoubled vigor. Christian individuals and Christian organizations in Chicago are now thoroughly alive to their responsibilities and privileges; vital Christianity has a name and an influence not only in Chicago but the whole Northwest, which it never had before.

Many of the clergy and the laity have received from Brother Moody, or rather through him, a new revelation of the privileges and duties of the Christian life, and of the value of, and the method of studying and using, the Bible. The churches that have co-operated in this work have been brought into more friendly relations with each other, and individuals who never thought of doing anything beyond attending divine worship are beginning to trim their lamps, remove the bushels from them, and do some religious work in their own families and among their friends. This effect of the meetings admits of no tabular statement, but all the pastors who have assisted Messrs. Moody and Sankey bear united testimony to the fact that their churches never before felt so much religious interest or did so much religious work as within the last two months. The evangelists have done their work of awakening the sleepers, and it now lies with the pastors and churches of the city to determine whether or not the revival shall have all the results hoped for.

So long as human nature remains the same, every subject of great interest to the community, and especially so important a subject as religion, or a man's eternal condition, will have its excitements. They are incident to our natures. Their usefulness is not to be measured by their continuance. Summer and winter, day and night, springtime and harvest, will endure till the end of all things. Yet the spring, with its rains and showers, is not less useful because it is succeeded by the warmth and drought of summer, or by autumn and winter. Its good effect remains. So with revivals of religion. But what is needed especially is that while the ground is broken up with Brother Moody's great plow, or those of some other efficient laborers in the Lord's vineyard, and the ground is made tender by the showers of grace, that it should be deeply and indelibly impressed upon us that all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good—to make mankind better—more full of the love of the neighbor; more careful to cease to do evil; more careful of the feelings and rights of others; more conscientious in all the walks of life; better husbands, wives, fathers, children, and citizens—in fine, more anxious and care-

ful to endeavor to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; more regardful of our duty as laid down in the Bible, that Book which is to Christians the only absolutely reliable code of faith and practice. Let those who fear that the effect of the revival may be evanescent turn their attention to the careful cultivation of the ground now being broken up, and verily we shall all see that those who sow in tears may reap in joy.

The meetings have been free from excitement, unless all very earnest and serious religious feeling is to be termed excitement. The converts are such because they have been persuaded to become so. That others do not share their feelings is no evidence that the convictions produced are insincere or unhealthy. There has been little or nothing that could fairly be called an effort to move the emotions simply. Brother Moody preaches salvation by faith in Christ, but he has repeatedly said that the Bible contains no word giving the idea that salvation depends on any one's feelings. He has sought to persuade men to believe the commands and promises of the Bible, and to believe that they are sinners, and that they are pardoned because the Bible says so, and not on account of any peculiar feelings they may have. As he has avoided using the lash of fear, so he has avoided the stimulation of purely subjective sensations.

Finney and the old revivalists, as we know, bore down on the hosts of sin with the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. Finney's depictions of the condition of the damned, which were always a part of his course of revival sermons, were to the last degree frightful and appalling. Of this we hear next to nothing in these revival meetings. I do not mean to say that the final doom of sin is ignored, but that it is not made prominent. And yet the constant elevation of spiritual tone, the daily additional clearness of the moral and spiritual atmosphere in these meetings, is something very wonderful and very delightful. It is a new phenomenon—a new revelation. The Spirit of God seems to be almost visibly pervading the great congregations; and thus the worship gives a very good idea of the calm, quiet blessedness of the better world.

Brother Moody has made no secret of his belief that eternal perdition is in store for those who die unconverted, but in his sermons he has made few references to the lake of fire. He has rather preached that the way of the transgressor was harder in this life than that of the righteous. He has depicted the pleasures of a Christian life and the joy and peace of believing, rather than the torments of t world. In his mind the Christian life is so much ha an the unchristian life that the two have only to be co o insure the acceptance of the former. He presents us life rather as a pleasure that men deny themselves or duty they ought to assume, or an avenue to escape from tion.

The source of Brother M power is a great puzzle to many. His Christian friends at it is the presence of the Holy Spirit. To his non-Christian hearers this conveys little idea; or at least raises the question why the Almighty should select him as the recipient of especial blessings. This brings the question back from the celestial to the terrestrial regions, and admits of being treated in terms of ordinary criticism. His wonderful familiarity with the Bible explains much of his success. He meets every emergency, doubt, or objection with a passage of scripture which is either in his head, or can be instantly found in his well-thumbed and well-marked Bible, and he lays down scripture with a conviction that breeds conviction. His intense earnestness and his broad human sympathies give him power. His simplicity keeps the listener's mind to the point of the discourse. His experience as a lay preacher on the North side gave him an insight into human nature that many a learned doctor of divinity never acquired. The listener frequently finds himself surprised at the correctness of the diagnosis of his case made by a man with whom he has never exchanged a word. His illustrations are forcible, never low or incongruous though always homely, and remarkable for their aptness. Many a clergyman who writes a considerable portion of the alphabet after his name mars his sermons with illustrations that grate on one's sense of fitness, or that are a little one side of the point to be made, but in this matter Brother Moody's

instinct is unerring. His shrewdness at making "hits" would be of great value to a stump orator. He afforded a good illustration of this, when in condemning the confession of sins to human mediators he said that the only man mentioned in the Bible as confessing his sins to men was Judas, and he went out at once and hanged himself.

A gentleman thanks an editor for an article on "Mr. Moody's Methods" and says:

Your analysis of his power and summing-up of his forces is true, clear, generous, and comprehensive. I have had the joy and inspiration of an intimate friendship with him since the June of 1861, and far above any other man has he intensified, moulded, and shaped my being.

Your admirably drawn figure of pushing his Tabernacle audience up a steep grade, so that no one shall be lost or drop off, is just him, and as he makes me feel and has from my first acquaintance. This great, burning desire that no one shall be lost, has made of his entire Christian career a consistent uniformity that is well nigh Pauline. Nearly ten years ago, in the days of his sincere roughness (I mean occasional roughness), I was somewhat disturbed by what seemed to me quite uncalled-for remarks on two occasions, and alone told him frankly how I felt. With that ten-tons of sympathy that his face is so often lighted with, he exclaimed, "How long have you felt this way toward me?" I replied several weeks. Said he, "I always thought you were a Christian. How can you be a Christian and not have come to me to have this wrong feeling removed?" He dropped upon his knees, and with tears streaming from his eyes, prayed that I might be forgiven for not having come to him earlier to have had the wrong righted and he be kept from injuring the feelings of any one. The English Sheridan said of Rowland Hill: "I always love to hear Hill, for the words come red hot from his heart." So the people say of D. L. Moody. God bless all the newspaper reports.

Says another: I believe everybody has had a say about the secret of Moody's power but me, so now I want a chance. I do not think any one has made a "ten-strike" yet. The real

truth is, he is not afraid of the Devil! In an address not long ago, Mr. Moody said he "never let the Devil whisper to him." So, of course, he never gets a chance to influence him. He saw clearly, twenty years ago, that there were only two sides to this life,—Christ's side or the Devil's side. He then and there made up his mind never to be caught striding the fence. He is an awful "stick-to-it" kind of a man, and when (by the help of God) he got the serpent under his feet he resolved by the same power to keep him there.

The reason so many let him get the "upper hand" again is that they let the infernal old "curse of the world" "whisper to them." Mr. Moody never gives him a breathing-spell, no matter how hard he begs or what he tries to bribe him with to just step off for a minute. He can wriggle himself clear in that time, as many a minister has found to his sorrow. When Satan tries that trick on him, he just plants both feet fair and square, while he prays the Lord to "make him weigh a ton." Once in a while he gives an extra stamp right in the lying miscreant's face.

Last Monday, at the noon prayer-meeting, he got a good one between the eyes when Mr. Moody said that "he heard a great deal of talk about Christians not holding out well who were converted at revivals." "Now," said he, "I want to know how that is myself." He then requested all who had been converted during revival times to "stand up." Farwell Hall was full, and two-thirds of the people rose quickly to their feet. "There," he exclaimed, "that gives the lie to the Devil, and sends it back to hell where it came from!" I tell you, I just wanted to jump on a chair and shout, "Glory to God, peace on earth and good will to everybody but the Devil!" I believe the people would have shouted the roof off if it had once got started.

It is no mistake that Mr. Moody is "rock-rooted" in a certain belief, and that belief is: All a man has to do to get Satan under his feet and keep him there, is to trust in the Lord Jesus and "never let the Devil whisper to him."

Said a smart journalist: In the first place, Brother Moody is

a good business man. He made his first start in life as an expert salesman. He knows how to talk to customers, whether they are looking for dry goods or religion, and has a most happy faculty of convincing them that the present is an excellent time in which to secure bargains. In the second place, he conducts business on strictly cash principles. The building he occupies is never an expensive one, and it is always paid for before it is used. He does not believe in allowing the devil to have a mortgage on the building in which he preaches. He procures the necessary capital for the season's business before he advertises. He advertises liberally in papers of wide circulation, in street-cars, and by means of posters. He informs the people every day what may be expected on the day following.

He never tolerates any side-shows in the nature of sociables, church fairs, or sacred theatricals. He pays no attention to what rivals in business may say about him. He conducts business economically for all concerned. A contribution-box is a piece of furniture never found in his establishment. A subscription paper is never passed round inviting promises to pay. He dispenses with the costly appliances found in most churches. He acts on the presumption that people go to religious meetings for the purpose of hearing the gospel preached and not to display fine clothes or hear operatic music. They hear an old-fashioned gospel preached in so old-fashioned a way that it appears absolutely new to them. If any one does not want to hear the gospel preached he had better keep away from Brother Moody's meetings. There is nothing else to hear, and little that is attractive to see. He leaves other preachers to entertain their hearers with lectures on art, science, politics, philosophy, or with reviews of new books. Brother Moody refers to but one book and that a very old one.

Chicago is justly proud of Brother Moody and rejoices in his success. He is a good example of Chicago's push, pluck, and enterprise. He knows how to make a great deal out of a small capital by conducting affairs economically and attending strictly to business.

The published sermons have already attracted much notice,

and the new volume of "Moody's Sermons, Addresses, and Prayers" is widely circulated; and testimonies to its usefulness are multiplying. A clergyman writes that he has learned more from the sermon on the "Blood," or "Tracing the Scarlet Thread," than from reading Watson's Institutes four years Such is the simple scripturalness of his methods, and so thoroughly has he condensed the fundamental things, that his sermons cover the whole ground of practical theology. A gentleman and his wife, who were grieving over the loss of their two children by sudden death, were pointed to the sermon—"The Friend of the Sorrowing"—and so delighted were they that they devoured the whole book, and regard Mr. Moody as the best of men and sweetest of preachers, though they had before looked on him with indifference or contempt. And they will be found to give an edge to many a man's preaching and teaching, when they are more widely read even by the best educated and most cultured. The poor and untutored will also be quickened and instructed by them as by no other discourses; and the hardened and careless will be touched and moved, as they follow the tender-hearted evangelist from step to step in his preaching. They bristle with strong figures, and are pictured with charming incidents, while a vigorous, loving nature pours out its fullness on every page. A great heart yearns to win men to Christ and a better life, that all may finally rest at home in the bosom of God, which is Heaven.



MOODY AND SANKEY'S TABERNACLE, BOSTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CULTURED BOSTON AT JESUS' FEET.

THERE were many who feared that the evangelists, whose career had hitherto proved an unvarying triumphal march, would fail when they undertook to move intellectual Boston, the modern Athens, the Hub of the Universe, the proud seat of the highest mental culture and the profoundest liberalism in America, and the hot-bed of the worst isms that disgrace our times and dishonor God. But no prognostications or headshakings dismayed our sturdy brethren, who believed that men were but men, whatever their position, claims, pretensions, or location, and as such needed the Gospel, and who knew that the human heart was identical the world over and could be moved by the truth as it is in Jesus, provided only God was present to bless the preaching of His word. They felt that they were called of God to hold up Christ in the metropolis of New England; and doubtless there was a secret hope stirring within them that it would be peculiarly effective to present the Gospel simply, where it had so long been preached elaborately by the ablest orators. They well understood that He who had subdued the scholarly Saul of Tarsus, could bring down Boston's giants, and they relied on Him, while they gathered around them all the learning, talent, culture, and varied ability which the churches could offer, and made their assault in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

The result has proved the common sense, and justified the faith of those who undertook to evangelize the chief seat of Unitarianism and infidelity in our land. Nowhere has the movement been crowned with richer blessings, and their success has never been so wonderful as here. The whole community has been stirred to its centres, sneers have been changed to wrathful assaults, indifference has given place to deep concern,

churches have been charged with vigorous vitality, multitudes have turned to God and begun a new life, and the congregations of all New England have throbbed with the excitement of the meetings in Boston. These victories we wish to trace out, and follow up, that men may see how much more glorious and satisfying are the Lord's campaigns and battles, than those which are attended with slaughter and destruction.

For weeks previous to the advent of Moody and Sankey, the Tabernacle had been slowly rising, a building capable of seating comfortably six thousand persons, and the churches had been engaged in earnest prayer and preparation. Accordingly when the morning of January 28th, 1877, came, everything was in readiness for the outpouring of the people, and the beginning of the work with power. The first service was held at 2.30 P. M., in presence of a vast concourse, who seemed greatly impressed by the singing and the preaching. The great choir sung their hymns and Mr. Sankey his songs, and Mr. Moody preached with characteristic impetuosity and fervor. Among other things he said: When we came to Boston some people told me, "Mr. Moody, we must give you a little warning; you must remember that Boston is a peculiar place, and you cannot expect to do the same as elsewhere; there are a great many obstacles." It is the same old story, the same old human nature. Boston is the same as these other places. They are all alike, but the enemy cannot hinder God from working if we only have faith. With God all things are possible. This terrible unbelief God can shake in Boston as easy as a mother can shake her little child. We can do all things through His power and strength. We are not able to do anything of our own power, but with God's strength we can, by faith, bring down a blessing on Boston and all New England. By God's help we can have a revival. Are we not able to rest upon God's promises and trust him implicitly? This habit of warning eccentric preachers would seem to be an old one in Boston, as many years ago, when Jacob Knapp began his preachings there, a minister in whose church he was to preach, took him solemnly to task for his odd sayings, and begged him to leave them out of his dis-

courses as they would offend the polite Bostonians. "Why," said the elder, "If I should leave the Knapp out of my sermons, they would be as threadbare as yours." Tradition says he was not warned again. In the evening, so mighty were the throngs that sought admission, that overflow meetings were organized in neighboring churches, and Mr. Moody cried out in the midst of his sermon on Courage:

Christianity has been on the defensive long enough, especially here in New England; the time has come for us to open a war of aggression. You know during the war of the rebellion some of the generals kept their armies in camp on the defensive until they got demoralized. And a good many Christians here in New England have got into their cushioned pews and gone to sleep. Now is the time to wake up and move forward in solid columns. We want not to be on the defensive but to begin a war of aggression. These drinking shops, these billiard halls, these gambling dens, should be visited and told of Christ and heaven. If they won't come to the Tabernacle and hear the Gospel, let us go to their houses and preach the Gospel to them, and it won't be long before hundreds of them are reached. I want to tell you something that took place in Chicago. There was a man who came to one of the meetings and got out and didn't come back; and some friends went out to the saloon where he made his headquarters, and they couldn't find him. At last they left a card for him and headed it "My dear friend." His friends had all left him, and he was sinking rapidly into a drunkard's grave; he had got by himself and thought his end was near. There he was, a poor dying drunkard, and he got this little card—"My dear friend," and he said, "That's singular. Have I got a friend?" and the card said, "If you will come up to Burke's Hotel to-night at seven o'clock I would like to see you." And he said: "I have no friend. What does that mean?" That went down like an arrow into his soul; it burned into his soul—"My dear friend!" He said to himself that he would get somebody else to go, for he had got drunk, and his eye was black, and there was a bruise on his nose. But he couldn't get anybody to go for him and

so he had to go for himself; and when he got to the hotel he got behind a post and he saw a man come out that he saw in the Tabernacle, and he supposed that was the man and he said, "Is your name Hawley?" and then he said, "I want you to come down to the Tabernacle," and he said, "Don't you see I have a black eye and the skin off my nose?" "Well," he said, "I want you to go," and t said, "Well, I couldn't stop there without going out to get a rink." Ah! he was such a slave to drink that he couldn't e sit there for an hour without wanting to go out and get a k! "Well," said the friend, "come and go into the gallery a get behind a post, and they won't see you." And he we the Spirit of God met him, and that night he went into uiry room, and to-day he is one of the brightest lights in Chicago, and when we left he was working for God in Chicago and telling the people what God had done for him. Now, I just tell you this to show you how this man went down into the very jaws of hell for a fellow-man. We want not to open these doors to say "Come in and be saved, or stay out and be lost," but if they won't come let us go with the torch of salvation and light them to the kingdom of God. There are thousands here waiting for some one to tell them of Christ and His love, to lift them up. The Gospel has not lost its power. Thank God, friends, there is as much power in the Gospel to save men as ever there was. They have been chained by sin and are held by the enemy, and we want to tell them that the Son of God has power on earth to snap the fetters and set the prisoner free; power to forgive the sinner on earth. Let us arise, in the name of Christ, and carry the Gospel to every house in the city of Boston. With such heroic confidence was the battle joined by the servants of Christ, who did not leave them to prosecute the war alone but helped them to the end and gave them blessed triumphs. James Freeman Clarke, the ablest unevangelical preacher in the country, and a true man, said, before Mr. Moody came, that he could not do these things without Divine coöperation. God must be with him. And truly the evidence is complete that the Holy Spirit stands behind him, and makes him "mighty through God." The

clergy rallied with commendable unanimity to the leader's call, and stood firmly and affectionately together, ready for any service and every emergency. Such a splendid body of men animated by a common purpose, and under a wise and brave leadership, are able to accomplish miracles of benevolence and salvation. There came a time in the course of the meetings when there occurred a state of things admirably described by one of the workers:

We feel that the revival work has reached a crisis. We have entered the Wilderness and are marching toward the Sea. So still and solemn are the hour and the work that we hold our breath, clasp hands in agonizing prayer, and wait upon God day and night. A meeting for Christians only, assembles on each afternoon this week, and for prayer alone. The general feeling is expressed by the remark that we have penetrated the outer entrenchments, moat, and drawbridge, and find ourselves confronted by a massive and frowning wall. In other places where the evangelists have labored, there have been intersecting veins of infidelity and rationalistic error, but here they exist as a solid and organized obstruction, imbedded in habit and tradition, buttressed by social and intellectual culture, confident in vast numerical majorities, and at many points flying the flag of a professed Christianity. Numbers press even into the inquiry rooms, whose whole nature is a sneer, and whose behavior is a scoff. Even of the genuine inquirers, whom restlessness drives thither, a large proportion give us a despairing feeling, from the fact that we cannot find the joint in the armor of their unbelief, a purchase for the lever of the Word. We open our Bibles and read the divine prescription for their specific ailment, and are met immediately by the remark, "O, I don't believe one word of that." We propose to pray for and with them, and they ask, "What is prayer?" and tell us they do not wish us to "dictate" to God about them. Not infrequently the Spirit, going before the Word, prepares the way for its entrance, and not a few of the most abject unbelievers have been slain by the sword and brought to a saving faith in Jesus. But as yet the arm the Lord has not been revealed as in the ancient days and

the generations of old. And this week is being devoted to a cry unto the Lord, with our faces in the dust, to "awake and put on strength," as when His right arm wounded the Dragon of the Nile, and made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over.

The elements of opposition are well represented in a single newspaper. Its first page with a profusely illustrated travesty of the Tabernacle and sayings. The writer handles a clever pencil for , and the pen-work is such as to delight the vulgar tas irlesque. The "hits" are of the broadest and most lous kind. Mr. Moody's anecdotes and illustrations a ed, his remarks misquoted, and his most effective utt urned into ridicule, and a great deal is imputed to him a rted of the meetings which has not the slightest foundation in fact. Of course every mistake is a devil-send to the writer. Not content with ridicule, the editorial department of this "loafers' paper" has begun a series of sensational "charges" against Mr. Moody, such as characterized the late political canvass. It accuses him of deliberate lying, and the wholesale manufacture of affecting and marvellous stories. The last number of the paper professes to have unearthed at Northfield the evidence that he is making himself rich, and is secretly investing his gains. This sort of opposition is very prevalent, and the chorus of it is rising into a louder and more pandemoniac yell. It prevails not only in bar-rooms and gambling-hells, but in bank offices, workshops and factories, and in the gatherings of Harvard students.

The second element of opposition is represented in this paper by the reported sermons and addresses of a pastor of one of the most prominent Unitarian churches. These consist of attacks as unscrupulous and, if possible, more bitter, certainly far abler, than those to which I have referred. Though, I am glad to learn, not speaking the united voice of his own church, this miserable man, crazy with rancor against the truth which he once professed (though never seems to have understood), added to an insatiate craving for sensational notoriety, does represent an immense constituency in all this region who have



walked in the ways of Theodore Parker, and who constitute the *débris* of the elegant Unitarianism of Channing and Ware.

Within a stone's throw of the Tabernacle stand two imposing structures, the one on a corner and the other close at its back, though fronting on a different street. The foremost of these "halls" is the "Parker Memorial," and the one which lurks behind in its shadow is the "Paine Memorial." Their relative positions are significant. On the ground story of the latter is a book-store, whose window is stocked with Tom Paine's books of course, and other infidel writings, pamphlets on spiritualism, pictures representing religion as a ghoul in a church-yard, and the church as a steeple struck by lightning and toppling over, caricatures of the Tabernacle work and workers, and, profusely scattered, the portraits of that blatant atheist Col. Bob Ingersoll! These two buildings have looked silently down on the surging crowds of the Tabernacle and Berkeley Street Church as if confident in their iceberg mass and influence. It is encouraging to have their ominous stillness broken. But O, shall such a strain be exerted upon them, and such a melting and honey-combing heat go from the revival gulf stream, as shall cause them to lean and dip and dive and disappear? It is for this that we ask the prayers of the Christian world.

The third element of opposition is represented by a skilful Unitarian writer, who is chiefly a man of the world, and speaks for what remains of primitive Unitarianism.

The final element of opposition arises from a reverend horse-breeder's "prayer meeting talks" which are duly reported in the organ of Satan.

Sailing under the flag of orthodoxy, he manages to render himself obnoxious to no form of heresy or unbelief; professing to interpret the mind of the Spirit, he sows to the flesh. His last talk was an earnest appeal to his people to beware of getting excited on the subject of religion, and an argument to show what a transcendent means of grace it was *not* to go to church or to religious meetings. He is an extreme specimen, I am well aware, but he represents that element of obstruction which is really the most dangerous, the traitor within the camp, the fatal

iner ead and indifferent church, an emasculated gospel, a p l unbelief in the guilt of sin and the eternal justice of God.

Me ile the humble evangelist moves on undaunted, fitting his fi th stones to his well-worn sling, and gathering at every re on of his arm new power and aim. Shall the vulnerabl l giant be found?

One of the str the work of Mr. Moody is of God, is afford hich his evangelistic labors have aroused the o may be styled the "bar-room" class. s in New York, his work was probably as much e drinking-saloon as in the Christian family circle. scarcely enter even a so-called "respectable" resta e ordinary bar-room type, without hearing it discussed with ribald jest and coarse allusion. The arrows of truth had been shot with a vigor which sent them far beyond the ordinary bounds reached by the preaching of the Gospel, and their sharp sting had caused no small stir among the armies of Satan. This was not done without producing some good results, in quarters least expected. Many genuine conversions occurred among this very class, which is generally looked upon as the most difficult to reach of any.

All this served only to awaken public attention to the central truths that were maligned, and compelled people to hear for themselves and observe the plans which were pursued by the evangelists and their helpers. Mr. Moody seldom notices any attacks made on him or his labors, but keeps steadily holding up the Gospel and Him who is its life and soul. He knows that God is able to defend His servant, and will raise up men to keep the enemy occupied while he saves the lost. His best vindication is ever the purity of his own character and living, and the salvation of souls. If men are redeemed and Christians exalted to a higher plane of holiness and activity, his enemies will have nothing to say that will weigh a feather in the scale.

It was regarded as a most fortunate circumstance that previous to the Tabernacle meetings the Rev. Joseph Cook had been engaged in delivering a course of lectures on vital topics of

christianity to the ministers and thoughtful people of Boston in Tremont Temple, and these logical and profound, as well as brilliant discourses had created immense enthusiasm, and commanded the respectful attention of men of science as well as people of theological learning. Here was genius and oratory compelling men to see that religion and the evangelical faith rested on the most substantial basis of reason, while Parkerism and liberalism were narrow, illogical and false. Thus while the thunders of Cook were heard on one side calling men to abandon their unbelief which was unreasonable and absurd, the tender pathos and burning zeal of Moody on the other side were winning men to believe and rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus they complemented one another, as the eloquence and learning of Paul filled out the measure of apostolic perfection, and supplemented the Gospels in their simplicity by the scholarly and logical Epistles.

How beautifully God uses all the talents and resources of His people to complete His work! When Cook preached in the Tabernacle on Monday evenings, the common people were not there to hear. No one but the homely evangelist could pack it day and night, month after month. The late Albert Barnes treats of the "kind of preaching that this age demands; or the kind of ministry fitted to the times in which we live."

"The times," he maintains, "demand of the ministry, a close, and patient, and honest investigation of the Bible. . . The truths which the ministry is to present, are to be derived from the word of God. They are not the truths of mental philosophy; they are not the theories formed by a fertile imagination; they are not the opinions held by men; they are not systems embodied merely in creeds and symbols; they are the *ever-fresh and ever-living truths of the Bible.*" . . "It seems to me," he says, "that as yet we know comparatively little of the power of preaching the truths of the Bible. That man has gained much as a preacher who is willing to investigate, by honest rules, the meaning of the Bible, and then to suffer the truth of God to speak out—no matter where it leads, and no matter on what man, or customs, or systems it impinges. Let

it take its course like an unobstructed stream, or like a beam of light direct from the sun to the eyes of men." . . . "There is a power yet to be seen in preaching the Bible, which the world has not yet fully understood; and he does an incalculable service to his own times, and to the world, who derives the truths which he inculcates directly from the Book of Life."

Has not Mr. Moody's great gain over other preachers been just in this direction, and an eminent illustration of Mr. Barnes' clear sight and just statement? The Divine blessing so eminent upon his labors, is an emphatic, an authoritative reiteration of the inspired precept "Preach the Word." Mr. Moody seems to us to be permeated and saturated with the "ever-fresh and ever-living truths of the Word." There has probably never been an age in which the preaching of the Word, and of Christ as "The Word" in the Word, was more needed, or would be more effectual. Formalism and philosophy, skepticism, carelessness and contempt, are most certainly slain by "the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

Progress.

As usual, the day's work began with noon prayer-meetings, which were held in the Tremont Temple, till they overflowed into the more spacious Tabernacle. Young men's meetings were organized, and women's and children's meetings sprang up, as by necessity, and were held in the churches, and were led by various pastors, and occasionally by Mr. Moody, whose presence was always desired at every place. His spirit and manner are thus described:

Mr. Moody spoke at the main meeting only, dwelling on the need of sanctifying our hearts and thoughts to Christ. He said that Christians are often ready to pray for others; but they are not so well prepared to say with David, "O Lord, search me and know me; try my thoughts and my heart." First of all the disciples of Jesus must be purged and purified from iniquity. Then the blessing of God will come with power, not only in Boston, but throughout all New England. Without enthusiasm, he declared, there can be no true revival. Here in Boston people

have come to be a little afraid of enthusiasm: "but I have seen this city all on fire with political enthusiasm," said Mr. Moody, "when Anthony Burns was here. Don't be afraid to be too enthusiastic. Let all have the faith of Gideon and his army, and what a glorious work can be accomplished. The world may call you fanatics, but I don't think men are worth much as Christians until they are thought mad in the sight of the world."

At the Friday temperance meeting, Mr. Moody read a letter which he had received when he was in Chicago, from a minister in England, whose son was a wayward profligate somewhere in that city and who had been found at last in the inquiry meeting and brought to Christ. He read the letter with a voice husky with emotion, and many in the audience were deeply affected.

The silent prayer over, Mr. Moody said: I am going to ask some witnesses to-day to testify that what I said of the saving power of Christ in cases of intemperance was true. Some men may say here, That is all very well, men may talk about abandoning strong drink and reforming, but if they had my appetite they would not talk in that confident way. But I say right here, we are not to have confidence in the flesh, but great confidence in God. I am going to ask Mr. Shorey to testify on this one point. Mr. Shorey, a middle-aged man, then described his experience in the following words:

My dear friends, I can testify to this power of God to save drunkards and all who come to Him. I have been a victim of intemperance for more than thirty years until a year ago. I had tried every way. I had signed pledges and tried to get rid of this appetite, and tried to overcome this terrible curse that was upon me. I joined temperance organizations, but only to go back and repeat the same terrible drinking. I was going down into the depths lower every day. Yes, I have even gone so far as to be locked up in the House of Correction. I came out with a strong resolution to reform. But I could not stop; I must go and take a drink. A year ago, almost dead, I left this city. I knew I could not stop drinking for my appetite had got control of my will. I knew I must die a drunkard. I knew I had no power to save myself, when I left these streets

where I had been wandering around with no place to sleep, no home, no friends, for I had disgraced them all. Once I had friends—praying friends—brothers and sisters, but I had disgraced them all. When I left here it was in utter despair. I thought I would go to some place where I might die out of sight. I started for New York. I left on the 7th of February, just a year ago. I was [illegible] such an extremity that I begged a pauper's pass to [illegible] New York. After I had been there a few days, I m[illegible] of mine who asked me to go up to the Hippodrome. [illegible] a man, one of my kind; he did not think it would [illegible] good, but he only went out of curiosity. I didn't [illegible] here else to go and so I went up with him. I sat d[illegible] y friend in that assembly. At first I did not pay much [illegible] but when Mr. Sankey got up and sang one of his hymns, "Oh, what shall the harvest be?"—I think that was the name of it—it touched a chord in my heart that had not been stirred since I had been under the influence of liquor. And then Brother Moody preached of a poor drunkard way down in the gutter, and how the Lord lifted him up and freed him from his sins and his impurity. But I said, Oh, Mr. Moody has not had the appetite as I have it; he does not know anything about it. I went out of that meeting and tried to drown it in rum; but I could not. I kept thinking of that sermon. I tried to get out of town that day, but some kind Providence prevented. I went again the next night and went into the inquiry room, and a dear sister talked to me about Jesus. But I said it was no use, I cannot be a Christian until I get rid of this appetite. And then a brother came up and told me how he had been a drunkard and how he had been saved by the power of God, and that gave me hope, and I knelt down to God in prayer and asked Him to remove this appetite from me and cleanse me from sin and make me a child of his, and God answered my prayer, and from that day I have had no desire for strong drink, nor the slightest temptation at any time. Oh, God is able to keep us poor men if we will only trust in Him, and we can trust in Him. I will only say one word more about a question that has been asked me a great many times,

how to save these drunkards. I say go to them yourselves, as the men went to him who was stricken by the palsy. Show by your love to them that you care for their souls, and they will come to you by hundreds and thousands. And oh, pray for them! When I had given my testimony in New York as I have done here, a gentleman came up and asked me my name. I told him. Are you a son of Mr. Shorey in Maine? he said; and then he told me that a few years ago he was settled near there. And he went into my father's house to a prayer meeting and my father wanted him to pray for his dissipated son in New Orleans. And we knelt in prayer. And oh, he said, to think that I should meet you here and that our prayers should have been answered. Oh, the ways of God are wonderful. Oh, my dear friends, pray for these men.

Mr. Moody opened the small copy of the hymns which he had always by him at the Tabernacle, and read:

When my final farewell to the world I have said
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say "He is dead"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast:
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "that city" I see,
Will any one then at that beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me,
Be waiting and watching.
Be waiting and watching for me?

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn.

At its conclusion Mr. Moody said: When we were in Chicago, a St. Louis merchant stopping at the Grand Pacific Hotel on some business, had a friend who had got to drinking. He heard that we were interested in trying to reach and reform drinking men, and he thought he would try to get him to come into the meeting. The man had not been into a meeting for twenty years. The last six months he had been studying the Gospel of John, and trying to prove that it ought not to be in the Bible, and he had settled it in his own mind that it ought not to be there. He went to the meeting and there he heard this hymn

sung—"Watching and Waiting," and he wondered if any one was watching and waiting for him. He went out of the meeting but he could not get "Watching and Waiting" out of his head. And he went to the hotel and ate his dinner, and all the time he kept saying to himself, "I wonder if anybody is watching and waiting for me," and when night came he went to sleep and he kept tossing on ight and finally he got up and knelt down by the be ed for the first time in his life. He prayed that Ch have mercy on him. He said, "Lord Jesus Christ, in Thy arms." And God heard him, and now he is o ery best workers we have. He was converted on the of October; we began on the first day. We left him d at work for Jesus, and I don't know how many souls d to Christ. I hope God will bless the singing of this hymn to-day to some skeptic who may have come in here.

When we pray let us ask, and expect that we are going to get what we ask for, and not only that, you would be very much annoyed if some one should wake you up at two or three o'clock in the morning and not want anything. I had a man come to my house at that hour, and he knocked and rang the bell, and kicked on the door so as to make the whole house tremble. I heard him then, and lifted up the window and inquired: "Who is there?" He told me his name, and I said: "What do you want?" "Oh," he said, "I was passing through Chicago and thought I would call and say how do you do?" I was very much provoked at the idea of getting out of bed at that hour to find a man who merely wanted to ask how I was. Now, my friends, we want to go to God and ask for something. Bear in mind, if it don't come by asking, we will seek until we find out why; and if it does not come by seeking, let us knock and keep knocking until the blessing comes. We have got an object to-day before us; I don't know of any meetings which touch my heart as these Friday meetings. I don't know of anything that takes hold of my sympathies and heart as those requests to-day. Think of the hundreds of homes that are dark and cheerless, and for the sake not only of these heartbroken wives and crushed

and wretched mothers and their little children, but for the sake of Christ, let us pray for these men that they may be reclaimed. There is a story told of a Governor in New Jersey, that he was sought by an Irish woman to release a man that was to be hung; she came day after day until he gave orders not to let her in his office, he could not be troubled any more with her; but one day he went into his office and she had got in there by some strategy, and she brought her ten children with her; the ten children fell on their knees and cried, "Governor, pardon my father," and the mother said, "For the sake of these ten children spare the life of my husband." It touched his heart and the life of her husband was spared. For the sake of these children and the bruised and broken-hearted mother, let us pray to the God of heaven to save the drunkard. Let us have faith to pray. Oh, my God, increase our faith. I received a letter yesterday, and as I read it I said, "What a godsend, it will do for our Friday meeting;" it has come to cheer the mothers of New England, and I wish it could be written in letters of gold so that every person's eyes, when they fell upon it, never would forget how this sister and mother prayed and at last the answer came.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, February 6, 1877.

Mr. Moody: For years my mother, who is now in heaven, and myself have been praying for a wayward son and brother who had given himself up to the demon of rum. Since my mother's death I have been keeping on praying. That is what I call knocking. I would that every drunkard had some sister that would keep on praying after his mother has gone down to her grave with a broken heart, or some friend that would not give him up—although I was not sure whether he was living or not. For eighteen years I have not seen his face. This winter I have prayed that he might be led by the providence of God to some of the religious meetings at the West, for if he was living I knew he was there; and with strong cries I have asked the Lord to take from him the appetite for rum. Now, dear brother, hear how the Lord has heard and blessed his soul and

mine. On the 27th or 28th day of November last—for he writes to me on New Year's day—he found himself, he knows not how he wandered there, at Chicago, and there went into one of your meetings and was impressed with the truths you spoke; he rose for prayer and went into the inquiry-room, and the Lord then and there took away his appetite for rum, and since then he has been resting on Jesu[illegible] Jesus's blood has washed his sins away. Oh, wonde[illegible] Oh, wonderful mercy! I write this to ask all [illegible]r [illegible]d sisters to keep on praying for their wander[illegible] [illegible]ones, and the dear Lord will hear their cries a[illegible] [illegible]petites from them, so long bound in chains, and when [illegible] our faith he will answer our prayers. My brother's [illegible]——.

Yours in Christ."

Thank God for a Gospel that goes down into the slums and picks up the wanderers and the prodigals. If there is a prodigal here, God loves you, young man. If your father and mother have cast you off, you have a friend who will never leave you, who sticketh closer than a brother, and will lift you up if you will call upon Him. O! may the God of all grace open your eyes to see the loving Saviour that is knocking at your heart to come in. And now while He is knocking and wanting to come in, O let him come in.

It was speedily found necessary to open inquiry meetings, as the gospel began to search the hearts of men, and workers were at first not over abundant, and a sermon was preached on the subject, in the course of which the evangelist said:

People have asked, "Who are the best to work in the inquiry room?" I answer, those that know the way. If I lost my way, and I asked a philosopher and he could not tell me, or a policeman and he could not tell me, any bootblack would be just the one, if he knew, to tell me. I would want to know the way, and if a man does not know the way he would not be any good to direct me. A man in London went to one of the fountains in the street that has a secret spring, but did not know how to operate it. Another man tried to help him find it, but he had

not been there before and he could not help him. By and by a little bootblack came up and put his thumb on the spring and the water came gushing out. He had been there, you see. You can tell a man how to get at the fountain of the water of life, if you know the way, and they may drink and have eternal life. And let us bear in mind that this work in Boston during the next three months, the real heart and marrow of the work, is to be done in the inquiry room. It is not to come out here and hear sermons and singing. We want doers of the Word. We want men to bring their Bibles with them, and all through the meetings to be on the look-out to see if a man is embarrassed, and if he is personally bowed down in sin, and to speak a few kind words to such, and to tell them how to look to Christ and be saved, and to pray with them; and that work shall be for eternity. It is a privilege that God gives us of winning souls to Christ in the next three months, because the Spirit of God is abroad, and that is the time to work when the minds of men are agitated. It is easy to get into conversation with men now. Never mind the meetings, get them to talk on personal questions; ask them if they will have Christ, and tell them of Christ. They may be mad, but it will keep rankling in their minds, and perhaps before they get it out of their hearts they will be saved. A man came into one of our meetings to whom I spoke, and he went off mad, and said he would never come in again. He said: What right has Mr. Moody to ask me that? It is none of his business. What right had he to put such a question as that to me?" Well, he went talking to a person who had been a very cold Christian, but she loved his soul, and she said: "I do not know, but I think it is a very proper and a very appropriate question."

The man went to bed, mad as he could be, and got a ticket next morning for the theatre to go that evening; but before night came he was around to the meeting again. He could not get that question out of his mind, "Are you a Christian?" He came into the inquiry room and he was converted. Let us ask the people that question, "Are you a Christian?" Let us come here, not to enjoy these meetings, but to get inquirers, and if we cannot get men into the inquiry room, let us speak with

them here, and, if need be, go home with them, and down to the man's house; have an inquiry meeting on the street, under the gas-lights, or in his place of business. To-day, in your Sabbath School class, in your church, your prayer-meeting, wherever you go and find a lost soul, talk to it, and try to win it to Christ. I have found for years that very few men get angry with you if you come to the right spirit. I have made it a rule for many years, and I find it a great help to me not to let a day pass without speaking to somebody about their soul, and that is keeping my own heart warm. Supposing every Christian here to-day should do that, how many would hear the Gospel during the year? Seven hundred and seventy-seven. I doubt whether there would be a man or woman in Boston who would not receive the question "Are you a Christian?" It seems to me that we make a great mistake if we do not do what we can to sow the seed and gather the harvest. There was a man condemned to be hung once, and many Christians were anxious to get in and talk to him about his soul. At last, the man said: "If these Christians had taken one-half the interest in me before I had committed this deed, I would not have to be hung." We want to take an interest in people to show that we love them. That we desire to take them to God, and if men find out that our motives are pure and that we have no selfish ends in view—why they will believe in us. They will see when we take an interest in them, and believe us when we tell them we are looking out for the welfare of their souls. They will believe we are their best friends, and are not doing anything to harm them, but to look after their souls' interest. And may God give us the heart for the work, and may we not be ashamed to own up that we do not know all spiritual things, but be willing to ask for our own information, and ask others, and pray for, and with one another, and may the Lord bless us.

We have pictures of the scenes that transpired in the inquiry meetings which are instructive as well as interesting:

The preacher, taking a chair at the side of the room, cast a rapid glance around the room and said, "Mr. Durant, tell these

young men how they can be saved." The gentleman thus adjured made a fervent appeal to his hearers to look to Jesus only; and scarcely had he taken his seat when Mr. Moody said, in his catechetical way, "Mr. Crooke, how do you know you are saved?" And that gentleman gave a reason for the faith that is in him. In rapid succession others were called upon to give their testimony; and then Mr. Moody said, looking at the crowd: "They are troubled about their feelings. Who can tell them that God's salvation is free?" Mr. Gordon spoke in a very interesting way of his experience, showing that all his strivings to "feel" as he thought other Christians should, only made his own burden heavier. At last he knelt down and said, "O Lord, I give it up;" and straightway he felt the rock of salvation underneath his feet. "What we want," said Mr. Gordon, "is a sober, common-sense, intelligent surrender of the soul to Christ." Then Mr. Moody got up in his usual impetuous way and said: "It's the hardest thing in the world to accept Christ, and yet it's the easiest thing. This seems a paradox, but it's true." Mr. Moody told a story of how a mother broke the will of her child, to show that it is man's will which prevents his acceptance of the Lord. "May God break to pieces your will, is my prayer to-night," said the evangelist. Then he remarked: "I should like to have a talk personally with each one of you. That will be better than speaking to you in this way." He looked around for the Christian workers, but they were not all present, through some misunderstanding regarding the meeting, and with characteristic energy Mr. Moody entered on the work himself, after Mr. Pentecost, Mr. Durant, Mr. Shute and a few others had spoken. "Why shouldn't you all accept Jesus to-night?" he asked; and turning to a young man at his side, he asked, "Won't you be a Christian?" "Not to-night," was the response. "I'm sorry, my brother," said Mr. Moody; and then, after a moment, he said, "We must pray for you. Mrs. E—— (turning to a lady near by), show him his need of a Saviour;" and the young man and Mrs. E. went to the committee-room near by and knelt in prayer. "*Now* I want you to take the Holy Spirit, now," said *Mr. Moody.* "*Don't* put it off;" and he told a story of a young

man in Chicago who was urged to become a Christian at one of the meetings. "Not now," he said to his friend. "I'll meet you next Tuesday," said he, naming the place, and he went off. His friend went to the place, but the man he sought had not arrived. Going out on the street he met a man who had been with his friend. "Did he come in town with you?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply, "but he came in his coffin. His body is at the express office." A sudden attack of disease had brought him to death unprepared. This story had of course its effect on the hearers; and then Mr. Moody asked all who had experienced religion that night to rise. About twenty rise, and are greeted with a happy smile and a hearty "God bless you" from the earnest evangelist. A very old man arose, and to him Mr. Moody was most cordial. "Did you bring him here?" he asked of the man next him. "Yes, sir." "Well you must nurse him and be a true friend to him." A little lad about twelve years arose. "That's good," said Mr. Moody, "'Suffer the children to come unto me,' said Jesus. The Gospel reaches all alike." And then three colored men arose, and the speaker gave all an encouraging word. Finally all who thought themselves Christians were asked to rise; and set to work with those who remained seated. Mr. Moody jumped over a chair or two to talk with an interested group about salvation, and his frank, open manner won the attention of all. "I should like to be saved," said one man, "but look at your professing Christians." Apparently Mr. Moody heard him, for he said: "Profession don't save a man. Many people profess what they don't believe, but that has nothing to do with salvation. Going to church and making a profession cannot save you. Jesus only can save. And when a man is really saved the fruits of righteousness will surely come. If a man is envious, or a backbiter, or a slanderer, he is not saved. By men's fruits ye shall know them."

Again: when all the doors were finally closed and stillness reigned, Mr. Moody came in softly, took his place in front of the inquirers, and asked all to bow their heads in prayer. After a fervent prayer, Mr. Moody said that he thought that all

assembled should read and carefully consider the truths contained in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. My friends, continued Mr. Moody, in his earnest manner, you will ever find great comfort and joy in the second and third chapters of John. But we are not here this evening to stare at each other; we are here to inquire about our own sins; we are here to-night that we may get nearer to Christ. So I shall put the workers after the inquirers, and the latter must be very hard sinners if they go out of this room to-night unsaved. Mr. Moody then selected an inquirer and a worker, and escorted them into inquiry room No. 2, where the inquirer was asked the usual questions about his religious state. In a few moments other workers and inquirers joined the first couple in this room, Mr. Moody, meanwhile, being earnestly engaged in endeavoring to lead the inquirers in the large room to the light. To each lady or gentleman whom he approached, Mr. Moody asked, "Are you a Christian?" and if the answer was in the affirmative, the evangelist would pass on to the next inquirer. The moment a person hesitated at the customary question, "Are you a Christian?" Mr. Moody would take him into one corner of the room, and there pray fervently for him. All the Christian workers seemed to be in requisition, and if any of them chanced to be unemployed for a moment, Mr. Moody would find some new inquirer, and the work would thus begin again. One young man, scarcely twenty years of age, was seated in one part of the room engaged in a lively conversation with a worker who was endeavoring to convince him on certain passages which he doubted in the Bible. "You can't make me believe it," said the young man, apparently oblivious to all entreaty, "You may continue to talk until doomsday, and you won't convince me." The worker persisted, however, but with what success could not be determined. In another part of the room, a middle-aged and evidently hard-working man was seated. He was apparently slightly under the influence of liquor, but he seemed to realize for what particular purpose the meeting was assembled. Every now and then he would put his hand to his face and cry, *and, finally, unable* to contain his grief any longer, he made a

confession of his sins to a gentleman who sat beside him. After his long story was told, the man said in a deprecatory tone, "I know that it isn't any use; I am too wicked to have Christ receive me; I know He won't do that. I am in the habit of drinking every day of my life, and get drunk and swear. I have come to these meetings," continued the man, gesticulating with his hands, "now nine ti[illegible]nd I thought that Christ held me in His arms at one[illegible]ut I found I was in the devil's arms. Mr. Moody w[illegible]e to me to-night, because I have on ragged clothes," further c[illegible]nplained the man. "Oh, yes, he will; he never thinks of [illegible]hes," said his companion pleasantly; and shortly after[illegible]. Moody came over to the man in question, grasped him [illegible]ly by the hand, and said that he had prayed for him the [illegible]ay he rose in meeting and asked for prayers. The man, in spite of Mr. Moody's earnest appeals, could not be made to believe that God would receive him just as he was, and so special prayers were made for him. The Rev. Dr. Webb then offered prayer, Mr. Moody immediately following in one of his characteristic appeals to Christ. In concluding the meeting, Mr. Moody urged all to go from the room as Christians. Those who have not accepted Christ to-night, may do so to-morrow night; but, my friends, said Mr. Moody, don't merely *try* to accept Christ, but *accept* Him.

Again: the scene in the inquiry rooms was thrilling and hardly to be described. In one part of the room was a boy infidel, hotly declaring that he won't believe, though he should be reasoned with all night. Opposite was a middle-aged man, old and broken down with excesses, lamenting his wretched career and despairing of God's mercy. All around were men and women of every condition in life, with whom those fleeting moments might be an eternal crisis. A group of six young ladies were addressed with the question, whether any were ready to accept Christ at once. One signified she was ready, and kneeling with Mr. Gordon in prayer said, 'I do here give myself to Jesus the Saviour, and accept him as mine.' As they rose the second young lady expressed her wish to be a Christian from that moment, and while they knelt in a prayer of

consecration the third and fourth young ladies surrendered themselves to Jesus and began persuading the fifth, who likewise gave herself to Jesus; and five of the six went forth rejoicing in having found the Saviour. Another young lady burdened and sorrowing for sin was directed to the all-sufficient and waiting Saviour, and believing, in a moment her sorrow was turned into joy. At a suggestion, looking around the room and seeing one with bowed head weeping, as she had sat the moment before, this new disciple rose up with radiant face and went to the burdened one, seeking to point out the way of life. One of the workers leaving the inquiry-room was called to by one whom he knew, and who was greatly distressed for his soul. In a few words he was pointed to Jesus, and believing found life in his name. It seems that many are simply waiting for some Simon or Philip to bring them to Jesus. Pastors find in these inquiry-meetings persons they have long been praying for, and here they are converted and saved.

These division meetings are in themselves solemnly suggestive. A day of final separation approaches. In each division were persons of all ages and conditions—though the majority were young. A man over seventy, grey-haired, wrinkled and bent, who has just given testimony of what the Lord has lately done for him, converses on the way to the prayer-room with two youths under twenty, and all praise the Lord together for their deliverance from sin and Satan. Following these a group of men engage to pray for those just then seeking Jesus beneath the same roof. Four young sisters, while rejoicing for themselves, hasten to ask prayers for absent unconverted friends. Several go by themselves and pour out their hearts in silent prayer, before joining the new assembly.

Meanwhile above, every one seeing the hundreds who have presented themselves as inquirers, must feel that the work is only begun. It is a place where angels tread softly. To whom shall it be an hour of salvation? The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Some are even on the threshold of the kingdom; a few words of counsel, a simple prayer, prevails; they make a complete surrender, and receive joy and gladness, and sorrow and

sighing shall flee away. Others cling to their burdens and toil up the Hill Difficulty; some are fast in the slough of Despond; some have put up at Mr. Legality's without any knowledge of where they are. The least hopeful class are debaters, concerned with the problem of original sin, requiring to have reconciled the doctrines of predestination and human free agency, before they will [illegible]ians; yet every day some such, as of all grades [illegible]s and infidels, disappoint Satan by exercising the[illegible] in getting rid of personal sin at the foot of the cross.

What wonder the cry [illegible] the hearts of the workers, "Who is sufficient fo[illegible]?" With the open New Testament in their ha[illegible] "to the Word and to the testimony," God giving them [illegible]d signal victories. Here stands a well-known clergyman, armed with this sword of the Spirit, with seven men forming a circle, his audience. Soon one, and another, and another, says, "I believe;" and the fourth says "I also receive into my heart, that Jesus is the propitiation for my sins—*because God says so.*" "Let us thank God." The minister falls on his knees, the unbroken circle with him, and the language of prayer is this: "We thank Thee, O our Heavenly Father, for the *sure foundation* we have in Thy holy Word. If *we* were lost, that would be of comparatively small consequence; but if for once God were to break his word, the universe would be engulfed in despair. Blessed be Thou that this word has never failed, can never fail, and that on it our souls do rest secure."

A young man of unusually large size, who has recently been converted, was trying to learn to read, and his teacher was one of "the workers" known by the doubly appropriate name of "Little Happy." She was teaching him the alphabet out of a Bible, which he now wishes to be able to study for himself.

Mr. Moody is Christ-like in reference to children. The "suffer little children to come," is tenderly reiterated on all occasions, nor does the effort to bring them end in words. The children's meetings, inaugurated early in the revival, have been continued, and if other meetings have attracted more attention,

yet none have been of greater interest. Many a bright, young face of boy or girl is seen among the young converts, many a childish voice tells sweetly of the love of Jesus. The simplicity and confidence of these child converts is exceedingly precious to see and hear, an example, it seems to us, to a multitude of older Christians who "are trying" to be on the Lord's side, who "hope," who "trust," they are so either clouded with doubts all their lives, or deeming it presumptuous to *know* whom they have believed. These little ones, when asked if they are Christians, answer lovingly, "Yes." They would as soon be in doubt about loving their parents or the baby in the cradle at home, as about loving the dear Saviour. It may be that the influence of the Moody and Sankey meetings on the children in and around Boston, will be last to be effaced.

The other evening a girl of fourteen, who had found the Saviour a week before, asked one of the workers to pray with her young friend who wanted to become a Christian. "Why not *you* pray with her?" he asked. She looked a little startled at the proposition, but the other, giving her no time to hesitate, gently urged her to the duty—"Come, now, take your little friend to the gallery and pray with her, and then come back to me." The faithful little beginner obeyed, took her friend by the hand and disappeared. It was three-quarters of an hour before they returned with the glad news that another had been able to see how to come to Jesus and had given her young heart to Him. A girl of thirteen, living in a distant town, read in a newspaper, a sermon by Mr. Moody, on the blood of Jesus that cleanses from all sin—one of the first preached here. Shortly after, a dear friend of hers came to Boston, and the child wrote her to say she had been converted by reading that sermon, but had not ventured to say so at the time, nor until she remembered that Jesus says, "He that is ashamed to confess me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and the holy angels." A child only eight, in a suburban town, was known to go by herself and weep. She had lately lost a beloved grandfather, and believing her sorrow was for him, the friends tried to comfort her with the thought that dear grandpa

was not dead and in the grave, but gone to heaven. She said she knew that, and was only anxious to be a Christian, like her grandpa. She was not too young to believe in Jesus, and now she is one of the happiest lambs in the fold. We asked a lad in the inquiry room, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," he said, with a face all aglow—"just begun to-night." "Have you a mother, and is she a Christian?" "Yes, she is living in N——; I shall write and tell her, and O, how glad she will be." He then ran after the person who had shown him the way of salvation, and said, "I've a brother; now let us go for my brother." Truly the circle of converted boys widening day by day,—boys soon to take their places in active life—is a most gracious result of the Tabernacle work. Mr. Moody's little Willie and Emma often sit by him while he preaches; Master Harry Sankey is among the workers in the boys' meeting.

Hundreds of boys are to be found every evening in places of temptation in the city. They may be seen in saloons, in billiard rooms, in theatres and places of low amusement; and the newspapers have but little to say about it. But Mr. Moody has meetings for boys on certain evenings, and the secular and certain religious sheets, also, are greatly exercised on this account. "It would be better for them (the boys) to be at home," it is sagely said; and "they are too young to be troubled with anxiety about their souls." Now, it is more than possible that all the counsels given to these little fellows in the revival meetings are not of the most judicious character; it is probable that in many instances the religious emotions manifested will be evanescent; and we can readily believe that some of the little men speak ridiculously when invited to talk, take airs upon themselves, and remark about what they do not clearly understand. But we are sure that none of them will become gamblers or drunkards, or be tempted to acts of fraud, or be rendered disobedient, or acquire a disrelish for anything that is true and noble and good, at the Tabernacle. And we are also quite as confident that many will begin a real life of Christian faith and service; they will enter with higher motives upon their studies and chosen business, and be better, more

useful and happier men, for the prayer-meetings they are now permitted to enjoy. Besides, the Lord Jesus has expressed His will about these little fellows, and it is certainly safe to obey it: "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid it not!"

"My boy came out clearly last night and bore testimony to the forgiveness of sins," said the editor of a leading Boston daily to us, last week. If he had fallen heir to $50,000 he could not have exhibited more emotion or gratification.

Rev. William B. Wright said men often failed to comprehend what may be accomplished by simply doing duty. In one of the meetings in Boston, a merchant, quite prominent on the street, said he had been considering whether it was not his duty to come out on the Lord's side, and he did it. He thought it was going to be a very hard thing, but he did not find it so. That night he went home and told his wife he had given himself to Christ, and asked her to kneel and pray with him. The result was, that next day they were rejoicing in Christ together. The next day he met a man belonging to the same club with him, a merchant on the same street, and he went over and spoke to him, and that man came to Christ. He in turn went home and told his wife, and she was converted. In the family of the first merchant, was a seamstress, and the second day after their conversion, the husband and wife invited her to be present at family prayers; she was greatly surprised, tears came to her eyes, she knelt with them, and there surrendered herself to Christ. That was not all. A bookkeeper in the office of one of these merchants was in a fair way to ruin himself with dissipation; his employer spoke to him kindly, and that man is testifying for Christ. Nor is that all. Only a day or two after that, a sea captain came to the speaker and asked prayers for himself. He had had convictions ever since his wife died—however long that might have been—and he said that when he saw his cousin converted,—naming this same first merchant,—he felt he could stand it no longer. He got down on his knees and began to pray, and the Lord blessed and bade him be of good cheer.

A man whose face bore the ravages of dissipation, rose and

said he had struggled for weeks against a terrible appetite, but the Lord had made him conqueror, and now there wasn't a happier man in Boston. Mr. Moody: I think you had better tell them what bound you, because it may set some poor captive free. The convert: It was opium. I had a loving wife, lovely children, a kind father and [illegible] but no power on earth could make me break off the hab[illegible]g but the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. Another n[illegible]e had held a position for fourteen years in the Cu[illegible] but had lost it by his own fault. He had tried ten[illegible]cieties, had been placed in different asylums, but not[illegible] save him from the curse of strong drink, until he trie[illegible] Jesus Christ. He would say he had experienced t[illegible] of his Lord and Saviour. Mr. Moody: Didn't you use [illegible]e in it? Convert: No sir, I didn't. Having been brought up a Unitarian, I had no conception of it, but now it animates my whole soul. Mr. Moody: Is there any change in your life? Answer: A perfect change. My children noticed and questioned their mother about it. Now I have family prayers, read and study the Bible. I was morose, a miserable misanthrope. One of the influences that brought me to Christ, was those sweet hymns, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," and "I need Thee every hour." Why shouldn't I find this dear friend Jesus? Thank God, I have found Him, and I am happy, oh, so happy. A gentleman on the platform said that a friend of the person who had last spoken, who was a Unitarian, told him if Mr. Moody had reformed this one man only, it would fully justify all the expense of erecting and supporting the Tabernacle. Many similar testimonies were given, and near the close of the meeting, twenty-five persons rose for prayer.

Mr. Sankey.

It is but just to say that the preacher could not do without the singer. The hymns of Mr. Sankey, in sentiment and even more in their rendering, are splendid illustrations of the various themes set forth by Mr. Moody. If there is any perfection of listening beyond that bestowed on Mr. Moody's discourses, it

follows at the close, with the announcement that "Mr. Sankey will now sing a solo." Six thousand persons seem transformed to statues. We hope the choirs, with their leader, Dr. Tourjee, have the reward of knowing what an important adjunct they are to the services of the Tabernacle. Sitting near them, one distinguishes voices of a high order. Performing "Happy Day" last Thursday, Dr. Tourjee, after the first verse, said to the congregation by way of interlude, "Please put all the happiness into the chorus that you can." The sweet singer who ceased for earth at Ashtabula, lives in his hymns that daily resound through the Tabernacle. A day or two since, a lady, one of the many strangers, solitary, and with the shadow of some great sorrow on her face, sat just back of the evangelists, between the clergy on their left and the choir on their right—sat silent, if not indifferent, through the opening hymns, like one whose lips have never been attuned to song—till in turn came that always electrifying hymn, by Mr. Bliss, "Hold the Fort." The first notes of the air from the organ, sent a visible thrill through her frame, her countenance glowed, and she threw in her voice with the choir in a grandly melodious soprano, such as is rarely heard.

Mr. Sankey's voice is considerably broken, and if the success of his singing depended on purely artistic effects instead of its dramatic power and the influence of the Holy Ghost, he would hardly hold his fort or continue to be armor-bearer to Mr. Moody. He realizes this himself, speaks humbly though not despondingly of his "worn-out" voice, and has asked special prayer that God may use the "broken vessel" for his glory. The effectiveness of his singing is not in the least abated. People sometimes smile at his high notes, but there is no such hush upon that great congregation, and no such signs of emotion as when he is searching hearts with his recitative renderings of the gospel. And many a message of Mr. Moody would be but as the tracing of a pencil upon a stone were it not for the power with which his after-song eats into the heart and conscience.

The two evangelists work in beautiful harmony with each other. Mr. Sankey is one of the most earnest listeners, appa-

rently, in the audience, to Mr. Moody. He has heard him on hundreds of occasions; he has listened often to the same illustrations; but we noticed that he was affected to tears, and followed every sentence of the discourse with unbroken attention. His simple prayers before he sings, for God's blessing upon the worship in song, and his soulful and tender strains show how truly he is a help-meet [illegible]-worker, and how heartily he enters himself into the [illegible] service.

Mr. Sankey, being call[illegible]ng a solo, said that a lady had given him a thought in[illegible] the well of living waters. Some people, she said, see[illegible]t once to those with whom they talk that which helps [illegible]orts them while others are unable to do so. She told [illegible]when a little girl she had a garden, which, despite good [illegible]continual watering, did not flourish. Her mother asked her about her flowers, and was told that they did not grow. Her mother soon learned the reason. She had drawn the water from a cold spring when she should have taken it from some sunlit place. So it is when we try to give to people the "water of life." If we give it out from cold hearts it will chill rather than invigorate.

He was entirely free from the hoarseness which has at times troubled him on our bleak coast—he never sang better, his voice ringing through the vast space like a silver bell.

Mr. Sankey prefaced the hymn of which the following stanza is the first, with the statement that a young girl in Edinburgh was led by it to give her heart to Christ. Soon after, she was the victim of a railroad accident, and died, saying, "For me," "for me."

There is a gate that stands ajar,
And, through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross, afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

Refrain: O, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

It would be an imperfect rehearsal of the salient facts of the

revival not to mention, and most prominently, the singing of gospel hymns under the conduct of Mr. Sankey, the modern sweet singer, or rather, sweet and mighty singer of Israel. His solos have been, here as elsewhere, most wonderfully used of God.

Systematic Visitation.

During the long agony of suspense caused by the unsettled question of the Presidency, there was a lull in the interest first awakened by the Tabernacle meetings. It was then that Mr. Moody displayed the tact and generalship for which he is famous. He instituted a plan for visiting people at their houses and places of business and resort, to compel them to come in. And it proved a grand success.

Sampson & Davenport, publishers of the city directory, were requested to divide the two thousand streets and lanes of this city into one hundred and ten districts, grouped about the one hundred and ten evangelical churches and chapels of the city. These churches were then requested to appoint visitors to canvass the districts, and ascertain the religious condition of the seventy thousand families within the city limits. Ninety of the churches responded, and eighteen hundred visitors were sent into the field, the picked men and women of the city, comprising some of its best business talent.

The visitation extended to the saloons, stables, houses of vice, everywhere that admittance could be obtained.

Says one: The reports that come in are most encouraging. The visitors are almost uniformly received with kindness. They find every where traces of the revival. Liquor dealers frankly confess that their sales have diminished. Converts are found in the most unlikely places. Fallen women have been rescued. Impressions for good have been deepened, and hundreds brought into religious meetings and under spiritual guidance. The City Missionary reports large increase of interest and attendance at all the mission stations. In one chapel, as many as two hundred of the lowest women have been present at a single meeting. One visitor reports fifteen cases of religious interest in her sub-district. This awakening seems to differ

from most others, in the fact of its prevalence mainly among the *men*. One of the Cambridge pastors reports that it is "making a clean sweep," in his part of the city, of the class known as "moral men," who have heretofore disclaimed any need of an atoning Saviour. Old men, who have seen many seasons of revival, say they never knew anything like the work which is now going on in C

The Tabernacle seed-pod h ed and burst, and out of its scattered seeds a dozen s and fruitful centres of revival effort have sprung u des the daily meetings in Tremont Temple and in South on, East Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, Chelsea, an ghlands, there are several noon meetings for business hese multiply so rapidly that one can hardly keep track of th n, each "business" wanting one for itself. The dry-goods men, the grocers, the marketmen, the fish-mongers, the furniture dealers, the boot and shoe dealers, have each one or more meetings. They spring up spontaneously, and with no pressure, and for the most part without the knowledge of Mr. Moody. To give his own account of it: "A man came to me yesterday afternoon and said: 'Have you heard that there has been a prayer-meeting of wholesale grocerymen?' 'No,' I said. 'Didn't you appoint it?' 'No.' I learned afterwards that as a business man was going down to his office he was approached by an unconverted man, who asked him if there was going to be a prayer-meeting near his place of business. The idea of holding a meeting occurred to him then for the first time; a place was at once secured, and notices sent around, and at twelve o'clock there were over two hundred grocers praying in Boston." It recalls those days of separate consciousness and activity which distinguished the trades-guilds in the old Dutch and Flemish cities in the Middle Ages. They made those towns, Bruges and Ghent and Antwerp, the queens of commerce and of wealth. May we not expect that these sacred guilds of merchant-men seeking the pearl of great price, shall set Boston in the same imperial place in the forefront of the religious world which she has occupied in the sphere of thought and culture.

These meetings bring together each day probably five thousand men, and those from the busiest classes in the busiest hours. The meetings of market-men are peculiarly interesting as well as of extraordinary power. They crowd in by hundreds just as they leave their stalls, in their smock-frocks and overalls. There is an air of intense reality and practicalness about worship and the pursuit of salvation under such circumstances. A large part of the meeting is occupied by the plain, blunt testimonies of those who have laid their humble and believing hands upon God's sacrificial Lamb, and by requests for prayer. Some of the leading men in this business have been converted, as well as many of those who have been the roughest and most profane. The most notable, because most unexpected, accession to this list of meetings was one organized yesterday by "newspaper men," that is to say, for publishers, writers and printers. In the establishment of one of our leading journals, answering in name, type, and general character to the *New York Herald*, there have been two marked conversions. As a result of the revival, a notice has been posted over the "advertising bureau" of one of our dailies, that no advertisements of a dubious character will henceforth be received. All these movements are independent of the Tabernacle services, and would now go forward whether those services were held or not. It is already assured that the departure of the evangelists in May (which is now their reconsidered announcement) will hardly cause a ripple in the onward wave of revival activities. This month of April is confidently expected to be the greatest month in all the spiritual calendar of Boston. Said Mr. Moody on Sunday: "I don't think there will be another month perhaps in your day or mine when we can accomplish so much for God as in the next thirty days in Boston. I was converted twenty-two years ago, and have lived in cities most of the time since then, and let me say I never saw such a time as I am seeing to-day. I stand almost in wonder and amazement at what is being done. It seems to me as if God had come and taken right hold of this movement Himself."

An address to the churches of New England was adopted by

the ministers' meeting. It goes forth signed in their behalf by Mr. Moody. It begins by saying: "We are filled with wonder, joy, and gratitude in view of the awakening among all classes of men in Boston. None of the meetings in Great Britain or in this country have been crowned with such remarkable success." It suggests an "alliance" for concerted evangelistic effort which shall include every ch[illegible] sympathy with such work throughout New England. I[illegible]mends at least two weeks of daily meetings, beginning [illegible]unday, April 8th, and the observance of April 12th ([illegible]the State Fast-day in Massachusetts), as a day of [illegible]n and prayer for all the churches in the alliance.

Mr. Moody is now su[illegible]g twenty-two meetings a day. The noon meetings co[illegible]o deepen in interest. So great has been their success, in connection with the other work, that Mr. Moody lately remarked that he felt no more anxiety; he felt like just standing aside and seeing the Lord work. At the Tremont Temple meeting on Thursday, Messrs. Moody and Sankey were both present. The case was mentioned of a judge in one of the city courts, who having failed twice to get into the Tabernacle, on account of the crowds, joined the choir in order to obtain a singer's ticket. Within a day or two he was converted, and has since led several others to Christ. As many as two hundred rose when Mr. Moody asked an expression from those who had been recently blessed in their families, their parishes, or in their own conversion. Forty or more rose for prayers. It is a touching sight to me to see men of the class and standing collected in these meetings rise to be prayed for.

Interesting facts are reported from all the meetings. Two partners in a grocers' firm, well known in trade, have been connected with the congregation of Rev. Mr. Savage. The senior of the firm was present lately at one of the noon meetings. He remained to the inquiry meeting. Mr. Moody spoke with him. In response, he frankly said he didn't know about himself. He had no particular interest in religion. In a brief, simple way Mr. Moody explained to him the plan of salvation. "Why," said he, "I never heard anything of that kind before."

"Wouldn't you like to kneel right here," Mr. Moody said, "and pray with me that your sins may be forgiven?" The two knelt, and after Mr. Moody had prayed the gentleman fervently prayed for himself: "God be merciful to me a sinner." They rose, and at once, and with an expression of joyful surprise, he exclaimed: "This is something that I can not understand. But I feel entirely different. A great load is gone. I am a new man." He called at once to his partner, who was standing a little distance away, in amazement surveying the strange scene: "Come here, Josh," he said: "I've been converted. If you do as I did, you can be converted too." The partner was soon persuaded. He knelt. He offered the same prayer. He too rose a new man. The next day both of them gave their testimony at the grocers' meeting.

Among the interesting new meetings was one for members of the press. The first meeting, presided over by the leading editor of the Boston *Journal*, was attended by a hundred and twenty persons, embracing representatives of almost all the papers, among whom there were several newly-converted men, whose sudden abandonment of old habits produced a deep impression upon their associates.

One of them spoke of an acquaintance in the office where he himself was employed, whom he described as a man versed in all kinds of learning, ancient and modern, but ignorant of the Christian Scriptures. He had simply neglected them, believing them to be a collection of writings in which a scholar could take no interest. Lately, he had commenced reading them, and was not only fascinated, but profoundly affected, by what he had discovered, and could not express his wonder that he had never examined the book before.

Now to our mind, the distinguishing characteristic of these prayers that have been so wonderfully answered in connection with the Tabernacle meetings, has been that they were prompted by the Holy Spirit. The random prayers have not been thus answered. The random workers have not been thus rewarded. But those workers who have tried to be raised into that higher realm of the Spirit, and then in their prayers and efforts have studied

to follow the Spirit's direction,—these have been the persons in whom we have witnessed the remarkable answers to prayer.

To illustrate: A young man from a neighboring city attended one of the noon meetings at the Tabernacle last week. He entered into its spirit. He aspired to help some of those who were evidently enslaved by appetite. He saw, a third of the way across the room, a young man, a stranger to him, but who appeared to be in a mental struggle. He approached him—soon learned his story—he had become degraded by drink, had consequently lost a position with a salary of three thousand a year, was almost in despair, and that very morning had failed in an attempt at suicide. Now the point is, that the two persons were found to have had a similar experience. The first one had, several years before, conquered just such an appetite as this through the grace of God, and remained steadfast through that same grace. Hence he was able to sympathize with his new made acquaintance, to assure him of divine help, and in an important sense to lead him to the Rock. Prayer was proposed. They both knelt. A few minutes' conversation followed. Hope and light had begun to dawn. The two men exchanged addresses, and parted. A week afterwards we were shown a brief letter from the young man who had sought divine help, in which he told in warm, breathing words of his hope in Christ, of his assurance that the Spirit helped his infirmity, and of his purpose to continue in the new way.

We believe that it was the Holy Spirit that sent one of these two men to help the other, and that the result was due to obeying that Spirit. See how well calculated the first person was to help the other. If he had simply tried to help people at random, as he came to them in the Tabernacle, we do not believe that any such result would have followed.

A gentleman profoundly moved by the revival, strove to ascertain the secret of its power:

Those soundings which I took were deep sea soundings, too deep to touch bottom at all, for God is there. It is nothing more nor less than what he himself calls "Holy-Ghost power,"



a something which is not to be confounded with any other work of the Holy Ghost. A man may be regenerated, may be sanctified, may be filled with all peace and consolation, may even be inspired, and yet he may not have this power for service and for saving men. This is a gift quite as much as a grace, and a special gift which is received only as one receives the faith to take it, and as one succeeds in sinking out of himself that God may fill the void and work unhindered through him. Such, at least, is Mr. Moody's theory; and on no other theory can Moody himself be explained. A power, which is not himself, accompanies him. He knows its ebb and flow by the effect upon others quite as much as by his own consciousness. The experience of years and of all sorts of differing situations has shown him that the tides are no more subject to the rhythmic pulses of the moon than is this success in winning souls conditioned upon and proportioned to the complete possession of his own soul by the power of God's Spirit. It makes him mighty in prayer. I never heard any one pray as he does, so pleadingly and yet with such childlike expectancy. There is nothing crushing about the burden which he bears to God, but it stills his heart and hushes his tones and draws him into an intenser sympathy with the Saviour of sinners, and drives him with a perfect love that casts out fear into an asking which has no thought of the Father's refusal. He exhibits a concentration of mind and purpose so intense, that it makes him preternaturally observant and present-minded. He is so poised, that there is absolute repose of manner. The power within jars not the engine itself, but acts only on the work to which it is set. His faith is so fixed on God, that he is never anxious, neither "makes haste," neither feels that the end is forfeited because the means are unhinged or wanting. Like the calm sea, this power is far below the surface—in the undertow. And it reveals itself to my ear by a sea-like undertone, in all his speech. Though artlessly and unconsciously so, his voice is the most sympathetic I ever heard. There are tears in every tone. Behind is the sorrow of the sea, the sob of a mother-heart, the tender trouble of a soul that looks down from the bosom of Him

who wept over Jerusalem. His is the passion which becomes power, because repressed.

Joseph Cook's analysis is this: The secret of Mr. Moody's great usefulness is in a combination of three things—his total and immeasurably glad self-surrender to God; his fervid oratory, alive in every part with biblical truth; practical sagacity and fathomlessly genuine conse onscience, and his most uncommon good-sense in orga. religious effort in those forms which bring the conve the unconverted face to face in conversation, biblical su prayer.

In further illustration of the we quote from one who says: And now he comes in, s rapidly, looking quickly about him, and taking in the wh ation at a glance. The newspapers of Boston have discovered his remarkable resemblance to General Grant. He certainly bears this likeness in his person, and not less in some of those qualities of decision, self-reliance and perseverance which distinguished the captor of Richmond. I would he might stand before President Grant as Paul before Agrippa, and that our late Chief-magistrate were altogether such as he is in the "secret man of the heart." Moody is certainly a general, in every inch of him. He sees everything, hears everything, directs everything, impresses everything with his personality and force. Nothing occurring in his meetings has ever thrown him off his balance, or failed to be wrested to his advantage.

In the ministers' meetings, good brethren will sometimes indulge in scraps of sermons and speculation, but he always brings the meeting back to the strategetic point without offending the erring brother. For instance, an enthusiastic minister went off into an eloquent disquisition, wherein he showed how God had wrought in the Church by great eras, such as the Reformation, the Wesleyan revival, etc., and expressed his conviction that we had now reached another great era. Mr. Moody, who had got the ministers together solely that they might get their own hearts right before God, struck in with his marvelous forcible-kindliness of manner, with the remark, "We have switched off the track, brethren; what we want is a new era in our own souls; we have

nothing now to do with others; let us see to it that the epoch of reformation and revival has come to you and me." The ministers' meetings are the most powerful meetings for reality, humbleness of heart, frank confession and practical intensity, that it was ever my privilege to attend. He always reads a portion of Scripture, with more or less of racy and vivid comment. These selections are usually incidents of Scripture narrative, and constitute the theme of his discourse. His greatest gift of speech is that of a story-teller. His imagination is homely but intense, so that he translates his hearers to the very scene. This curious way of dressing up the first century in the habiliments of the nineteenth, and transporting Jerusalem to Tremont street, Boston, may be the despair of archæologists, but is exceedingly graphic, and brings home the truth with wondrous power. People are amazed at such popular success in a man of so little learning and culture, but the fact is that herein is his great vantage-ground. He is fettered by no embarrassments arising from cultured tastes or exact learning, nor by the consciousness of these in his hearers. The common people hear him gladly, as one of themselves, and the cultured and learned are disarmed of their fastidiousness and thrown off from their critical attitude. He makes up for want of polish by intense *point*. As I look down upon the sea of faces, I perceive that everything "tells." There is not a particle of "padding" in his talks. His sermon is not one long, keen, glittering lance, but a homiletic porcupine, bristling with points and shooting forth one at every sentence. Everybody feels, too, that this man "means business." His manner of speaking, as well as his way of putting things, constantly reminds me of an auctioneer, offering the pearl of great price to eager bidders. The same rapid, loud, incisive tones, the same driving straight to his object, the same mingling of the imperative and the pleading, the same watchfulness of signs and indications in his auditors.

What a physique God has given him! One day, for instance, he conducted five meetings, preaching three times long discourses, besides constant conversation with inquirers and others. Rough and swarthy, and with the general cut and build of a

Morrissey, yet with a power of gentleness, and a depth of repressed emotion, which are like the sweetness stored within the rugged rind of tropical fruits. I have sat and watched his face while speaking. I think I never saw so soft and gentle an eye as that which is sunk in the depths of that dark and homely face. It is liquid and limpid with a perpetual and profound love. It expresses, no less, the shaded and shrinking light of a reverent spirit, always in godly awe of the divine glories upon which it looks. No one can interpret the man or the manner who is not near enough to look into the mirror of that Galilean lake, as it lies under the shadowed light of the Master's presence.

Notable Conversions.

There may be much wisdom exhibited in the managing of these immense meetings, and many observable signs of power and adaptation to the work; but after all, it is not possible to account for the results if we leave the supernatural element out of the question. God is pleased to, and does, work with them; so the blind receive their sight, intemperate lepers are healed, the lame walk, the dead live, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Said Mr. Moody: Business men are waking up and sending up prayers to the Son of God. These are the days of which the Scriptures prophesy. We are living in the days of the Son of God. Now, while the spirit of God is abroad and men are inquiring what these things mean, shall we not be up and doing? "If you follow me ye shall be fishers of men." Last Friday night a man came into the inquiry-room and told me that he had cursed me, and I said, "Why, what did you curse me for?" Well, he said he had been separated from his wife, and he had not seen her for some time, but that he met her the other night and she had asked him to come to the Tabernacle, and he cursed her and he cursed me. He cursed me and said I was a great fraud, and then he continued, "I was going up Tremont Street and I had no intention of coming in here, but I was drawn by some unseen power. God met me and gave me a new heart." This morning that man was

here with his wife, and a happier couple you could not see in al. Boston. Saved! saved by that woman's going for him. There are many that can be saved and we have got to seek them out. It is time for us to be in the harvest field; the crops are already white. Blessed time. I am going to ask General Swift to tell us what the Lord has done for his soul. General Swift then stepped forward and spoke as follows: Whatever I can do in speaking will be by telling my story as briefly and plainly as I can. I never doubted the existence of God. Since I came to observe things, the rising and the setting sun, and the sea and the sky and all the marvel of the seasons, have been proof to me that there must be a Supreme Being that was the cause of all life and the source of all truth, but as for any dependence upon that Being, any communion with Him, and trusting Him, I was as absolutely indifferent as a savage or a pagan. But while living in this world many years and living like the world, my father and my mother and my wife and my sisters and many friends were pouring their prayers into heaven and pleading there for me, and their prayers were heard and I became intellectually convinced that there was nothing to a human being of such concern to him as the welfare of his own soul. I knew well enough that I had had evil and good put before me, and that I had deliberately chosen the evil and that there stood against me a sum of sin. There it stood—the fact could not be denied: no shoddy metaphysics, no fancy logic, no trick of reason could delude me with the idea that I could forgive my own sin. I was too sensible for that, and I anxiously looked into the Bible for help, and I found that if that book didn't understand anything else in the world it understood the nature and the condition and the wants of my soul with unerring accuracy. I saw I wanted a new nature if any man did, and I found that I and all other men could accept the plan of salvation provided by the wisdom and the love of God, and obtain a new heart and live in Him and for Him, or I and all other men could reject that plan, and we could have our old natures and live without Him here and for hereafter. I chose deliberately to give myself up to that Saviour who by the passion of the cross had

given Himself to death for me. I chose, I say, to do this, but I determined at first to do it all alone by myself, very quietly in the silence of my own chamber, with no one but Almighty God as my confidant. One Sunday evening, altogether beyond any arrangement of mine, without the slightest intention of so doing, and now it seems to me guided by the hand of the power above me, I was led into the Tabern.. on't know how Mr. Moody knew I was there, but he did. r spoke to him in my life till this noon, and yet he evi up that sermon expressly for me, because every sente ke a rifle shot, went to my heart; it was the sermon up ecious Will," and the main scene was "Whosoever will fe before men, him will I confess before My Father in " Ah, those words "Confess before men" rang in my e seemed like a bolt coming from the skies with the light of the throne upon them, and I did confess before men. I told my story with the weakest knees I ever had in my life, but there came to me that consciousness, which is the only test of spiritual knowledge, that pardon and help from God had come to me; and I stand here these few minutes in the centre of this city as one of the later witnesses, and my testimony, like all the martyrs and all the believers that in song and prayer have told of the unspeakable worth of salvation, is but one more witness. There are men here, many of them, that know me. They know what I say now to be true, that I have shared in this city I love, as many social and as many public occasions as any man in it, on land or on sea. I have mingled in scenes of festivities, and Boston has no pleasure, not a pleasure, untasted by me. I know it through and through. I have sampled this world's goods in all their variety, and I have sampled the promises of my Father in Heaven. I tell you, with the solemnity of this hour upon me, that a crowded life of what is called enjoyment, compacted into one glowing whole, cannot equal two weeks of that peace which comes with prayer and with certainty that my feet are on the Rock of Ages. Oh, may God help me to touch some heart here to-day. In a very few years, a very few years, my friends, we shall all be standing upon the border of the shoreless sea, and then, with the chill of death upon our

faces, we must either hear the condemnation, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still," or, having touched the hem of His garment, we shall look beyond and see the beckoning hand and the shining face, and hear the beloved voice welcoming us with these words, "Come unto Me, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." During the delivery of this address the speaker himself was visibly affected, as were also many of the audience, who manifested their emotion through the silent language of tears.

Judge Baldwin, of Brighton, said he had been to the Tabernacle three times, but could not gain admission because of the crowd, but he finally secured a choir ticket, when he heard Mr. Moody say, "You can get converted *now* if you will but receive the Holy Spirit." He took him at his word, and now he thanked God he was on the Lord's side. He said there had been a revival in his little church and fifty had been converted.

Mr. Benjamin F. Palmer of the Boston *Herald* spoke briefly, saying that probably to nearly all present he was unknown, yet there were a few of his business associates in the meeting who knew all about him. He had had struggles and gained the victory, with the help of his Maker, such as he never could combat successfully before, and he hoped and prayed for strength to live a better life. He had lived a wild, rolicksome and blasphemous life, and his associates knew what he meant. Some of his associates had approached him and inquired if he had been converted, and were completely astonished. He was glad to testify that he had found a Saviour, and asked that his associates would help him in his new life, and he concluded by expressing the hope that his friends and associates might become partakers of salvation, and he asked prayers in their behalf. He said that he believed there was no other name but that of the Lord Jesus Christ whereby we may be saved. I want to say one other thing, said he, and only one thing, and that is the importance of personal effort among our acquaintances. There is no one here but who ought to feel the dreadful curse that rum is. Every one who drinks at all has some friend that he may do something for. I have found that already

in this short experience of mine; I am but learning my alphabet in this matter, but I know that those who strive in the name of Jesus Christ will gain a power which sets persons thinking, if nothing more. Mr. Moody—How about your appetite; does it trouble you? Mr. Palmer—It does not trouble me at all. It is either entirely destroyed or is wholly under subjection.

A young man then rose [illegible] "I suppose, Mr. Moody, that you would have calle[d] [illegible]nfidel two weeks ago. I was a great doubter of the[m] [illegible] believed vaguely in God, but had very little faith in [illegible]s want of faith was probably in consequence of not [illegible]g any direct evidence of God's power. I read the [illegible]od deal, I must confess; but I derived very little he[lp] [illegible] perusal. Of course, disbelieving in the Bible as I u[sed] [illegible]ably did, you may ask me why I read the Holy Book at all. I was in search of evidence of Christ's reputed power. Finding no relief in the Bible, I attended Mr. Moody's meetings in the Tabernacle. I went to these meetings out of curiosity, and I came away greatly puzzled with myself but not satisfied. I kept going to the Tabernacle meetings, but they didn't seem to do me any good whatever. I then went to studying the Bible again in the hope of finding some evidence which, perhaps, I might previously have overlooked; but it was no use; I could get no help. I then got Nelson's book on 'Infidelity,' and I had not studied that a great while before my eyes seemed to be opened to my true position. I now saw my foolishness in trying to worship God without a particle of faith in my heart. Thank God, my friends, I can tell you all to-night that I have received that faith, and in my heart I think God has received me." Then Messrs. George Wilson, Wentworth and Soule gave their testimony as to what the Lord had done for them. As the latter gentleman concluded, Mr. Moody said: "This man who has just sat down lost a little son about three months ago; and he told me that Satan had tempted him to take to drinking wine to drown his trouble. Ah! what a mean devil that is, who seeks to ruin us in the very hour of our affliction. But the grace of God was sufficient for him. One of the reasons I asked Mr. Soule to

speak was, to show that God keeps a man. You know that there is a spirit of unbelief abroad. Many men in Boston are saying, 'O, this is only surface work; it won't last;' and if a man falls they will rejoice and be glad and say, 'What did I tell you? That's just what I prophesied!' Well, here is Mr. Soule, who has been kept for a year and three months; and I believe that the Spirit of God can keep him from falling all the rest of his life. Just keep praying and God will keep you. Don't think from what I said about a man's falling that there is any necessity for his falling. I don't believe there is a reformed man here to-day who needs to pass through that experience. There is no need of your falling; it will be your own fault if you do fall. Just keep close to Christ and you'll not fall. I hope all of you men who have been reclaimed during the past three months will stand not for a year only, but so that they may stand at last at the right hand of God.

"Do you see that man?" said one of the regular leaders of the meetings, directing our eyes to a quiet, cleanly person, intently listening at the praise meeting. "It was as much as four of us could do, a week or two since, to carry him out of the Tabernacle, howling and cursing, perfectly insane with liquor. Now he is eager to do all in his power to save others, and bears his constant testimony in the meetings for men."

"A business man showing a lady a piece of lace, was asked by her the question, 'Is it English?' He was about to say, "Yes;' but checked himself, and, resolving to be honest, said: 'Madam, it *was* English till Moody and Sankey came, but now it is American.'"

Mr. Moody said: "At the close of one of the meetings at the Berkeley Street church, a few weeks ago, a little girl brought me this note: 'Won't you pray that my mother may come home?' On inquiry I found that she was a little waif; her father was dead, and her mother had deserted her and gone out to San Francisco, and been gone over a year. My faith was somewhat staggered. But this note has just been handed me: 'You will remember the little waif who asked prayers for her mother to return to her. This mother has returned, and was at the meet-

ing, with her child Friday night. The little child now wants us to pray that her mother may be converted.'"

Mr. Moody, with the audible sympathy of some in the congregation, prayed for both the child and her mother.

A business man of Boston, but a hard drinker, was taken by a friend to see Mr. Moody. H[illegible]d Mr. Moody a thousand dollars to cure him of his ap[illegible] liquor. He was pointed at once to the great Physic[illegible] prayed for. That night, while in his own home, surr[illegible]y praying friends, about twelve o'clock, he found deliv[illegible] He has abolished rum and tobacco, he has no appet[illegible]iquor, and is one of the happiest Christians in the city.

An intemperate man came to [illegible]ity on Saturday evening, to visit his daughter. To her distress and that of the friends with whom she lived, he drank that evening. But Sunday morning he was in church and was much moved. He remained in the afternoon to the inquiry meeting. There I saw him kneeling, with his little daughter on one side and three friends close by. One followed another in most fervent prayer. Then I heard his voice. He was praying for himself. In the evening, among a large number who professed a new-found hope, he testified. The answers to prayer are remarkable. Skeptics, Catholics, moralists yield as readily now as I have been accustomed to see children in ordinary revivals.

Said Mr. Moody: A man came into our meeting in the Hippodrome the last night we were there, and I have been anxious to hear how he was getting along, and this week I heard from him. He was not only a tramp, but he had got down about as low as any tramp could get. His will power was all gone. He had no rags to cover his nakedness. He was as filthy and as far gone as any man I have ever seen. He came into the Friday meeting and staid to the second meeting, and some friends prayed with him; whether they effected any change in him at that time, I don't know. He told them he didn't know anything about Jesus. He said, "He won't answer my prayer, I am so great a sinner." But this was his experience as he narrated it to me afterwards. He said he had a fifteen-cent scrip in his

pocket, and he said the first day after, "If the Lord will help me keep that piece of scrip twenty-four hours I will take that as a token he will answer my prayer. If I shall just be able to walk through the streets of New York twenty-four hours without spending it for whiskey I will take that as an answer to my prayer." He had no place to lay his head, but wandered about the streets all that time, and when he came back to me afterwards and I asked him how he was getting along, all he said was "I have got it now." I heard from him last week, and he said "I have got it now." He hadn't spent it for whiskey. He says he intends to keep that piece of currency as long as he lives. God help him to do it! That shows how God can save the poor drunkard.

Just as I was coming into the hall a gentleman came and handed me this letter and went out. I should like to have seen him, if I had known the contents of the letter. If he is here I hope he will meet me in the lower hall at the close of this meeting. Let me read it to you:

March 27—Tuesday P. M.

Having been led to attend your meetings by the entreaties of my wife, well known to many in this city by her Christian character, and whose feelings I have often grieved by infidel arguments and skeptical replies to her kind entreaties, I find myself in a condition of mind which admits of no rest until this matter is settled, and I have for the past week, unknown to her, been praying day and night in the house, in the office, on the street, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and tried fully to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and asked Him to receive me, penitent, weak and worthless as I am, and to teach me my duties towards Him, and to increase my faith so that all my doubts may be removed and I may have peace of mind and some assurance of being accepted of Him. Unwilling to take your time for a personal interview, I request that prayers may be offered in my behalf at Tremont Temple noon meeting, or elsewhere, as you may think proper. With sincere regards,

I am, etc.,

(With his name signed.)

We are told by a great many skeptics that the reason they do not accept Christ is because it is against their reason. But God is above the infidel's reason. They say it is against nature. Let them turn this over in their mind that God is above nature. It is supernatural. That is what conversion is. I don't believe a man will ever see the Kingdom of God that is not converted; and it will be supernatural. A supernatural conversion. I know that a man will never see God in His Kingdom unless he is supernaturally converted—he must be born of the Spirit. Now I would like to ask every infidel here to do what one promised to do at the inquiry meeting, yesterday afternoon; a minister staid here and labored with him till five o'clock, and while trying to convince that man four or five others standing near, expressed their desire to lay hold on Jesus.

That is the kind of workers we want. I would just like to see four hundred of them in Boston taking hold in that way, and I don't believe there would be many infidels left. The minister worked with this man and finally he said, "I will go home and call on the God of the Bible." He had never done such a thing before, but he said he would go to him now and try to pray to the God of the Bible, and find if these things were so. That is the way to do it—be honest! If infidels are honest to God, God will be honest with them. Let any honest man come honestly to God and try to find out and learn something from Him and God will teach him, but a good many people try to teach God something. They are wise in their own conceit, and so they do not find anything in Scripture. If a person is only willing to be taught, how quickly God will reveal Himself to them! We must be ready to do the will of God, and then we will know the doctrine, but if we are not ready to obey Him we will not understand it.

One of the most impressive meetings was made so, in part, by the remarks of General John L. Swift, a man prominent in the war, and also in Massachusetts politics. He has long been before the people as a vigorous and able speaker, and he has gained, by his social qualities, large numbers of friends. He has recently become a Christian, and testified to the peace he



INTERIOR VIEW OF MOODY AND SANKEY'S TABERNACLE, BOSTON.

had found in Christ. Glancing at his past life, he said it had been full of inconsistencies, but, from the experience of one week as a Christian, he believed that every promise of God to his children would be fulfilled. He exhorted all who knew him and had been familiar with his life, to embrace the invitations of the Gospel. Many others, among whom are converted skeptics and men far gone in sin, spoke of their newly-found hope.

General Swift said: I was asked by a clergyman to present to this meeting as a subject for prayer a merchant of a neighboring city, and to request you to remember him in your petitions. My own experience, short as it is, remembering that I have been brought to where I am upon rivers of prayer that have been offered for years in my behalf, makes me believe that prayer is answered. I have especial faith in the efficacy of prayer, and believe that it does double work, strengthening those who offer it and blessing those in whose behalf it is offered. So, friends, I ask you to remember this merchant in a sister city. In regard to the thought presented by the leader of the meeting, I would say that I was struck with what my pastor recently said in regard to the testimony of new converts. It inspires the old Christians anew, and gives encouragement to those who are anxiously seeking the way to eternal life. O, that God would give me the power to be able to show the power of grace to create a life anew! I would urge every one to give his heart to God, and He will give it back full of love to Him and full of hatred to sin. You are obliged by nature to give up your life to something—it may be to pleasure, it may be to business, it may be to your home. There must be a supreme something around which your life turns. It is nature. And it is only ransomed nature that obliges you to give up your life to your Father. That is what I desire to do, and what of my life remains I most earnestly desire may be made useful in advancing the Master's work.

On another occasion he spoke as follows:

It was said last Thursday at this meeting that fluency of speech and oratory were not wanted in the evidence of the new

man; and it is a matter of great encouragement to me that without labored argument and without intensity of declamation I am able to-night to tell the old old story of one more changed heart. I came to this building three weeks ago, and entirely without expectation on my part, and by what must be considered, under all the circumstances, as special intervention. Before I came here I had det my mind to be a Christian in a modest, retiring w nted to have a religion all to myself. The Sabbath l y own pastor, who may be hearing me to-night, and t Christians, had settled in my mind beyond a cavil o hat evangelical truths were founded both upon the ro on and upon the authority of the revelation. The tea very-day life had convinced me that the New Testame d when it said that theft and covetousness, and wickedness and deceit and blasphemy and pride—that all these evils come from within and defile a man; and I wanted, if this was so, to have them taken out of me, so that, if it were possible, I might be made clean. And it was in this condition of mind, as I told you, that I came into this building by accident the first Sunday in this present month, and that condition was well enough so far as it went, but I wanted to be a sort of disciple in domino. I wanted to be a believer in repose. I wanted to have this religion all alone to myself. I had a great dislike to religious terms, I didn't like to hear the expressions: "He has come out;" "he has experienced religion;" "he is converted." But I took my seat half way down, I think in that aisle. (Pointing to one of the centre aisles.) From my experience, it is the most uncomfortable situation in this whole house for a half-and-half Christian; but I stand here to-night an unworthy occupant of this place, because I was an uneasy occupant of that seat. I have already told some others that Mr. Moody seemed to know that I was here and to understand my case precisely. His eye seemed to range over to that very spot, and his whole artillery seemed to bear upon that one spot, and his sermon drove the cowardice out of my head, and then and there I resolved that at the first opportunity I would carry the flag and wear the uniform of the Master

I propose to serve. But away back of all this, is the superior fact that for nine and forty years I have been the object of constant and of loving prayers. When those prayers first began to affect my mind it is impossible for me to tell. John Stuart Mill says to debating Christians, "Hold on to the argument of design, if you wish to prove the existence of God." And I say here, this evening, to believing Christians, hold on to God's promises concerning prayer, if you want to prove His oversight and His care for the human soul. Ah, it is in answer to those prayers, I believe, that I am here with you. There is sentiment enough about prayer. Men will melt and have their hearts touched as you repeat poetry about prayer. But it is the Bible, and in it this truth, as imperishable as the law of the ever-living God,—that prayer is heard and prayer is answered, for He has said:

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

I never left my mother, to my recollection, in my whole life, for any length of time, but what she said to me when I left her: "I want to live long enough to see you give your heart to your Saviour." It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she ever wrote to me in her life. I remember on one occasion, and there are those here who can recall the fact, that I was invited by my fellow-citizens to deliver, in Tremont Temple an address upon the campaign in Mississippi and the surrender of Port Hudson. The Mayor of the city presided. The hall was crowded, and we were all at the white heat of patriotism. I was endeavoring to picture the advance and occupation by our victorious army of those blood-stained uplands. The whole scene was vividly before me, and when I came to the scene where that command, seven thousand of our then foes, laid down their guns and the dear old flag ran up the pole, where for more than two months had been flaunting in our eyes the standard of rebellion, why, the whole audience went wild, the music struck up, and they rose upon their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood there alone amidst that wild

burst of enthusiasm I looked into the left of the gallery and saw one pale, unemotional face.

It was the face of my mother. She was a little woman. It seemed as though I could lift her in the palm of my hand, but she was great in love and faith, and when I met her she said, "I could give you freely to my country; but, O, if I could have seen you talk for your Saviour, I would ask no more on this earth." There is a passage in Scripture, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." I know what that means. I know what it is to feel as a little child, though my hairs are grey with the footfalls of time. Now, I wish to say here, and impress it upon you, that at that meeting in 1863, there was no man in the State of Massachusetts so little likely to be reconciled to his God, it appeared to me, as myself. I was entirely absorbed with the world. I was careless about all religious influences, and it was my belief that it would all come out right in the end. But last Wednesday I stood in that Temple, and as I rose I looked down in the front seat and there was my old father seventy-nine years of age, who had struggled over to hear his son tell of the glorious tidings of this Gospel. It almost broke me down, but I went on as well as I could. Those who are in this Christian work say that it is my duty to stand here. I would wish myself far less publicity in this matter, but I dare not be silent, if it is possible that I may reach out and help save some man's soul. I believe the great work is only begun in this city. The great tidal wave is yet to sweep over this place of our affection, and I wish to do something. I will do something that this city, on these three hills—this city that cradled Liberty, and that has led the van of progress—should believe and shine as the city of the redeemed. I implore you who listen to me to-night, to come to your Father's house. Your own children, by their white souls yet unstained with sin, stretch out their little hands to you and implore you to come and help them; and could we hush to-night this vast assembly, we could almost catch the strains of those who have gone beyond, who are chanting "The Spirit and the Bride say come."

Come, brother, trust to the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; trust Him all thy journey through. Trust Him until your feet shall be planted on the crystal seas.

This eloquent address marks one extreme of the social scale reached by the power of God. The other extreme is shown to be equally accessible by His grace, where there is faith accompanied by the labor of love.

Baptist ladies living near the jail in East Cambridge, took upon themselves the task of visiting the inmates of that prison and reading the Bible to them. They were repaid for their efforts in a way which, with all their faith, they could hardly have anticipated. They found an Irish Catholic woman, whose history, if known to them at the time, would perhaps have deterred them from making an effort to save her.

She has lived for ten years in a town not far from Boston, and during the whole time has been a defiant, profane and successful liquor-seller. She was capable in her business, and, though arrested and sent out of the town time after time, she swore each time that she would live there and sell rum, which she did, and grew rich thereby, till she owned several houses, and was known by the people and feared as a public enemy. The character of the house she kept had led more than once to her imprisonment, but the execution of the law only made her vindictive; and when the ladies called upon her she received them with contempt and abuse, telling them that her religion was better than theirs, and that she wanted none of their prayers. They quietly proceeded to read and pray with her, and were dismissed with her maledictions. After they had gone she began to ask herself what their motive probably was, and the more she pressed the question the more troubled she became. Her conscience began to work; a great struggle followed; and after a few days, she became a humble Christian. Released from jail soon after, she went back to the town where she lived, and immediately made a stir among her Irish friends. She cleared out her rum-shop, poured out the liquor she had concealed from the police, and gave all to understand that she was no longer the woman that she had been. She left her church,

whereat the priest became angry, and ordered all her tenants to leave her houses, which some of them did. Her husband took the youngest child and left her, and some of the more bigoted of her neighbors threatened her; but thinking that, if she was influential while she was a rumseller, she ought to be now that she had become a Christian, she carried the war into the enemy's country, and commenced preaching Christ and him crucified. That the result will be good, and good only, no one can doubt; and it may turn out at last that the ladies who visited that prison never performed a greater service for Christ than when reading the Bible and praying with that angry and cursing woman.

Again: An auditor whose face was deeply furrowed with the ravages of dissipation, rose and said he had struggled for weeks against a terrible appetite, but the Lord had carried him through and now there wasn't a happier man in Boston.

Mr. Moody—Tell them how you went to the office and came back.

The Convert—When I arose for prayers I could hear my heart thump against my ribs; but instead of going into the inquiry meeting I went to my office, but I came back and went straight into the inquiry room, although I didn't know where it was and hadn't been to that part of the building before.

Mr. Moody—I think you had better tell them what bound you, because it may set some poor captive free.

The Convert—It was opium. It is the hardest habit in the world for a man to break off. I had a loving wife, lovely children, a kind father and mother, but no power on earth could save me—nothing but the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. If any one is bound by his appetite let him come to the Lord Jesus Christ and He will cure him. The way is simple enough.

The next week he related a trying experience as follows: On Friday, after being at the Tabernacle, the providence of God led me with my dear wife into the office of a professional man of this city to whom I was under some great obligations. I was tired and nervous with the reaction of leaving off opium. I had seen him two or three times since my conversion, but I

had not told him of it, and now I felt it my duty to do it. In the state I was in I presume I spoke in an excited manner. He sat down, and in cool calculating language tried with the knife of science to cut from under me my hope in Christ. He spoke to me physiologically, psychologically, and quoted from reports. It seemed as though he was determined to cut that light off from me, and it seemed as if the brilliant light were being dimmed. He turned it down, down, down, till there was nothing but a little blue glimmer left for me. As I went out my dear wife was in tears. She said, "Don't let that affect you." She knew well what I had been rescued from, and that my salvation was in Jesus Christ. She is not a Christian, but she is seeking to become one. She said, "I wish you could see Brother Moody or Brother Sawyer." I told Mr. Moody last night that he has a magnetic attraction for me; he draws me into the front seats now, whereas I used to hide away in the back ones. But that was not what I wanted to do. I wanted to go straight to Christ with this. Right behind that blue glimmer was the cross of Christ. I knew I had to cling to that, and I said, "Let us go right home, let us not wait for dinner or anything else; I want to be by myself in some room." My wife asked me what for, and I said, "To pray." "It seems strange to hear you say that," she said. I knelt down in the room and it seemed as if I could think of nothing but to pray that light back.

I prayed and prayed and prayed, and I felt some better when I got up. I knew that I was right. We went out into the other room, and I took my three-year-old daughter on my knee, and began to sing to her:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer."

Then that other hymn, "Trust in Jesus, that is All." As I sung then I got my hand on that shut-off and turned that light on to the full blaze, and the Lord Jesus has blessed me ever since. This man told me to use my reason, use my will, stand

in my own strength. Doesn't my reason tell me that my own strength is the veriest weakness? Doesn't my reason tell me not to trust it, because it has failed me every time? It seems as though I were converted over again, the first time through the soul and impulses, and the next time through the brain and intellect. I am doubly converted, and now let the winds, and rains, and floods of unbelief, and skepticism, and science beat against that house, but it cannot fall, for I have built it upon a rock, the rock Christ Jesus our Lord, and will stand forever and ever and ever. Mr. Moody came forward and said: In the post this morning was this letter:

March 22, 1877.

Mr. Moody:

Dear Sir: Some twenty-five years ago there was a rumseller in Boston who seemed to be remarkably successful in his business. I think he owned several places in the city and a hotel at Chelsea Beach; a fine looking young man, and the envy of a great many thoughtless young men, myself among the number. His acquaintance was sought by many; in fact, he seemed to "flourish like a green bay tree planted by the rivers of water," but he gradually went down. I knew him by sight and could see him as the years went by, till he got to be what the rumseller calls a "bar-room loafer." I think it is about two years ago I read in the daily papers of a poor, miserable creature being picked up in the street. I think that he was ragged and covered with vermin, giving his name, which was the former rumseller. Since I have not heard anything from him. This past week at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting Mr. Sawyer called on this man to speak, and then I saw the same man clothed and in his right mind. I didn't catch the words that he uttered, but his manner showed there had been a remarkable change. We hear people speak in a sneering way sometimes of your stories, but I never heard you tell any more wonderful story than the above.

(Signed) "A BUSINESS MAN IN THE CITY.'

Now, said Mr. Moody, when he finished reading this letter, I want this man just to speak and tell what great things the Lord

has done for him. Thereupon a middle-aged man advanced to the front, and said he was the representative of the letter Mr. Moody had just read. He had been just what the letter had described, but through the grace of God had been saved. He urged those before him to follow his example, and then they will be men.

Speaking of the scoffing of the carpenters at Noah, the preacher in his evening sermon said: "Men are talking a good deal about this building now. They laugh at the meetings here. Well, I don't care if they never step into the building if they are only converted somewhere. A young man told me he was mad when he saw this building going up, for he was afraid he was going to get converted, and he wished the building would burn down. But, by-and-by I met that young man in the inquiry-room and he said to me, 'At last I was converted, and now I am glad that it has been put up.'"

Several instances are known of people having come hundreds of miles to spend a day at the revival meetings. One such brought his son, and, according to his faith, saw the young man converted. A resident Christian sent for his brother, who made the journey, was taken to the meeting and inquiry-room, where at a late hour of the night, after much praying and weeping together, yielded his will, obtaining peace and joy in Christ, and the two became brethren by a new and dearer tie. A mother in Scotland, who had become acquainted with Mr. Moody there two years ago, lately wrote him to beg that he should search out her son in Boston and try for his conversion, for which she had long and earnestly been praying. The young man was sought and found—found in the beautiful, Scriptural sense of the word, as the straying sheep in the parable was found by the loving shepherd. His wife, likewise, has entered the fold. "And," says Mr. Moody, for the special encouragement of parents, "the young man was particular to tell me it was not through my influence, but through his mother's prayers, that he had received salvation."

A young man—a clerk in a store, and a member of a church—was missed from his usual place in meeting. His pastor

asked the reason of his absence, and he replied that he was in trouble, and he went on to say that it was the custom, in the house where he was, if an order for goods was countermanded, to make out an invoice dated back a day or two, and write that the goods had been already sent, and ship them at once. That day he had been obliged to make out such an invoice—what should he do? His pastor told him that he must follow his conscience. "But," said he, "I have been in my place three years. I cannot afford to lose it." "Yet," was the reply, "you must do right, lose your place or not." "I will," said he, "but perhaps there will be no case of that sort again." That very day the same task was again laid upon him. He thought about it, stepped to the door of the inner office, and told his employer that he could not make out that invoice. The merchant gave a long, low whistle, and said to himself, "Moody and Sankey again." But the young man neither made out the invoice nor lost his place. If all men who are expected to lend countenance to dishonesty would preach against it a practical sermon of that sort, there would be less of it.

Mr. Moody said those who were shut out before would now have an opportunity to make their thank-offerings. He continued: Last evening after I returned from the country, three little children came to the house and left three notes. After they went I opened them. One said:

"I thank God that you came to Boston, and so many have been converted and that I am one of that number. I have been trying to win souls to Christ. I want you very much to stay longer, that some who have not been converted may be. Please accept the bill enclosed as a thank-offering to the Lord. Yours truly." [Name signed.]

There were $50 in that note. The other one, from a little girl nine years old, contained $50 and so did the other. So there are $150 as thank-offerings, and may the Lord bless that money to His use.

Mr. Moody then said: "Now I would like to have it very,

very still. I am going to ask some men to speak who have been converted as we believe in answer to our prayers. It is the first time we have called on any reclaimed in these meetings to speak. The men are not in the habit of speaking to such a large assembly as this, but if the congregation are in sympathy with them it is easy for them to speak. Let us pray for them while these men are trying to tell what great things the Lord has done for them. I am going to ask Mr. McDonald to tell what the Lord has done for him." Mr. McDonald said:

"My friends, I have no feeling but pleasure as I stand here after thirty years of sin and sorrow. On the second Tuesday in July, 1845, when I was sixteen years of age, I handed in my articles as attorney-at-law in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. I had a praying mother, and I was the pride of her life. There were two other children. One was a minister of the Gospel, and the other a lawyer. After being there some little time I made new associations. My first glass of wine was drank in the society of a Christian lady. By and by friends met me and said, 'Joe, come into the hotel and have a glass of wine.' I went in only to take a glass of wine. Suppers followed, and then the gambling table, and fifteen months after I entered the law, I was turned out of my office in disgrace, and my name was in the records for drunkenness and immoral conduct. My mother was stricken down by my behavior, and almost dead. Her hair turned white, and my father turned me out of doors. My sisters and brothers forsook me, and the children took a different side of the street when they saw me. But on her dying bed my mother said, 'Tell Joe that I love him and that if all his friends forsake him Jesus Christ will not forsake him.' I then left Nova Scotia and went to Maine; friends set me up in business; I joined temperance societies and tried to live a better life, but my thirst for liquor came on me again, and I fell. I had no other resource left but to go to sea. I shipped as cook and soon learned the business, then got appointed mate and went to Europe at the outbreak of the Crimean war. In the lonely watches of the night I thought of my mother on her dying bed, and then I would go on my knees and say if I only got on shore

safe I would be another man. But when I got on shore temptation came and I could not withstand it.

"Twelve years ago I got married and joined the Good Templars and thought I would lead a better life. I kept pretty steady for five years and was captain of a vessel; then I got to drinking again and became a common drunkard. My wife and children left me. Then I resolved I would drink no more. But I trusted in my own strength and fell. For the last seven years I have been working in Cambridge, earning good wages, but an unreliable man and a degraded drunkard. I used to earn twenty-five dollars a week and give five of it to my wife and spend sixteen in a rum shop. Then I became a day laborer. I got a dollar and a half a day, working on the streets, and spent it all for rum. I came here five weeks ago to the Tabernacle. I had heard Mr. Spurgeon in London and I wanted to see which I liked the best, Mr. Spurgeon or Mr. Moody. I heard Mr. Sankey singing a hymn, and if I could transfer my feelings on hearing that hymn to any drunkard here he would never touch rum again. I went away, and came back again the next day, and the next, and the next. At last I went into the Berkeley Street church, and there, through the blood of the precious Son of God, I found my cure and was saved. I went home that night with a strong determination to trust in Christ, and I went on my knees to God before my family. The next morning I told my children I was going to read the Bible for the first time in my life, and I read God's promise and then I prayed on my knees that God would give me strength, and the third morning one of my little girls said while I was reading to her mother, "Mother, this is better than papa coming home drunk, ain't it?" That touched me. Now my wife goes on her knees with me, and thanks be to God, we are a happy family. Now, if there is a drunkard here, no matter how small or big, let him come to God. He can take that impure record of his away, and give him a new one. Now, I defy Satan and all his crew in God's name. I never touch any liquor now. Mr. Moody then said, now if Mr. Sankey will sing that hymn, perhaps he can get another soul. Let us pray that God will touch many hearts here

to-day. Mr. Sankey then sung "Watching and Waiting," with more than his usual amount of feeling and expression, and at its close offered earnest prayer.

Mr. Anderson of Philadelphia said: My dear friends—I don't tell my story to glory in it, but I tell it to glory in the power which Jesus has to save. I was brought up by kind Christian parents; they taught me the way I should go, but when I was sixteen years of age, in a very large mercantile establishment in Philadelphia, where there were some twenty-one to thirty young men, they tried to persuade me to drink; they could not do it by persuasion, so they did it by ridicule. I could not stand the ridicule, so I fell into the snare the tempter had set before me, and for eleven years I was a respectable drinker, a moderate drinker. At the end of these eleven years I saw where it was leading me to and I joined in the temperance cause.

For three years I was in the temperance cause, but I never felt any security in me; I was always trembling for fear I would fall, and I did fall. I was blown up in a boiler explosion, and it was presented to me as a medicine, and right here I want to say there is no earthly use in it as a medicine, but it led me down; I went down faster during the short time since taking it the second time than I did during the whole eleven years. I slipped down so fast that I didn't know where I was until about a year afterward. I found myself so besotted, running through the streets of Philadelphia, that when I earned money I could not take a cent of it home for my family. My desire to do so was good enough, but the devil had such a power over me that it was an impossibility for me to do it, and so I wandered for these long years. It kept increasing on me so that I had to take more and more every day almost, and while I was wandering along, both under the influence of liquor and sober, there was always a voice whispering within my soul solemnly, around about me and in my ears, that oftentimes in the street I would turn around to see if it was some one asking me, and this was what it said, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" It followed me everywhere. I tried to drown it; I tried to get rid of it; my old parents, a

father who is now eighty-four years of age and a mother well up toward eighty years, were praying for me earnestly, and I knew I was breaking their hearts; I knew I was breaking the hearts of my wife and children, but I could not stop it. I tried everything. I signed the pledges; I took all those recipes that were going around for to substitute them for the rum; they were of no avail for me. I went to magistrates and took oaths, and thought the great respect and regard I had for them would give me a power to overcome this. I tried in every way; I went to Christian friends and asked them wasn't there some help for me: they told me no, only to sign the pledge. I have no faith in the pledge. My experience has taught me that, that there is nothing in the pledge; I tried them and kept on that way. Well, last Thanksgiving Day, a year ago, when Mr. Moody was in Philadelphia, on that morning I started out I made up my mind and told my wife I would not touch a drop of liquor under no consideration whatever, that I would come home at noon sober, so that I could take her and the children out. I didn't go the route I first intended, but before I knew where I was I was drinking, and I got intoxicated before twelve o'clock. I went home in that condition, I had a mouthful of dinner, laid myself down on the lounge for three hours, got up and started out again to see a relative; I talked with him for two or three hours and started to go to my home, but I was turned in another direction, I was turned up towards the centre of the city. I didn't know what turned me at that time; didn't know what I was going up town for, and the first thing I knew I was drinking again. I got into a saloon down at Seventh and Arch streets, in Philadelphia, and met a couple of friends there and took three drinks with them inside of fifteen minutes at least, making about nine drinks I had in that hour and a half.

I started from there to go home, and when I was three-quarters of a mile away from where the meetings were being held, a voice whispered within me, "Go out to the Moody meeting." I said it was no use of going there, for they would be coming out; it was nine o'clock at that time. I walked to the street.

where I should have turned down home. When I got to the corner a voice told me to go out to the young men's meeting. I went to go home, but I was unable to do so. I got to the corner of the street where I ought to turn off to my home, and there I had another struggle, but thanks be to God, his power was the mightiest, and led me to the young men's meeting. The meeting was filled, and I was standing in a crowd in the centre. The chairman of the meeting asked was there any soul that desired to be saved, would they rise? I heard then the voice telling me it was my last call. It was my last chance, and drunk and all as I was I went to the front. Two parties came and sat down on each side of me. They were praying all the time for some men that had risen. They got hold of me and got talking to me. The leader got up and asked again for any one who desired to be saved to rise. I attempted to rise, but these two men pulled me down, and when he got up and extended the invitation again, they pulled me down again. I felt that if I did not get up I would not receive the blessing, and so I did get up when they were off their guard. I again asked the Lord God to remove the cursed appetite for drink. I had been praying to Him from selfish motives only to take the appetite for drink away from me, but not that he would pardon me of my sins, and now I wanted to give myself, body, soul, appetite and all, to Him, that he might receive me. So after the meeting was over they got around me, a number of the ministers and workers. It was after ten o'clock, and they said it would be best for me to go home, and if I would pledge myself to pray for one hour, they would pray each and every one in his own home for me. But, thank God, there was a brother there, one who spoke to you a few short weeks ago and told my story, and he said: "You know not what you are doing; I have been there; strike the iron while it is hot." He asked me if I would get down there and pray, and I did so with them. While they were praying I cried unto the Lord. He heard and answered me, and sobered me up before I got off my knees. Thanks be to God, he took the appetite away then. I expected that the next morning I would be laid on a bed of sickness from this

continued course of drink, for you might say I was drinking every day for three long years. I was so much under the power of it, that three or four days of the week I would have to drink from thirty to forty drinks of whiskey. So you may imagine how low I got. But thanks be to God, no man can get so low but what Jesus can reach him. He has taken that appetite away from me. I know it as surely as I know that I am standing here. Old things have passed away, and all things have become as new. My dear friends, I have never been bothered about my appetite since. As often as I have addressed the Lord He has helped me out of my trials and troubles. He has fed me and clothed me, and kept me and my family when I did not have a cent. I have gone from my home and left my family in the hands of Jesus, and He has kept them. I can point out eighty men that were as low as I was—some of them lower. Oh, may God bless you here this morning. Give yourselves to Him and he will remove your appetites from you as He has mine from me. The congregation then rose and sang "I Need Thee Every Hour."

The place of the pledge in temperance work is being pretty clearly defined. None of the most successful reformers place much dependence upon it now-a-days. Even Mr. Moody snaps his finger and says, "I wouldn't give that for the pledge without the grace of God in the heart." And Mr. Sawyer agrees with him. So, in a measure, does Mr. Murphy, who has well nigh left the liquor-sellers in some of the western states with nobody to buy their liquors. The pledge is but an instrument. There is no virtue in it to keep a man, only so far as he has the spirit of truthfulness in him. And it must be confessed that intemperate men as a class greatly need something to stiffen this sentiment in them. Nothing will do that like the gospel. Men should of course be bound to a wholesome life by all proper bonds, and so the pledge should never be withheld or spoken lightly of. At the same time "the grace of God in the heart" is the main thing.

Temperance Day.

We have preserved the amazing testimonies of men redeemed from the accursed sway of appetite, and only give brief notices of the last Friday at the meetings, which was distinguished by the speeches of men eminent in the work of reclaiming inebriates. These statements are from men prominent in the church:

The Christian Temperance Convention was a noteworthy occasion. Mr. Moody has pronounced it in many respects "the most extraordinary day of his life." Altogether, the temperance phase of the revival in Boston is regarded by him as mightier and more wonderful than he has seen it anywhere else. The numbers reached, the depths of degradation from which they have been rescued, the satisfactory type of character of the converts, and the many efficient workers evolved from among them, render it one of the most memorable triumphs in the history of Christianity, and completely fulfil those "greater works" which Jesus said should be done by His disciples.

A more noteworthy gathering than this has not been held in New England for many a day. It stands as a proof of the comprehensive and profoundly stirring work being accomplished under the lead of Mr. Moody. Significant it was, too, to find this a Gospel Temperance Convention, in which, by those who spoke and those who gave in their testimony, only the grace of Christ was named as the cure for intemperate habits. Notwithstanding the storm, an immense audience filling the Tabernacle was present, so that in the afternoon and evening there was not room for those seeking entrance. The testimonies from those who had been saved was thrilling, and attested, beyond all doubt, how even to the uttermost those who come to Christ can be redeemed. Now and then, as some pathetic bit of experience was given by these men, the audience was moved to tears. It was evident that even "gutter drunkards," as we term them, have down in their heart of hearts a something that responds to words of hope and the proffers of help the Gospel of the Son of God makes to them. And as one looked down from the platform on some two hundred men, led into the Tabernacle by

a Christian lady, whose labors in the north end of the city in behalf of the intemperate had borne this fruit, he could but thankfully note how willing God is to honor any worker in his name. Dr. Cuyler, ever ready to speak for Christian temperance, pushed his plea, with great fervor, to get beforehand with this work and save the young from becoming addicted to intemperate habits, ringing the changes on the proverb which he made the text of his address, "An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure."

Dr. Tyng, with a pathos all felt tinging what he said, premised his earnest speech with a paraphrased proverb, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of priest," and with rare power showed how behind outcast and drunkard lay, in most instances, a Christian home, a mother's love and care, and therefore we need to push before such the tenderness and compassion of Christ. If any one doubted whether there were hearts yearning for the salvation of those who had come under the power of drinking habits, he must have ceased therefrom as the requests for prayer were read,—from twenty-five wives for intemperate husbands, from four fathers and thirty-three mothers for intemperate sons, from six daughters for intemperate fathers, and from sisters for thirty-two intemperate brothers.

These are but samples of requests that brought before you a multitude of sorrowing, suffering hearts, and it was like a challenge to the faith of God's people to ask them to plead in their behalf before the mercy seat. The afternoon session opened with a song from Mr. Sankey which struck the keynote of the exercises, "Rescue the Perishing," the choir and congregation joining in the chorus. Mr. Wanamaker then bore the greetings of Philadelphia to the evangelists and those engaged in the great work with them in Boston. It seemed good to hear his clear, decided testimony to the permanent benefits to his city of the meetings held there a year ago, while it sent a thrill of gladness and gratitude into every heart as he spoke of the wonderful Temperance revival first kindled there under the preaching of Francis Murphy. Hon. Wm. E. Dodge followed with a recital of some things he had observed and felt during

the many years he has stood forth as the representative and apostle of Temperance. His were words that business men could not afford to slight, and they were pointed with excerpts from life-histories he had known, which made one's cheeks blanch and tears course unbidden down many a strong man's face. Miss Williard's address following, again brought up woman's power and part in this great work with an eloquence which held the audience spell bound. Her appeal to the mothers, wives and sisters made all feel that there is something for woman *to do* as well as suffer. The closing speech of the afternoon was by Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, who with his Scotch fervor and telling illustrations, roused to the highest emotion the vast throng before him, and fitly concluded a memorable meeting.

As to the evening session, all reports agree in saying that such a scene and such an audience were never beheld before in the Tabernacle. Over five thousand were on the floor of the great building, admitted by ticket, that was given in every instance to a drinking person, or a friend who brought one such. It it was a strange multitude, for included in it were the bummers, with their character written on face and clothing; those with brandy-burned cheeks and rubicund noses, as well as clear, clean-looking faces—there to hear for themselves, or as companions of those who had become intemperate. To this motley crowd John B. Gough spoke as only he could, and so to those literally most needing it was the Gospel of Temperance preached by its most eloquent advocate. Thus closed the day; and who of those present, as speakers or hearers, can forget its scenes? Old workers in the Temperance cause seemed to feel that never ad they beheld such a field day, and all felt cheered by the outlook. Christ and his gospel, the only deliverance for the drunkard; conversion, the only trustworthy reformation, and the proclamation from the pulpit of the same glad tidings to every class of sinners: these were the new features which hereafter will make the subject of Temperance a part of our religion.

One of the best testimonies was given by a man who, when *he was brought into* the inquiry-room seven weeks ago, was such

a repulsive and besotted object that even Mr. Moody remarked, "Is that man worth saving?" The man appeared exceedingly well at the convention, and his story was told in admirable spirit and with impressive effect. He was kept three days in the Clarendon Street Church till sobered and saved. Meanwhile, he had tried every expedient and urged every excuse to get out. To his utter surprise a man came to him one day whom he recognized as a rumseller at whose store he had spent thousands of dollars, but who was now a Christian man. This man prayed and talked with him, and enabled him to realize that there was hope and salvation for the vilest of men. He told the touching fact that a few days ago a young woman spoke to him as he left the Tabernacle and revealed herself to him as his only daughter, whom he had not seen since he left her a child in 1859, so completely had he alienated himself from home and friends.

In the evening John B. Gough made the address. This doctrine of the faith-cure for intemperance is no new discovery to him. A quarter of a century ago he proclaimed, "No pledge ever saved me, nor can anything but the grace of God save a drunkard." Dr. Cuyler adverted to a fact which places the old Mount Vernon Church of Boston in an enviable light, viz.: that both Moody and Gough, "the two men who had reached more souls with the gospel for the drunkard than any other living men," were both sons of that church.

Influential Workers.

We begin our mention of the helpers in the great revival movement, whose course and issues we are chronicling, with the noble labors of Miss Frances E. Willard, a sketch of whose life is condensed from the *Traveller*:

Though still young, Miss Willard has been for years a close student of literature and art, has occupied prominent positions East and West as an educator, has seen much of what is worth seeing in her own and other lands, and has now devoted all her time for some years to the work of Christian benevolence. She belongs to a family of New England origin, who number among

their ancestors many eminent names, some of whom have been well-known in Boston.

Miss Willard was born near Rochester, N. Y., and spent her early years in Oberlin, O., and at Forest Home, the beautiful rural residence of her father, near Janesville, Wis. Here her child-like communion with nature developed that intense sympathy with its "visible forms"—especially with all living things—which has strongly marked her subsequent life, and which was balanced in her youth by the discipline of assiduous study in the schools.

In 1868 Miss Willard resigned her position of preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y., in order to carry out a long-cherished plan of foreign travel. She then visited Europe, spending many months of study in the German capitals, in Rome and Paris, exploring delightful out-of-the-way corners of England and the Continent, and especially enjoying an extended tour in Russia. Switzerland, Venice, Athens, Constantinople, were so many stages to the Holy Land, where she reverently trod and studied the ways made sacred by the Saviour's footsteps. In Baalbek and Damascus, on the Nile and the Red Sea, in Syria, Arabia, Egypt and Abyssinia, she exercised powers of observation which made every day and hour rich in thought and association. Returning to Rome, she dwelt for months in the shadow of the palace of Pius IX., going often to the sessions of the Ecumenical Council, and looking thoughtfully on that splendid pageant of the Latin Church. Subsequently another prolonged visit to Paris gave her opportunity for additional study, for attendance at the lectures of the Sorbonne, and the College de France, and for familiar acquaintance with the city as it was, just before the war which laid waste its pleasant places.

Soon after her return to this country, Miss Willard was elected to the presidency of the College for Women in connection with the Northwestern University, near Chicago. Here her peculiar fitness for her position was abundantly manifest in the large influence she exerted over the young ladies of her charge, in her wise, loving and eloquent counsels to them, the attractions of her teaching in ethics and art, and the rapid growth in num-

bers and reputation of the institution over which she presided. Roused by the religious temperance crusade in Ohio, in which, however, she had no part, she resigned her position and entered upon the benevolent work to which she has given the last three years. The Christian Temperance Union of the Women of Chicago, led by Miss Willard, has sought to place temperance work on the true basis. "It appeals to the best motives dormant in a drunkard's heart, and when he struggles to his feet he is encouraged to put all his trust in the omnipotent Saviour of men."

Miss Willard comes to Boston by Mr. Moody's invitation to present the Gospel message in her womanly way to those who gather in her meetings. Her familiar, simple manner, clear, melodious voice, and rare command of language, render her an especially winning speaker, while her deep Christian experience, wide culture, vigor of thought and versatile genius make her meetings attractive places for the thoughtful.

At the Clarendon Street church Miss Willard made an address to a large audience of women. Her remarks began with an allusion to the Crusades for the recoverg of the Holy Land, instituted by Peter the Hermit. These had all a material object—the rescuing of the land where the Saviour had walked from the hand of the infidel. But our crusade is nobler and more spiritual; and God looks down on no more hallowed ground than hearts converted and consecrated to His service. Women have their part to do in the work. Miss Willard alluded to the oft-quoted passage in the epistle to the Corinthians—"let not your women speak in the churches," saying that it is now generally agreed that the force of the injunction rests in the word "your," and that the apostle spoke with especial reference to the peculiar condition of Corinth. The speaker said she had no faith in prayer-meetings where the leaders called only on the brethren to take part. God desires not only the bass and tenor, but the other tones in prayer; and there is no reason why grace should be unsaid in a household because the husband is gone, or that no family altar should be erected because the man does not pray.

The glorious meetings held by her for women were among the most efficient sources of spiritual conviction and progress, because of the immense numbers in attendance and the skilful direction she gave them. God was evidently present to bless. We give some specimens of the addresses which produced hallowed effects on her auditors:

I have wished that from the lips of young women we might hear of the blessedness of carrying this temperance gospel to those who drink and to those who sell. The girls bore a grand part in that crusade work. The part they bore had not been heralded; it was just the outgrowth of the sentiment of that time. In Cleveland I heard of three young ladies who went with three young gentlemen, and they were in the habit of taking wine. They went out into the country one day to spend one afternoon, something like a picnic, and when they were preparing for lunch, the gentlemen brought on wine to place upon the table. But these ladies looked with new eyes and new feelings upon this wine now, and they said, "We cannot sit down at a table where there is wine, won't you please put it away?" And they said, "Certainly, we will put it away if you wish it, and we will not take any ourselves." Thus, standing there true, they won their victory. I was in the Palmer House after one of our evening meetings, with a friend, and I saw there a party of half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen, and I saw the waiter bringing wine, and one of the young girls blushed, and it required some courage to say as she did: "Gentlemen, I am sure you will be willing that we should have something else not quite so strong." Courtesy, gallantry and kindliness, forbade their refusing, and these girls, preaching there their sermon, and standing firm, won their victory. In Delaware other things have happened which I might relate to you. A young lady educated in a French conservatory of music and cultured to the highest possible point of expression, went out upon the street in this holy work, and her sweet voice found entrance where otherwise the doors would have been shut. And her friends said to her, "Don't do so much; you will use your voice all up. Just rest and wait awhile." But she said: "My voice, and anything

that culture can add, is none to good to lay upon the shrine of such labor." A cultured young lady in Cincinnati told me that she never spent such delightful days in her life as "going from rum-shop to rum-shop with grandmother." She was very wealthy and very cultured, and in one of the rum-shops she met some of her tenants. And as she asked them to sign over to Him, and to put their names down upon this pledge in significance of their surrender to God, one of them said: "I think, Miss Jessie, you have never signed the pledge." He said this in a sneering way. The man was infinitely below her in what we call the social scale. She said, "True, I never thought of that. Give me the pencil. We never have wine at our table, and I never tasted it, but if it will help you to sign, I will sign," and her youthful autograph went down upon that dirty paper with the names of those rough men. In one place, the only place, I believe, where they met with such opposition, a gruff man held a pistol in his hand and pointed it at them. Some of them had not sufficient moral courage, but this young lady quite knew what to do. She went right up to his side singing "Never be afraid to speak for Jesus." And that band of noble women went in and held a meeting in that place, and that man bowed before God, and gave his heart to Him. The key-note in all this work, in all these girls' hearts, was Jesus. I borrow the words from one of these dear sisters of Israel. When her fashionable friends importuned her to go to fashionable dances and parties, instead of going to these drinking saloons, she would answer: "Anywhere my dear only and ruined brother can go to drink, there I will go to pray."

On another occasion she said:

I am reminded of a young man, a missionary to Africa. He was about to set sail and his mother and sister went down to the wharf where the steamer lay to see the last of him. They lingered upon the deck until the very last thing, and when they had to leave, with trembling fervor he kissed the lips of her who had loved him since first her face smiled down into his in infancy, and then he bade good-bye to those dear sisters that had grown up around him. Then, as the vessel started and the

distance was mercilessly widened, he did the most consoling thing that he could do. He took his Bible and held it up for them to see, and he pointed afar off, as much as to say, it is to carry this to those benighted people that I go. And then he pointed to them with his hand, to show them that this blessed book was to be their comforter while he was gone. And then he raised his hand to heaven to indicate that his reward was there. O, what a blessed book it is. When a man is to be sworn that he will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he is sworn upon this book. This book is taken as the emblem of truth, and as such it is placed in his hand. The man who is to stand at the head of our Government, and who is entrusted to steer our great ship of state, places his lips upon this blessed Word, as a symbol of the truthfulness with which he will discharge his trust. In those temples which have replaced the pagan temples, the pulpit has taken the place of the altar with its smoking sacrifice. The sacrifice has been made, and now none is needed. And upon these pulpits lies the Holy Word. When you go into the real Christian home, you find the Bible is the first thing there. I wish that when the father is away it would never, never happen that the family would not be gathered for prayer, but that the mother and daughters would read the Word. I remember when the dear girl that shared my life was dying, the Bible was never away from her but she looked up to me and she said, "O bring me the Bible, and read to me where He says He is sorry for sick people." O how blessed it was to tell her that He was sorry for the sick. The last sad words are spoken, and the last sad rites are performed, the dear voice is stilled, and the dear face is hid away in the coffin; what voice then gives us any comfort but His? Dear friends, I have wished that we might sit down and talk about the study of this book. A week after this Sabbath evening next is the last that I shall have with you for Gospel talk with the ladies, and I shall be called upon to talk upon the subject that we need to learn to apply this word. We should receive this word not as the word of man, but as the word of God, as in truth it is. I want you to read now the

seventeenth chapter of Acts, and the eleventh and twelfth verses:

"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

"Therefore many of them believed; also of honorable women, which were Greek[illegible], not a few."

"Search the Scriptures." A young lady said to me: "Why, Miss Willard, do you carry your Bible all up that way? My father gave me a Bible, and he told me to take good care of it and not get it worked up." I think that is one great trouble with us. We have been too careful of our Bibles. You remember good King Edward of England. He wanted to reach down a book that was upon a high shelf, and the servants put a Bible upon the stand for him to get up on. But when he saw what book it was he got very grave, and he pressed his lips to it, and he said, "Never shall my foot step upon the Word of God." That fact the English nation has reverenced. This Word has more to do with the stability of its throne than anything else. This Word is God's great living letter of love to us. Let us learn it and love it.

We hear a great deal about reading the Bible and saying one's prayers. I wish that neither expression could be used by any one of us. So many prayers are said when there is no praying. Many a man reads the Bible in the morning and when night comes could not even tell the chapter which he had read. We are well acquainted with the ephemeral news of the day, and yet the "good news," the "tidings of great joy," the Word of God, is readily forgotten. A great deal depends upon how we come to read this Word of God. Every one in the family should have this word taught them, and they should repeat it. Every child, every servant should repeat it as far as it is practicable to have this done. I heard of a young man speaking in the Bible-class and he said he loved to read the Old Testament, for it taught of the antecedents of Christ. An old man in the room said: "Never mind about Christ's antecedents,

young man." "Yes, but I want to know about Him. I want to know who He was, so that I can better know Him." "Well, I would like to know what it says about Christ's antecedents?" But the young man couldn't think; he knew that he had read it, but he could not think of a single passage, not even that chapter in the 1st of John. I have known a Sunday School teacher who taught her class all the historical part of the Bible, but could never find courage to speak to them of their personal condition. She had not found courage to say one word about what the Bible really means. I turn back with humility to the time when I taught a class of twelve boys, and how I thought to interest them in these external things. Now as I look back to that past and know not where these boys may be, I know that it would have been much better for them and for me to have asked the vital question, how is it between you and the Christ of this book? That question I had not the courage to ask in those days. We have heard a good deal of the Bible. Some men preach the Bible; other men preach about the Bible. Some people who hear about this book say, "What about the countries which had this book and martyrdom for centuries?" They had this book, but it was hid away in monasteries; it was not in the hands of the people. It was chained up. God's open Bible, as soon as it was placed in the hands of the people, worked a complete transformation, and so it will always do. It must be as effect follows cause. How much time is spent over books, literature and science which could be so much better spent over this word of life! You and I want to build up character; it is the only indestructible thing; we want to be clothed in the righteousness of Him "Who spoke as man never spoke before." How often we have spent seven, eight and nine hours in a day over some book of no real value. Did any one of us ever spend nine hours in a day over the "Lamb of Life?" O, let us make sure that we are right with God! I have known the time when there were other books that pleased me more than this Word of God. I delighted rather to read the books which contained what good men had got out of the Bible, than to read the Bible for myself. Then I have seen men and

women, spiritual athletes who seemed to feed upon the Word and grow strong, and from them I have learned to partake of this food as God here gives it to us.

She spoke in glowing terms of Mary Lyon of South Hadley, and held her up as an example of one who read and understood her Bible and was a "doer." Continuing, she said: There is another who, while other men were in college, while other men were in universities in Germany and elsewhere, studying, reading science and literature, Dwight L. Moody—he was with His God alone with his Bible. He cast aside all commentaries, he asked his God what he should do and he followed the Word as God has given it to us. You know what the result has been. His work has brought unto Christ multitudes. Not only in your city has this work been crowned, but in all other places. He preached the Bible, the Bible, the Word of God; the religion of the Protestants. He preached the law and the testimony. O, may each of you open the Bible for study in your houses. Each house may become a shrine of the Eternal God. O, may each home become so to-day.

A Boston editor discoursing of "spheres and work," says: We deem it of first consequence to know that the person, whether man or woman, has the ability to do well the work that needs to be done.

The Boston revival meetings have shown us how sensible a rule this is,—we mean the rule of workers and work, instead of "spheres" and work. Excepting the Holy Spirit, and perhaps Mr. Moody, there has been no more effective laborer in the meetings than Miss Willard. A woman of fine culture, of sweet and gentle spirit, of familiar and winning manner, of thorough Christian experience, of vigorous thought and eloquent address, the meetings that she has led have been attended by the most marked and beneficial results. God has set his seal upon her work. In that presence, Paul has been forgotten and the men themselves have kept silence.

We have mentioned Miss Willard because we could hardly get around her name in speaking of the workers at the Tabernacle. But there are hosts of others, unnamed in the papers but

known of God, whose service has been of the first order. Among the abandoned and profligate, on the streets, in family visitations, in the inquiry meetings, these women have been among the most successful workers. The fallen, the hungry, the poorly clad, the dependent,—these have been the classes, of both sexes and all ages, whose spiritual and bodily needs they have faithfully looked after. The record of the revival, so far as human agencies are concerned, would be incomplete without due account of their work. Like those other women whom Paul afterwards learned to honor, their "names are in the Book of Life."

We trust that these examples will not be lost sight of. The church everywhere needs the work of its women. Humanity needs it. In the home, in society, among all classes there is service that they are the best fitted to perform. May not a revival of woman's best work, and of man's grateful recognition of that work, follow these recent exhibitions of it?

Another benevolent woman working in a different sphere, Mrs. Stoddard, is thus referred to by Mr. Moody: A week ago Friday there was a lady here (and I have noticed her since the meetings first opened, and I don't think she has missed a day) who sat with twenty or thirty men whom she had brought to the meeting. She had given them a breakfast and taken them down to the Friday noon meeting. And as I was going out after my dinner I met one of these very men, who said he did not know that these meetings were for the like of him. The people prayed for him and I believe that man was impressed for all eternity. Last Friday again I looked and saw that that same lady had seventy-seven men, whom she had gathered in the streets, that they might hear the Word of Light. And as they sat, these men upon the platform who had been in their place told them, with the eloquence of Heaven, of how they had been saved from the intoxicating cup. They spoke from their hearts and honest convictions. Many of them we shall meet in heaven, I haven't any doubt.

The evangelist invited to his aid from Chicago, Mr. Sawyer, whose work among intemperate men has been fruitful, and

crowned with the richest favor of God. On his first introduction to the Tabernacle audience he spoke at some length in a rapid and forcible manner, and gave an extract from his own experience, at Mr. Moody's request. His style of delivery bears a very close resemblance to that of Mr. Moody. He stepped forward with the Bible open at the text of the day, to which he made frequent reference during his address. He said his heart was so thrilled he hardly knew what to say, and were it not for the word of God that abides in us he should stand here without a hope. But God's word never fails. Four years ago last November he stood where that poor drunkard did who sent in a request for prayer. He stood right there; he knew what it meant to be houseless and homeless, a poor miserable leper given up to strong drink for twenty years, but God took him up. He had never seen a soul helped by talking about the evils of intemperance, but he had seen great good come by holding up the cure and looking to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. That was the way he was saved, and God for twenty years had kept him. From a thousand homes in Chicago goes up the cry of praise to God to-day, for drunkards reformed. All that was wanted was the help of God's people and the wave would spread all over the land. It's the blood of Christ alone that can save us, as a poor drunkard said to whom it had given a happy home in place of ruin. In one respect intemperance was a disease, but God could heal it as He had in his own case. They wanted to crush their pride also, for a little while, and bow before God. He was pleasant and happy, to-day, in all his surroundings because God had kept him; once he was downcast and a mourner, now he was filled with gladness. The saddest thought of the wastefulness of intemperance was that they were wasting their own souls.

But God will renew our strength like the eagles'. The prayer of his utmost soul was that the foundation of this city might be shaken, and the prayers of these sorrowing mothers be answered. At Mr. Moody's request he then told the story of his own experience. He had been a boy with Jordan, Marsh

& Co., and was doing well and had many friends, but the enemy overcame him. He got on the road to Jericho, got stripped of his raiment and beaten; everything was gone and he hadn't a hope on earth. It was while in this condition—a wretched drunkard—that he stumbled into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie and fell asleep in a chair. When he awoke the lawyer told him he understood his case, said he had been there himself, told him how he was cured by the grace of God nine years before, and how he had been kept ever since. But it was hard for him to believe it, the cure seemed so simple; and then the lawyer told him the story of Naaman, and said that the very reason he hesitated to accept it was because it was so simple. He then took him at his word, turned his back on Jericho, and faced the promised land. He stopped drinking and went to praying. He forsook his evil ways, and had been happy ever since, and trying what he could do to bring the same blessing upon others. Mr. Moody then rose, and the following brief colloquy took place:

Mr. Moody—Has your appetite come back?

Mr. Sawyer—No, sir.

Mr. Moody—Has God entirely destroyed your appetite so that it never troubles you?

Mr. Sawyer—I would not like to say that God takes away the appetite, but he covers it up so that we don't know where it is if we live near Him. When we don't live near Him Satan finds it again and plays on it. But if we live near Him we don't know where it is.

Mr. Joseph Story said: It seems to me that God is vindicating Himself. I thank God that I have had a part in the erection of the Tabernacle. It seems to me that God is drawing men in here in spite of themselves. Something had led some who had cursed Mr. Moody and the meetings, into the Tabernacle and took hold of their hearts and made them confess that they were wrong and thank God that He had delivered them. He then related an incident of a man who in three years had squandered a fortune in rum, who had, after he had prayed for him, prayed for himself and wife, and is now saved through the power of God's grace.

The Rev H. M. Sargent said: The editor of one of the principal papers in Massachusetts has requested a special correspondent to visit the city to-day to ascertain whether God's spirit is moving upon the public. I have taken him during the last hour where he could visit some of the meetings, and left him to his own reflections. First, to the furniture men's meeting, which was full. Next to the marketmen's meeting. The house was crowded, and hundreds standing, and the simple testimony was, "The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has cleansed me from sin." The next was the one on the corner of Chauncy and Summer streets, where a large congregation is gathered. Six hundred seats occupied, and several hundred standing, and the testimony of those was that the Lord was with them. I will give you one simple testimony given by a marketman: "I came into this meeting five weeks ago. I went into the corner of this room, being convicted by sin, and I went home to my wife and said, 'Jennie, I have found the Lord Jesus Christ in North street!' I had driven her into the corner of the house before, that she might not pray for me. She lifted up her hands and said 'John, is this so?' She couldn't be convinced until the family Bible was brought out and prayer was offered to mother's God that we might consecrate the meeting to mother's God, and those who have been with me in business, in fun and frolic, can bear witness that I have found the Lord."

Rev. J. B. Dunn, a prominent clergyman, was in thorough sympathy with the evangelists, and on one occasion said: In addition to these arguments for bringing children to Christ—the saving of their own soul—was this: There is no more powerful instrument to lead souls to Christ than little children. He then related the following incident: Among those who professed a new-found faith at his church on Sunday were two young misses whose parents resided in a distant part of the State; in the evening they brought to him an old gentleman whom they introduced as their father. With tears in his eyes he said he had come to prevent his children from taking the step, but now he *did* not wish to go home until he had found the Jesus of his children. His brother, too, a skeptic, had been at church all

the day to see his nieces take this step, and he was doubtless interested. Verily, he added, if the little ones are brought to Jesus, they will bring their parents. Let us get them and we need have no fear but that they will unite for Christ and bring many others into the fold.

The new pastor of Park Street church threw the weight of his eloquent voice into the meetings. As a specimen of his style we quote from the *Globe* report: Dr. Withrow made a briet address from Revelation iii., 20: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any one open unto Me I will come in and sup with him." He said this text had been suggested to him by the fact that the city was to be districted. God is at the door. Will you open to Him? There were different kinds of knocks. There was the gentle knock and the harder knock. And there were great knockers upon some of our doors that almost broke the door down, and in that way sometimes God knocked men. He sometimes almost killed men in order to get them to Him. After the great Boston fire the general verdict would have been that there was a Providence in it. Then there was the gentle little knock or ring that we have now; that was the still, small voice that is now speaking to us in the Tabernacle. Had any other course been pursued; had a great noise been made here, the enemies of the revival would have criticised us severely. God was at the door. The question was, should we open to Him? Dr. Withrow concluded his address by exhorting all to open the door to the Saviour now, and He would "come in and sup with you." The services closed with a most fervent prayer by Dr. Withrow and the benediction.

The Baptist church was represented by many earnest men, among whom stood forth Rev. A. J. Gordon, Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D., and Rev. George F. Pentecost, as the leading spirits. Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer said that there were two things in the third chapter of John which he desired to emphasize as being of equal importance to those who are guiding inquirers, and those who are seeking the blessings of eternal life. First, the marvellousness of that change which is made in the human soul; second, the thoroughness of that change, radi-

cal, so that man is indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus. In this city, and I presume in other cities, there is a class of people that are anxious to have a religion of common sense. There are some practically-shaped men who are driving hard after what they call a religion of common sense. The miraculous and supernatural elements they regard as unworthy the confidence of the minds of the nineteenth century, and they want common sense. They say that they do not believe in the adoration of the Trinity, because it is not in accordance with common sense. They don't believe that any one can be made over again and made a new creature; that it isn't in harmony with common sense. But, men and women, the grandest things even outside of religion are not in accordance with common sense. Generosity, selfishness, nobility, manhood, forgiveness, all that makes a man grand, even apart from religion, are not things that harmonize with common sense. Common sense is self-seeking and guards its own. It violates all the rules of that generosity that understands the divine philosophy, that he who scatters yet increases, while he who holds simply to one thing gendereth little. Men may not know the time when they passed from death unto life, but every child of God knows that whereas they were once blind they now see. He needs no man to tell him that he has faith in Christ, that he is a new creature, that old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new. We have a consciousness, an inner sense, that Christ has been received from heaven. The other thought is the thoroughness of the work. You must be born again, and it is no superficial but a radical change; the old man is destroyed and a new one created. I think the passage of Paul, in the fourth chapter of Ephesians, gives a very clear idea of the thoroughness of this change, that you are to put away the old man who is corrupting the heart to deceitful lusts. But the new man is created in righteousness and true holiness. I apprehend there is imparted to man the spirit of holiness after he has been born again. Holiness becomes a passion with him, and from morning to night there is a longing and thirsting after holiness. It makes a man better in all the relations of life. It makes better fathers, mothers, business men more honest and devoted.

Rev. A. J. Gordon said he was not going to speak so much of numbers as power. He believed in the power decidedly. When he was a boy on the banks of the Connecticut he knew a flood was coming when the drift wood was carried from the bank, so when these "outsiders" were being drawn into the church he knew the water was rising and he felt very deeply and thoroughly that the tide of Divine influence is rising in just that way. One other thing he wanted to say was that he was most gratefully glad that so many men were being helped by the simple presentation of the Gospel as they have it presented to them here. This doctrine of trust is what they want. He was glad to see a good many children being converted by this idea of simple trust in Christ. Last night he met a laborer, a man who had been in great distress, and who was thoroughly willing to accept Christ. He presented the Gospel to him in this way. All he had to do was to trust Christ for his salvation ; and he had not spoken to him more than five minutes before he said he thought it was going to be a great job before he could be saved, but now he saw that Jesus Christ had done it all. And as soon as this man had accepted Christ and was saved, he went for another man. Many had that idea that a great work would have to be done before they could be saved, but Jesus Christ has done it all. There is no peril in putting men on that, on the word and testimony of God. "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

The Rev. Henry Morgan made one of his characteristic addresses, speaking as follows: This is the first time I have opened my lips in these meetings. I have listened. Would this revival be a success? When I saw business men on their knees I said there is hope for Boston. A fairy tale of the Alhambra tells us of a whole city turned to stone. At the end of a hundred years the enchantment was to break at the sound of a trumpet. There stood the frozen knights, sheathed in armor, awaiting the signal for the onset. At their head stood their leader, with hand on the calm mane of his petrified horse. All is still, lifeless, death-like, silent. The pale moon casts its cold splendor on the scene. Hark! That blast! It is the sound of

the resurrection trump to that city! Earth quakes. All leap to life. The war horse, with distended nostrils, shakes his mane, paws the valley, and neighs for battle. The warrior seizes the reins, leaps to the saddle, waves his plume, levels his lance, and charges "Ah! ha!" for victory! That frozen city represents Boston, congealed in its pride and infidelity. Hark! The trumpet voice of spiritual revivification! The hour has struck the cycle of the hundred years. The frozen city is awake. The stocks and stones cry out. The fetters of sin are bursting. The shackles of infidelity are yielding. Up! ye men of sin, congealed in the bondage of habit. Up! ye votaries of the cup! ye slaves of appetite. Up! ye knights of the chamber! Break the spell, your hour has come. The steeds of heavenly promise are at your door. Seize the reins of faith. Leap to the saddle of hope. Strike deep the spur of holy enthusiasm. Level the lance of God's truth, crying, "Ah! ha!" and rush to victory. Hark! There is a sound of a going in the top of the mulberry trees! From the granite hills of New Hampshire to the Atlantic coast men are praying for the good time coming, when the redeemed shall sing "The dead are alive, the lost are found, the prisoners are freed! Intemperance banished! Christ rules! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

Rev. L. B. Bates, of the M. E. Church, gave the assistance of his earnest spirit to the movement. In one of his addresses he said: When I was a young man, nineteen years of age, my mother said to me: "Louis, if you intend to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, you must always be ready for two things —you must always be ready to speak for the Master, and you must always be ready to die." And I think, brethren of the ministry, if we are ready for the latter, we shall always be ready to do the former. I wish to call attention, just for a moment, to the three "comes" in the seventeenth verse of the last book in the Bible. Somebody has said that this word "come" occurs more than three thousand times in this Book. God invites all men to come. In the very last book, and almost at its very close, the word "come" appears three times; indeed, the call is repeated a fourth time, in another form. The Spirit and the

Bride say, come; and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." The older people in this audience will remember the financial crisis of 1857–58, a crisis as hard as the present, but not so long. In New York there was a Christian blessed with money; and he said to himself, "What better use can I make of my money than to feed the hungry?" So he procured a hall and hung over the street in front of it a banner on which was inscribed in letters of gold, "Plenty to eat and nothing to pay." He said he got his idea from this passage of the Book of Revelation: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Early in the morning a lawyer who had no clients and no business by which he might support his family passed along the street and saw the banner and its motto. He stopped. "That's a lie," said he; "there is nothing in Blackstone to show that a man ever said or ever did such a thing as this, or that a man ever will." He passed on; and another man, a mechanic, destitute and in sore need, came along and saw the banner. "Such a thing was never heard of in New York city before; I don't believe it's true." And on he went in search of some way to earn his bread. And presently a poor widow passed down the street, who had just shut the door of her attic upon the prattling voice saying "Bread." She did not look down or pass by, but crossed the street and entered the hall, and met the proprietor at the door. "What can I do for you, lady?" he asked. "I have four children hungry at home," was her answer. "I saw your invitation and came in." "But first seat yourself at this board," said the man, "and satisfy your own wants." "I wish that my children may be fed," she said. "Be seated, lady," said the man, "I will send a waiter to your house, and he will see that your children are fed as well as you." Who acted upon the true impulse, my friends, this poor mother or those who passed by in unbelief? This banner of God's free salvation stretches from eternity to this earth. One end is fastened to the Cross of Calvary. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Whosoever will, let him come." John Bunyan used to say that he was glad that he did not find his

written in this invitation: for there were many John Bunyans in the world, and he could not tell who was meant. "But whosoever," said he, "means me." It means you, it means all. There is not one, however fallen, to whom this gracious invitation does not come.

Rev. E. R. Webb, D. D., one of Boston's best Congregational pastors, labored with such zeal as to break himself down in the Tabernacle work. He said: In the chapter we have read, after Jesus had told them in such a positive way that if they did not accept Him they should die in their sins, they raised this question: "Who art Thou?" The question, I suppose, is raised by a great many persons who reflect seriously upon this matter, "Who art Thou?" If there is anything in this world that gives me pure, hearty comfort at times, it is this question, the answer to which is found in the Word of God. We ministers sometimes contend very earnestly for what we think and believe, and not always with the best spirit, although with the best intentions. We have our times of weakness, also, times of loneliness. It is when we are ourselves in circumstances of trial, when we feel the hand of God heavy upon us. Then we retire to our closets and answer that question as we read God's word and know in whom we have trusted. I have seen some dark days since I have been a minister of the gospel, days in which I could have lain on the floor and cried all day on account of defilement before God. I have seen many days so dark that the sun to-day with all its brightness is only twilight compared to it. The only thing I did not let go of was that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and My Saviour. I do not expect to see the day, if I die with my reason, so dark that I cannot cling to Him, because I know who He is. Oh, what a comfort it is to our hearts that step with little steps, after the great strides of the apostles, that we can say, "I know in whom I have trusted." Such belief in the Lord Jesus Christ lightens the burdens of the world. How can any one refuse to accept the invitation to accept Him? If there is doubt in our sincerity if you turn to this blessed Word you cannot doubt the sincerity of the Lord Jesus Christ who suffered and died for us. Then why

not accept Him, all of you here to-day? Why not take Him to your poor, weary hearts and have a friend in time of need and an advocate by and by? At the close of Dr. Webb's remarks Mr. Sankey said: "I would like to ask you all to turn to the seventy-first hymn. Dr. Webb's experience is nothing new. This hymn is many hundred years old. It contains these thoughts about the Father above. It is one of the most popular hymns on the other side of the water. I have not heard it sung on this side, but I hope it will be before long. Allow me to sing a verse or two. There are precious thoughts brought out by this hymn not all of joy. Some of sorrow; not to be greater, not to be above the Master, but to be willing to suffer and be with Him."

The following notices of the leader of the great choir whose efficient services were recognized by the tens of thousands who thronged the Tabernacle, will give a glimpse of his work and his religious character.

At the usual time the preliminary service of praise was held, under the direction of Dr. Tourjee, whose indefatigable work in connection with the revival has done so much to make the meetings attractive. The regular choir for the evening was present in force, and the singing was full and hearty. Several new hymns, which had been prepared for the Tabernacle services, were given; and among the other songs rendered were "Come Sing the Gospel's Joyful Sound," "Thine, Gracious Lord," "Rescue the Perishing," "I Am Thine," "Everything to God in Prayer," "Jesus paid it All," "O Happy Day," and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

He was present at a boys' meeting: Dr. Tourjee stepped forward, and, in his calm way, said: "Boys, I accepted Christ when I was seven years old; I can remember it as if it were but yesterday. I remember that I used to read certain verses from the Bible, and in many cases I fully understood their meaning. I knew that I was sinning every day of my life, as everyone here to-night are constantly doing. I did not lie; I did not steal or swear; but at the same time I knew that I was not a good boy. I went to the Lord privately and asked him to

accept me just as I was. The Lord did do this. But the one mistake which I made, boys," continued Dr. Tourjee, "was that I kept my conversion to myself. I didn't even tell my father or mother. So arriving at my eleventh year I finally lost Christ. If I had told my parents or friends of my conversion I should have been much happier. So I ask every one of you to-night who are Christians to tell your companions of it. Don't believe in the devil when he tells you 'Wait;' believe in the Lord; He will always be your friend."

These gatherings for boys were evidently full of interest and profit.

The first was attended by about one hundred and fifty boys, ranging from ten to sixteen years of age. Just before the meeting opened several mothers led in their sons, selected seats for them, and then withdrew. Mr. Hastings, a young man from the Olivet Church, conducted the services in a most informal, conversational manner, which was undoubtedly very encouraging to the boys assembled. With a large Bible in his hand, Mr. Hastings walked up and down in front of his youthful inquirers, first directing his conversation to one part of his audience, then to another. "I was once a boy myself," said Mr. Hastings, "and so I can sympathize with every one of you in your desire to get nearer to Christ. I remember that when I was a boy—and that was not a very long time ago—I got acquainted with a boy who was more than my equal both mentally and physically. I became very much attached to him because I saw that he was generally looked up to by companions of his own age. This led me to follow their example. I wish now, my young friends, that I had not followed their example. The boy of whom I speak soon got an unenviable reputation among his companions, some of whom were not nearly as bad at heart as the boy I have mentioned. I had no one at that time," continued Mr. Hastings, "to tell me that I was doing wrong in going with this boy; and it was not until the boy in question committed some grave offence that my eyes were finally opened. I left off going with him; but although I did not thereafter go with him I kept familiar with the kind of

life he was leading. It was not the life which I knew good boys were in the habit of leading; and it grieves me to be obliged to say to you, my young friends to-night, that this boy, with whom I used to associate, is going about the streets of Boston a common drunkard." Mr. Hastings appeared deeply affected as he concluded relating this story, and as he was about seating himself he called on a Mr. Herbert of Lynn to lead in prayer. Mr. Herbert in his prayer appealed to God in a most fervent manner that He would see the importance of this gathering, and bless it just as much as other meetings. After this prayer, Mr. Hastings stood up and said that he wanted every boy who had already become a Christian to stand up and testify what the Lord had succeeded in doing for them. As none immediately arose, Mr. Hastings said, "Don't be afraid; I want all to be first." None stood up, however, and so Mr. Herbert rose and said, "I thought that possibly some of the Lynn boys who are present might like to tell their simple stories of conversion." Hereupon a boy, probably fifteen years of age, rose and testified that he had found Christ three years ago. "Boys," he said, speaking quite loudly, "you hardly know how happy I have been since I have become a Christian. Some of you no doubt think that in order to become a Christian you must constantly put on a long face and otherwise look grave. I have not found this at all necessary. Since I have received Christ into my heart I feel like a new person. I feel happy all the time. You must not think, boys, that if you once become a Christian you must give up all pleasures and never have any more fun. That is a mistaken idea. I enjoy myself much better now than I did before I was converted. I ask all of you boys who are not Christians to find Christ to-night, then you will be as happy as I am." The boy spoke with great earnestness as if he believed all that he had uttered, and as he sat down, Master Harry Sankey rose and read from a chapter in John. "I think," said Master Harry, "we must first receive the Holy Spirit from the Bible before we can hope to acc Christ. I hope that all here will have this Holy Spirit nig'ıt." As Master Sankey sat down, a colored young

who had been converted said that he hoped all the boys assembled had mothers living and who were accustomed to pray for their sons. "I had a mother," continued this young man, "who actually wasted away her life praying for me. That was before I was converted. I didn't see my mistake then. I went with all sorts of bad companions and came home at all hours of the night, and almost any hour at which I might come home I found my mother praying, and she was always praying for me. But I am now a Christian, boys, and I want every one of you to become one." A little boy of about ten years old here got up and said that he once was in the habit of drinking cider and going with very bad boys, but since he had become a Christian he had no desire to drink or associate with bad companions. A young man then told of God's infinite power and goodness, closing by entreating the boys present to go to God immediately. Mr. Hastings here said that as it was very near the time for closing the meeting he would only read a few of the verses contained in the forty-fifth chapter of John, and then request all the boys really desirous of becoming Christians to stand. This was done, Mr. Hastings immediately calling on Master Sankey to offer the closing prayer. Master Harry bowed his head and uttered a few inspiriting words, and closed his prayer by asking God to bless this and subsequent meetings. At the particular request of Mr. Hastings the unconverted boys remained at the close of the meeting for the purpose of having a private talk with him.

At another meeting: As fast as the boys entered the room they were directed to take seats in front and away from the entrance doors. Mr. Hastings conducted the meeting as usual, and the services were opened by singing the sixty-fifth hymn. "Now, as our time is short," said Mr. Hastings, "we must get as many testimonies of God's goodness as we can; so who will be the first boy to rise?" One bright-looking boy here rose and said he had accepted God, and was very glad that he had done so. Another boy, slightly larger than the first, said that he had found God one year ago. "If every one of you boys here," continued the boy, "knew how very happy I feel to-

night, every one of you, I think, would be willing to give your heart to Jesus before leaving this room. Since I gave myself to Jesus I never spent a more happy year. I pray that all of you may realize God's great goodness in time." A Lynn boy then offered prayer, at the conclusion of which Mr. Hastings asked for more testimony. A boy here got up and said that he had received God five years ago. "I don't think," said this boy, "that any of us should for a moment be afraid of being converted at these meetings. Some boys I know of are afraid to get up and speak when so many boys are around them, but I don't think that we should think of ourselves when we speak, but of the Lord, whom I hope all present want to serve. Some of these boys, no doubt, do not believe in being converted quickly; they want to take their own time for it. Now, I think these meetings are the right kind, and every boy here to-night should fully appreciate them." A boy aged about eleven or twelve then rose and said that he loved the Lord with all his heart, and he hoped that every boy in the room would do the same. "I want to read a verse," said this boy, turning over the leaves of a Bible, "from the fifth chapter of Corinthians, thirteenth verse: 'For whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for your cause.'" "I thank you for reading that verse," said Mr. Hastings. "I remember perfectly well when I was converted. It was eleven years ago. I was present at a meeting similar to this one, and I was just as much afraid to get up and tell how I loved Christ as many of you are; but I did get up finally. What do you think I said? Why I couldn't say anything. My lips were closed just as tight as a vise. Many of the grown people around me tried to get me to open my lips and say something but I couldn't do it. I wanted to say 'Lord I love you,' as one little boy said a little while ago. There was enough in my heart," continued Mr. Hastings, "which if uttered would have told its own simple story. But my lips wouldn't open, and I finally turned my back on the crowd of people and burst into tears. All the boys there seemed to understand that I had given my heart to the Lord that night, although I had not sai

one word to that effect. I went home and prayed that night; I prayed that the Lord might give me something to do. He did give me plenty of good work to do, and whenever I saw a boy of my age going astray I endeavored to point out to him the light. Now isn't there some boy here who would like to be prayed for? Hasn't he a brother, sister, father or mother for whom he wants to ask prayers?" Quite a small boy then asked prayers for his brother, "who was leading a bad life." "I am very glad to hear you ask prayers for your brother," said Mr. Hastings, "you couldn't do better than that. I don't want any of you boys to look doubtfully on religion. Everything good and great has been accomplished through knowledge of religion. Boys, don't be afraid to own that you are a Christian, that you love the Bible. I wonder how many of the boys present to-night know the message which was first transmitted by telegraph? Who is going to tell me?" As no boy responded, Mr. Hastings said, "I think it was this: What hath God wrought? You see, boys, that men at that time had great respect for God, a great love for him." After a few more boys had stood up and said that they had unreservedly accepted Christ, Mr. Hastings said: "Now I would like to tell you a true story. Away in the highlands of Scotland lived a young and pretty girl with her widowed mother. This girl was a trifle vain; she wanted to see more of the world than she could possibly hope to see in her isolated mountain home. I don't think that she was much different from many of the girls living in this city to-day. This girl of whom I am speaking wanted to get away by herself in some city, where she thought there would be no possible restraint upon her, and she could have a good time. So this girl finally made up her mind to go away from her home and only living parent. One dark night, after having collected some of her clothes into a bundle, and provided herself with money, she stole from her home and went to Glasgow. With her money, good clothes and a pretty face she almost constantly had a crowd of companions about her. Her head was naturally very easily turned, and she didn't seem to see the consequences of her career. But, boys, let me

tell you right here, that all who associated with this girl did so from an evil motive. The girl didn't see it in that light. She plunged deeper and deeper into vice, and finally, when all her money was exhausted and her health utterly wasted, she discovered for the first time that her past companions had all deserted her. Now, boys, what do you think the girl thought the most of? It is hard to tell; but this I do know, that like the Prodigal Son, she, for the first time since leaving her mother, thought of home. Oh, you can't realize, boys, how much this fallen creature thought of home and her mother. But would her mother receive her now?" asked Mr. Hastings in a low voice there being remarkable stillness throughout the room. "The girl didn't much care whether her mother would receive her or not; but she wanted to get home. So, she suddenly left Glasgow, and when she had got quite near her old home she discovered a little glimmering light in the distance. At first she didn't know where it was, but as she got nearer her home she was glad to see that the light really did issue from her own house. She went up to the front door and saw that the latch-string was really out. This fact she could hardly believe; she involuntarily pulled the latch-string; the door was quickly opened. The next moment a pair of loving arms were about her neck, and a mother's voice saying tenderly, 'Dear darling child, how glad I am that you have returned.' If a mother will do this," concluded Mr. Hastings, "God most certainly will."

We must now omit special reference to the united phalanx that surrounded Mr. Moody, and speak more particularly of him who was the heart and soul of the mighty enterprise.

When he came to Boston Mr. Henry F. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College, a converted lawyer of ample means, invited him and his family to take up their abode at his house during their stay in the city. This they did; while the proprietors of the Hotel Brunswick gave Mr. Sankey and family a home in their elegant house free of charge. Thus the expenses of these brethren were chiefly provided for by private hospitality. And here may be inserted the statements of Mr. Moody, respecting their own connection with money:

There have been some very exaggerated rumors that we were employed to come for so many thousand dollars—ten, fifteen, twenty, even thirty. Now let me say that this money is to go to D. E. Snow, of the Tremont Bank, who is Treasurer of the committee that have put up the building and have paid all the bills, and not one dollar of it is coming to us. We not only raised money enough to pay the expenses in Chicago, but eighty thousand dollars to pay the debt on the Young Men's Christian Association. Then some one writes to an infidel paper that Moody and Sankey had put the money in their pockets—pretty good pay for three months' work. We find a good many people believe it. If we took money from the public it would be well to report what we did with it and how much we received, as there never has been any collection for us, and we are not employed by the public or any committee.

I do not know that it is necessary for me to say anything to justify myself in the way I have been employed the last sixteen years, but when I gave up my business sixteen years ago, after three months of the severest struggle of my life whether I should go for dollars and cents or for souls, from that day to this I have no more lived for money than I have lived for water. My friends have blamed me because I have not laid aside something for my family. Some of them insisted upon my wife having some money and they bought her a home in the country, and the rumor is that it cost thirty thousand dollars, and thirty thousand dollars to furnish it. The home cost three thousand five hundred dollars and there have been some improvements, and the furniture and everything cost ten thousand dollars. It belongs to my wife and children. My father died at the early age of forty-one, and if I die to-morrow there will be a roof over the heads of my wife and children. Some one said in the inquiry-room a certain man would not come because I paid four thousand dollars for a house. Take off three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and you will find it right. As far as dollars and cents are concerned, I could make more in one night than I have made in Boston. I have been offered five hundred dollars a night for a lecture. I have been offered two,

three, five hundred dollars a night to lecture, when I might talk an hour and then go to a comfortable hotel; but as it is now, I work at the Tabernacle all day and talk till midnight with inquirers, and when I am done have hardly strength enough to go to my room. If you want to attack me do not attack me there. I have weaknesses, but they are not in that direction. If I had come for money it would have been in some other work. (Applause.) I detest that applause. The royalty on the hymn books amounted last year to sixty-eight thousand dollars, but it all went to three trustees, and not one dollar came into the hands of Mr. Sankey or myself. It belongs to us as much as the income of your business belongs to you, but we give it up. We do not want one dollar of your money in Boston. Give it to the Lord as long as you please. I would rather live on a crust of bread than have people think we came for your money. If any young man here wants to go into the work of the Lord for money, I advise him not to do it. Now I don't want any one to go off and say that we preach for nothing, for we do not. We preach for souls, and the Lord takes care of us. I never have known what it is to want money in the sixteen years I have been at work for Him. The Lord has taken good care of me, and I have not known what it is to want.

Previous to one of the hymns Mr. Moody said: "The committee is twenty thousand dollars short on the expenses of the meetings in this building; and a collection of thank offerings will be taken up at all the meetings to-morrow. None of the offerings thus raised are to go for Mr. Sankey or myself; and therefore I have no hesitation in making this appeal. I believe that giving is an act of worship—that is, free-will offerings. If you can't give without grumbling, don't give at all; the Lord can get on without your money or you. But if you feel that the Lord has done anything for you, then give as God has blessed you."

The collection, said he, will now be taken up, but before this is done I will read a statement I have here, so that you may know how much money is needed. It is as follows:

For rent of land for the tabernacle	$2,500
Entire cost of building	32,500
Coal and gas	1,600
Advertising, printing and postage	2,500
Rent of halls	900
Running expenses for sixteen weeks	1,200
Incidentals	600
Total	$41,300
Received up to the present time	22,300
Amount needed to pay off the expenses to the present time	$19,000

There is a project on foot to keep the land and building for another year. If this is done ten thousand dollars will be required, and I would say that now is the time to get it, before people go into the country. I hope you will give as the Lord has prospered you. If you have money with you, put it in the box; if not, put your name and the amount you are willing to give on a card. A collection will now be taken up.

Speaking the next day of the result of this effort to liquidate the obligations of the committee, he said:

I am glad to say that the collections taken yesterday amount to enough to pay all the indebtedness on this building. But more money is needed to carry on the work and preserve this Tabernacle; so we shall take another collection Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. We've undertaken to keep up these meetings, and it must be done. We shall keep going at you till the whole sum is raised. A good many Boston people were shut out from the privilege of giving yesterday, because they could not get into the meetings. There were a good many country people there, and they did very well indeed; and now we'll give Boston people a chance next Sunday. Be sure and bring your pocketbooks with you to the meetings, and be sure that there is money in your pocketbooks, too.

Mr. Moody spoke of future work as follows: I have received a notification from several of the business men of this city for

Mr. Sankey and myself to remain here during all the month of May. I think about five hundred of the business men have signed this petition, and I am rejoiced to know that they are interested in the work; but it seems to me that this is the time for them to take it up. We have been to work here three months, and if they only take it up in the month of May, and not only through that month, not only continue for that time, but during the rest of their lives, it would be a glorious thing. The work shouldn't stop during the months of May and June. It will be just the time for the work in the churches to get rooted. Then a great many ministers will be out of the city on their vacations, and it will be just the time to get the young converts together and feed them on truth, and build them up in the Word of God. But I hope that some of the ministers will stay at home and not go off on a vacation, and if the churches are kept to work there will be a great many—hundreds, and perhaps thousands—converted this summer. I tell you God is just as willing to work one month as another. They haven't any calendar in heaven. The condition of the atmosphere doesn't have any influence at the throne of God. God is just as willing to take an interest in the poor sinner at one time as another. So let us stop talking about May or June, and go to work in earnest. If the Lord spares my health I shall be back again in two weeks, and I will spend a good deal of my time with the young converts. We have received a great many letters recently, asking for personal consultation. We. haven't had time to read them all, much less to answer them. We should like to spend a few days in this city and have time to talk with these inquirers; and we will have some inquiry-meetings when we come back. Perhaps there may be a few more meetings here in the Tabernacle. Arrangements have been made to get speakers and just keep this building open for another year. We are going to write to Europe, to one or two prominent preachers there, who, we think, can be brought to this country. Then we have got some in different parts of this country, and we think they will come. We just want to make

this a place where thousands and thousands shall be born into the kingdom of God.

Truly we can say that God is answering prayer here in Boston. The last three months have been the greatest of my life. People say, "Are you satisfied?" No; I never will be satisfied as long as there is an unsaved man upon this earth. But I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Satisfied while these men are fighting against God and reviling the Bible? No!! But we are thankful that so many infidels, so many atheists and skeptics and libertines have been born unto God in the past three months, brought in answer to prayer. We want to keep on praying and crying to God to answer prayer. In the twenty-fourth verse of Jude it says, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." That is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Word of God; not the sweetest—it is hard to tell which is the sweetest verse in the Bible. How precious, how sweet these promises!

In speaking of the privilege of having God's words free to all, Mr. Moody said: "Do you think bad men would write such a book as this Bible, which declares their own condemnation? Yet some people say that. Do you think good men could make such a mistake as to write a bad book? Such an idea is absurd. No; the Bible, I say to you to-night, has done more to lift fallen humanity than all the other books that have ever been written. It is a Divine book, and only the man who is born of the spirit can begin to understand it." Again, when referring to the idea that it is a hard thing to serve Jesus, Mr. Moody said that it is a hard thing to try to serve Jesus with the unconverted mind—to try to be a Christian before a man is "born again." "A good many have tried to serve the Lord and the world, and they have failed, and then have begun to sigh, and say, 'It is a hard thing to serve Christ.' It is not only hard, but it is impossible, for such men, or any one, to serve God in the flesh. Let Jesus be accepted, and soon the convert will leap for joy and learn that it is true that Christ's yoke is easy and his burden is light." Mr. Moody in considering the excuse which some make—"I am

unworthy to be a Christian"—said: "Have you ever seen anything in the Bible that Jesus will reject a man for his sins? All are invited to the Saviour's feasts. Jesus came to save sinners! Don't let Satan deceive you. Christ will never cast you out. He has never rejected one who sought Him; do you think He will begin now? O know in your heart He will not reject you because your life has been bad. O be willing to turn from sin and accept the Saviour. There will be joy over the wanderer who returns.

I remember coming down the Tennessee River with a boatful of wounded men during the war. You could hear the dying groans all over that boat, and as we gave them a cup of cold water we told them of the water which, if they drank, they should never die. And as I went up and down that long stateroom I found one wounded man who was unconscious. I went to the doctor and asked him if he would come to, and he said "No; we have amputated one of his legs, and he has got to die." I said, "Is there anything you can do to bring him to?" "Yes," he said, "a little brandy and water might rally him." So I got some brandy and water, and while I was bringing him to consciousness I began to talk to the man next to him. "Do you know him?" I said. "Yes sir; we went into the army together." "Has he any parents?" "He has a widowed mother; he is her only son." "How old is he?" "Nineteen." He had beautiful black hair and a fine face, and I said to myself, "O, how that widowed mother would like to get a message from her boy before he died." I hesitated, and presently I said: "Is he a Christian?" He said: "Yes, he was the best man in our company—a very godly man." And every time I gave him brandy I would say "William," and at length his eyes opened and he fixed them on me. I said, "William, do you know where you are?" and he said "O, yes, I'm on my way home to mother!" "Yes," I said, "But the doctor says you will not live to get there. Would you like me to take any message to your mother?" And in a moment he said, "Yes, tell my mother that I died trusting in Jesus Christ." It seems to me that I never heard that word when it sounded so sweet. "Any-

thing else, William?" I said. "Yes, tell my mother and sisters to be sure and meet me in Heaven." Oh! how sweet it is to trust in Him. Why shouldn't every one in this building to-day, just as you are, commit yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ and commence to trust Him.

Says one of the reports:—Song, sermon and the whole service yesterday morning—this being the last week of the evangelists' stay in Boston—evinced the thorough earnestness of purpose on the part of the evangelists, and the heartfelt interest of the people of Boston in the cause of Christ. Old men bowed down with the weight of years, young men in the first flush of a glorious manhood, women and children being interspersed like flowers in a vineyard, all leaned forward with eager, earnest faces, as if to draw the evangelists and themselves into closer communion, and, despite the inclemency of the weather, the vast auditorium was filled to its fullest capacity, crowds being turned away from the various entrances.

The evangelist read from the fourth chapter of Acts, and commented on the demand that the apostles should speak no more in the name of Jesus, saying: That took away their capital; it was all they had. The order wouldn't have troubled a good many ministers; they could have gone on as they had for years, and not even mention the name of Jesus. But these apostles had nothing else to preach but Jesus. The Jews could not make them give it up, for they spoke of things which they had seen and heard.

Many people are making the mistake of looking for their reward down here. Remember our reward is yonder. No man is ready to work for God until he is willing to take the reward up yonder. What does Christ say? "When the world persecutes you rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward down here. Ah! my friends. I never read that life of St. Paul but I am ashamed of myself and of the christianity of the nineteenth century. He didn't have any committee to build him a building like this. Look at him going down to Corinth. He had his bundle under his arm, his tools, I suppose, to make tents with. He went down there and found cheap lodgings on some

side street, and then he began to preach, and then the Jews began to put him down; they didn't want him—they cast him out. After he had been preaching eight months they had a committee, but it was more a vigilance committee than one of help, and they took him out of the city and gave him thirty-nine stripes. If a man got one stripe nowadays what a martyr he would be. He went to another place and they stoned him and left him for dead, and I don't know but he was, and God raised him. "What are you going to do now, Paul?" they said. "I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling," he said. The devil got his match when he got Paul. On he went, and they couldn't stop him. "Five times I received of the Jews forty stripes save one." But he leaped into the field again and went on preaching the Gospel as before. All the devils in hell couldn't stop him. God said, "Preach the Gospel," and he went and preached it. That's what America wants—men who will preach the Gospel in season and out of season. A great cry came to him to go over into Macedonia, and over he goes and the first thing that happened to him was thirty-nine more stripes. He and Silas were cast into prison, his feet put in the stocks, his hands in chains, and his back black and bleeding. And he and Silas began to sing. If it had been you and I we should have sung "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound." And they had just got through their prayers when God shouted from heaven, Amen, and the prison doors shook and the Philippian jailer was converted, he and all his family. Look at Paul again at Rome. The time of his departure is at hand. He took up his pen and wrote to Timothy, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. I have finished my course." I don't know what Boston would have done with him. They would have certainly called him a bigot. But he held on to the faith. Now the time had come for him to be executed, and he passed over that highway—they took him two miles out of the city. He went with a firm, proud step. I see him at the guillotine. His head is cut off; the devil can have his head, but God can have his soul. I see him leap into a chariot and they ring the bells of heaven and there is great joy there as he goes sweeping through

the gates and up the shining way and you hear them shout, "Well done! Well done!" And as it rolls on to the throne of God I hear Christ say to him, "Well done, Paul, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" See that no man takes your crown. There will be a great many crownless Christians in heaven. See to it that you do not lose your reward and remember it is up there, not down here.

There seems to be no doubt of Mr. Moody's intense realization of the powers of the world to come: Heaven and hell are realities. He believes what he preaches, and yearns to save souls. In the minds of many, evangelical Christians and ministers hold indifferently and with a sort of half belief to the truths they profess to set forth. This accounts for the little interest that is awakened and the little influence that is gained. He cannot save a soul from eternal darkness, and woe who does not make that soul feel the faith he has, not alone in the possibility, but in the certainty of the doom of the sinner. It is this intense earnestness, born of a living faith in God's Word, as decreeing the certain weal and woe of humanity, that has awakened the strong opposition of infidels and Unitarians to his work which the evangelical pastors rarely awaken.

A Universalist pastor asked Mr. Moody whether he was invited to join in the revival movement. The answer, though not intended for publication, is so conclusive and simple that it ought to put an end to open letters and secret complaints. Mr. Moody said in substance: "I invite every minister in sympathy with this movement. I love every man on the face of this earth. You know the doctrines I preach. If you can stand me I can stand you. Only let us have no controversy. We have no time to fight. If you are not in sympathy with the movement, you work in your way, and let us alone in our way."

Points from Mr. Moody.

Mr. Moody said that he studied the Bible in this way: He spent weeks and weeks upon some subject. He studied it topically. He studied it book by book. Genesis was the key to

the Bible. There were four men that had written the life of Christ, and we should read them all together in order to properly understand Him. He defied any man to read John without prejudice, and not have proved to him the divinity of Christ. John's object was to prove this. No book explained the Bible so well as the Bible itself. Faith in God came from the Word of God. The more you know of a man, the more faith you will have in him. Revelation was the only book that opened with benediction upon him that reads it. This book the devil didn't want us to read, for it tells of the devil's downfall. God had no poor people. Everybody was rich who was in God. There was no discount upon God's promises. We should take them all and mark good against them. All God's promises were good. The precious blood of Christ was the only thing that the devil was afraid of. We should take up an epistle, for instance, and study it in the light of one word. Take Peter and study him in the light of the word precious. The first thing for a man to do was to "believe upon Him who sent Me." If we fed the people well they would come to the meetings. We should feed them upon the Word of God. When a man had dug the Bible out by himself, he would not go off into the world of pleasure; he would have something better than worldly pleasure. We should be careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything. Above all, in reading the Bible, we should remember that in it everywhere in Old and New Testament alike, it was full of Christ. The "Word" was a wondrous power, and we should give people the "Word" in season and out of season. The Word was enough.

There has been a great deal of discussion among Bible students as to which comes first, repentance or faith, and I have not been able to find out what I believe about the matter. I think sometimes they come together, but I don't care how they come if they both come, if men will only repent and have faith in God. Repentance may come first or faith, if they only have the two. But it is very important that we both repent and have faith in God.

"I will raise Thee up from the dead." Isn't it precious. I

like the [illegible]n that gives me the comfort that the voice of the Son of God [illegible]ll be heard in heaven: "I will raise Him up." It is only a question of time. He will come back; the trump of God will be heard, and the dead will come forth. Precious promise! Glorious word of the Son of God! If you will lay hold of it, how it will [illegible]. It will be a resurrected body, a spiritual [illegible]body; you can write over every cemetery, "[illegible]." Death is a conquered enemy. We are to [illegible]with the Son of God Himself. What a pr[illegible]se promises are for every one of us. [illegible]them? Shall we not confess Him [illegible] are bitter; the bitterest people are those w[illegible] are [illegible]e most.

God invites you to the feast, and it is a real invitation. If God sent His Son down into this world and didn't give you power to believe and then punished you eternally for not believing on Him, he would be an unjust God.

But God doesn't do that. With the command to believe God gives you the power. You can lay hold of Christ and believe to-night if you will, and be saved. Now the question comes on the will again. Some say, "I haven't got the right kind of faith." What kind of faith do you want? Some are waiting for a kind of miraculous faith. We want only the same kind of faith we have in one another. Don't wait for miraculous faith but use the faith you have got. Any faith that brings Christ is the right kind of faith.

I tremble when an ungodly man speaks in favor of these meetings, as I fear that I have not given the word with the full spirit that it ought to have been given, because when the truth is spoken, it cuts into their hearts and they don't like it. It brings out their sins. One man came in here who was living in sin and the truth sank into his heart. His wife had been praying for him. He was living, well, I might as well say it—in adultery. He went out of here swearing and mad because the truth sank into his heart. He thought his wife had been telling me something about him, but I did not know anything about him. The spirit of God had reached him and convicted

him of his sinful life. But when the Gospel is preached and the Holy Ghost carries it home, the sinner is convicted. They don't like it, and then begins the opposition. If we are true Christians let us work for God as one man. Let us pray to God that He may fill us with power to deliver the message as God gives it, and not be afraid of what men say, but to deliver it faithfully and truly, and then pray God to carry it home to the hearts of the people. Now, are we ready to do some little thing for the Lord this week? I came here this morning with one thought to see if I could not stir up men and women to do some one thing for Christ this week. Just some one thing. Don't you see if you do some one thing in the right spirit Christ will bless it, and there will be a great deal done in the city of Boston this week for Christ if we all work. There was a young man in Boston a few weeks ago who was so impressed that he ought to do something for God that he went to work, and having one brother who lived in his native town, he went home and wrote this brother a kind letter, and just poured his heart out to that brother, and told him how anxious he was that he should be a Christian. It was quite a cold day in March when that brother got that letter. I heard him get up in a meeting and tell the incident last fall. He said it was most too cold to read it, but he thought he would like to see what his brother had written, and so he read it, and one portion of it was this: "Now, my brother, I am going to pray for you every day until I hear that you have accepted Christ for your Saviour." That brother could not keep back his tears as he read it and he said right there, "I will believe and will receive Christ," and God converted him right there in his sleigh on his way home. He had a happy wife and when he got home and told her of it that wife of course rejoiced. Let me tell you the results of that little letter. That young man had a schoolmate who lived up on a hill near by who had drunk up his farm. His wife had left him and he was in sin. He was an only son, well educated, and had been a promising youth, but then he was just a wreck; then this young man who had got blessed began to labor with that old friend and talk with him and pray with him

and his wife prayed with him and nearly two years ago he led that man to Christ. But there was another neighbor, just beyond, who had been forty years a drunkard, and these two men went for that drunkard and the Lord God answered their prayers. He is a saved man now and they are having meetings in the school-house, and the whole neighborhood is being blest, all the result of one letter. How God uses weak things. You cannot tell, my friends, how much you may accomplish if you win one soul to Christ.

One day in the inquiry room a man about my age came to me and he said he wanted to see me alone. I took him one side and he told me a story that would make almost any man weep. He was in a good position—a leading business man of the community. He had a beautiful wife and children. He was ambitious to get rich fast, and in an unguarded moment he forged; and in order to cover up that act he had committed other guilty acts, and he had fled. He was a fugitive from justice, and he said: "I am now in the torments of hell. Here I am, away from my family. A reward has been offered for me in my city. Do you think I ought to go back?" I said, "I don't know. You had better go to God and ask Him about it. I would not like to give you any advice." You could hear him sob all over that church.

He said, "I will go to my room and I will come and see you next day at 12 o'clock." The next day he came to me and he said, "I do not belong to myself, I belong to the law. I have got to go and give myself up. I do not care for myself, but it will disgrace my family, but if I don't I am afraid I will lose my soul." This day I got a letter from him. I think I would like to read it to you. I told some people of it here to-day, and they said, "You ought to take it to Charlestown and read it to the convicts in the State Prison." But I thought I had better read it before I got there. It may keep some man here from getting there. Some one here may have just commenced. He may to-morrow commit a forgery and bring sorrow and gloom upon his loved ones. It was only three days ago that I got a letter from a wife and mother asking me to see her hus-

band. He had committed forgery. The officers came that night and took him. It was a terrible shock to that wife. He was a kind husband. That mother and children are praying every night, that their dear father may get out of prison. Let us lift up our hearts that this man may see that sin is a bitter thing. But let me read the letter:

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., April 8, 1877.

Mr. Moody:

Dear Brother: When I bade you good-bye in the lower room in Farwell Hall you said: "When it is all over write me." I wrote you in December. I thought then that it would soon be over. [Let me say right here that that letter which came in December drew a picture that has followed me all these days. He said he went to his home. The trial was to come off in another county. He wanted to see his wife, and he went to his home. He did not want his children to know that he was at home because it might get out among the neighbors, and he wanted to give himself up and not be arrested. Then, after his wife had put the children to bed, he would steal into the room, but he could not speak to them or kiss them. Fathers, was not that pretty hard? Would not that be pretty hard? You tell me sin is sweet! There are men with their eyes wide open; no, not with their eyes wide open; they must be closed when men say that sin is sweet. There is that man, that loved his children as you love yours, and he did not dare to speak to them.] "I wrote you in December, thinking all would soon be over, but the State was not ready to try me, and so I was let out upon bail till April. Yesterday my case was disposed of and I received sentence for nineteen years." [Oh, how sad! How bitter sin is! May God open the eyes of the blind tonight. Christians always pray that God may open the eyes of the blind. Christ came for the recovery of sight to the blind. I hope every sinner will get his eyes open and see that sin is bitter, not sweet. The time is coming when you have got to leave this earth.] "Now I am in my prison cell, clothed in a convict's garb. It is all over with me. A long term of c

death and absence." [Then there is a long dash. I suppose he could not pen it. Away from that wife and little child.] "Now I have met the law. Pray for me that I may be sustained with consoling and needed strength. Pray for the loved ones at home; my dear parents and brothers and sisters, and my dear wife and children ——" [another long dash.] "And I ask that the attorney that was very kind to me may be prayed for, that he may become a Christian. And if not asking too much, a few words will be gratefully received. Address me in care of Penitentiary in Jefferson City, Mo. I pray that your labors may be blessed, and when you preach, warn men to beware of the temptation of doing evil, that good may come of it; warn them to beware of the ambition for wealth. Prayerfully and tearfully yours."

Yet we have men tell us that they will not give up sin. I wish I could say something here that would open the eyes of every man and woman in this assembly.

My friends, will you come into the ark to-night? When I was first converted here in Boston a good many infidels used to talk with me and try to dissuade me. A doctor and infidel that I knew told me that he had attended a good many death scenes, and that he was accustomed to see men die, and he told me it was all a mistake about the difference between men who were Christians and those who were not when they come to die. At that time I had never seen a man die, but afterwards when I went into the army grew accustomed to seeing them die. And sometimes I saw a number of men die in the same day, and I want to say that in spite of what men say about it, it does make a great difference whether he dies inside or outside the ark; inside heaven or outside; whether he has the true faith or not, if he is conscious of course. I have seen men die when they were unconscious, and then there didn't seem to be any difference. But when a man has all his faculties there is as much difference between the end of that man and a skeptic as there is between heaven and hell. If you want your end to be glorious you must take your stand for God. If you are a

Christian get up and come into the young men's meeting and into the inquiry meeting, and tell us about it and ask us questions, and satisfy yourself. Don't let anything keep you from pressing into the ark. God gave the greatest gift of Heaven for us—His only Son. We can press into the ark and be saved to-night. O, may God bring hundreds in to-night!

Look again at that scene I have read to you this afternoon from the seventh chapter of Luke. We are told that He came to the little city of Nain, and while there a great multitude of His disciples and "much people followed him." And we are told that this poor widow was coming out of that city following the coffin which contained her only son, and much people followed. Look at those two processions coming together. If I was an artist I would like to draw them; I would like to have such a picture in my room. To me it is one of the most wonderful scenes that ever occurred. There was death and resurrection face to face. Here came death dragging the poor captive to the grave for the worms to destroy, and He who had said he was the resurrection and the life came up face to face with death. I can see the disciples when they stopped; they knew that something was going to be done. I can see them gathered on one side of the highway that this procession might pass. And here two great powers met. That widow had a sad story to tell. I suppose there are some widows here to-day, and if we would go to your houses you could tell how your loved ones had gone from you, how he whom you loved dearer than life had been torn from you by death. Some of you may have followed your son to the grave, it might have been your only son who was your one hope, one prop. [At this stage a woman upon the platform fainted, and while the congregation arose and sung a hymn she was taken out, after which Mr. Moody continued as follows:] I was speaking about this widow that had her heart crushed and broken, and how she looked to the Son of God just to heal that heart. Many in this assembly, probably, have passed over that highway.

Perhaps many a mother to-day has a crushed heart and is sad and desolate on account of a loved one that has been t-

from her, and perhaps had rather go down into the grave than live longer; the world has no charm for them. But if you will come to Christ He will bind up your aching heart. See how He comforted that widow of Nain. It says that as He stood there, seeing her pass along to the grave, that His heart softened and He had compassion; that He heaved a sigh and sobbed. He could not let that scene pass. His great heart went out to her in her sorrow, and He spoke to that son and commanded him to rise, and the young man spoke, arose and was led to his mother. What joy there must have been in the nation that night as the restored one went back to the city. Oh, my friends, what a Saviour we have, and if there is any one here to-day stumbling over the same cross go to Christ. It may be some mother has some child taken away, and they are weeping and mourning for the lost. Christ don't want you to do that. Leave it to Him. He will have compassion on you and is able and willing to heal you. He came into this world for that purpose. Why, He said in that first sermon, yes at Nain, "He has sent Me to heal the broken-hearted;" and, He will heal every broken heart in this building here to-day if you will but come to Him. I remember that when I was in Edinburgh I read an account in the papers of a terrible railroad accident you had here and I didn't think there was any one injured whom I knew, and some one wanted to know if I knew a person named Spofford who was killed, and upon looking at the accounts again I found that it was the wife of a friend of mine in Chicago whose four children had been killed by that accident. When I was preaching in Chicago she used to come two miles from her home and bring two of the little children who used to listen to the sermons and the tears would trickle down their cheeks, and one night they said they wanted to go into the inquiry room, and they confessed Christ, and two of the eldest joined the church. I said to myself that their loss would surely break her heart, and when I next saw and hurried to comfort I found that she comforted me instead; I found that God had bound up that wounded heart. She said she hadn't thought with sorrow of her children since taken from her. She said:

"It seems as if God permitted me to take them to the verge of eternity and waft them into glory and then call me back." And to-day there is not a more reconciled or better Christian worker in Chicago. She can tell you that God can heal the broken heart. God has given her grace to stand it; that is what Christ does.

No man ever received Christ that did not receive Him in humility, when pride, self-righteousness and egotism were gone. As you receive Him, walk in Him. If we walk in Him as we have received Him, then we are walking as God would have us walk, then we are deep rooted. We want to get these young converts rooted, not in themselves, but in Christ. You find surface Christians, when there is some great blast of temptation, go down. If we are rooted in Christ and built up in Him, we have strength and power. Let us pray that we may have these seven things, that we may realize that we have received Christ, walk as we have received Him, be rooted, built up and complete in Him, buried in Him, and risen in Him.

Now, if the Bible don't teach the doctrine of substitution, of atonement, that Jesus Christ died in our place and suffered for our sins, why I say it don't teach anything. If you take that out you have got to cut the Bible all away, from Genesis to Revelation. Then some men stand right up and say, "I don't see what claim Christ has got on me. I don't see why I should love Him." It seems to me we have no reason for not loving Him if this Bible is true. If it isn't, let us take and burn it up. The religion of Jesus Christ is the greatest humbug that has ever been brought into this world, it has deceived hundreds of millions of people, if it is not true that Christ died for our sins. And if He didn't die for our sins how are we going to make an atonement for our sins? How are you going to get rid of your sins if you make light of the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ? "O," you say, "I am going to be better." But how are you going to do it with all the rest of your sins hanging over you? I was pained the other night by a man coming into the inquiry room and trying to prove to me that Christ did not suffer much, after all; He didn't do much for the world,

all. You have heard the story, perhaps, of that mother who started from New York to meet her husband during the California gold fever. A young man, during the gold fever, went out to the Pacific, and left his wife and little boy. Just as soon as he was successful he was going to send money. A long time elapsed, but at last a letter came enclosing a draft, and telling his wife to come on. The woman took a passage in one of the fine steamers of the Pacific line, full of hope and joy at the prospect of soon being united to her husband. They had not been out many days when a voice went ringing through the ship, "Fire! fire!" The pumps were set to work and the buckets were brought into operation, but the fire gained upon them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain ordered all the boats to be instantly lowered. He knew whenever the fire reached the powder they would all be lost. The people scrambled into the boats and the mother and boy were left on the deck. As the last boat was being pushed off the woman begged to be taken in. The majority insisted the boat was too full, and wanted to push off, but one man put in a word for her, and they said they could allow one more on board, but no more. What did the mother do? Did she go on board and leave her son? No, she put her boy into that lifeboat and told him if he ever lived to see his father to tell him, "I died to save you." And the boat pulled away from that ship, and left the mother standing there. The vessel went on burning. Presently an explosion was heard, and all was buried in the ocean. Suppose that young man was here to-night. Suppose you spoke to him about the act of his mother, and he turned around and scoffed at it. "Why," you would say, "that ungrateful wretch don't deserve to live," and this is what you are doing. He laid down his life for you. Now will you speak contemptuously about Him? Will you speak lightly of the blood laid down on Calvary for you? Let us rather all thank God we have such a Saviour. Let us live for Him and pray that He may give us strength and courage to stand up for Him and to come out boldly for Him.

Mr. Moody's Tact and Courage.

Mr. Sankey began the beautiful hymn, "Waiting and Watching." Just as he was singing the lines,

> "Will any one there at the beautiful gate
> Be waiting and watching for me?"

a small boy fell off from his seat on one of the heaters at the southeast end of the room. He wasn't hurt, but the noise startled the listening crowd. In an instant five hundred people were on their feet; in another instant half the assemblage had jumped upon the seats, and a surging roar of voices rising louder and louder, presaged a coming panic. Several women fainted; the excitement and noise increased, and the singing being suspended, Mr. Moody stepped to the front and shouted to the throng, "Sit down—there's no danger." The chief usher went to the scene of confusion and reported that it was only a case of fainting. In the meantime, Mr. Moody's reassuring face, and his repeated declarations that all was right, had partially quieted the frightened crowd. The causeless stampede was arrested just as it began. The ushers kept the people back; and the roar of excited voices, which was perfectly deafening during the height of the incipient panic, gradually died away to a subdued buzzing. Mr. Moody then said: "I have just heard from the usher that some one has fainted. And those around the person got up, why, the whole crowd got up, and it was just hub bub." Here Mr. Moody twirled his hands in his expressive manner. "When some one faints in the building, if the people around them wouldn't get up, there wouldn't be any danger of a panic. There is a great deal more danger of people getting excited like this and bringing about a panic than if we are not excited. We have no need to be excited. We are not up a flight of stairs; we are on the ground floor, and all the ushers have to do is to open these doors at the sides and let the audience out. Let us all be quiet. We have ushers all through the building, and if a person faints it is nothing unusual. The ushers take them into the air at once; but the moment they



knowing what was the cau
danger of a general excite
checked by saying, "It is or
a mercy he is not dead. (
sing,"—naming a hymn.

Once, in exhorting those
confession of their sins, he a
raise, that "it would damag
saying—"Take care of your
take care of itself."

One of the workers was op
wisdom to adapt instruction t
burden to Mr. Moody, remark
The other instantly replied, "
sibility," and the lion in the w

He shows both remarkable
cess in managing especially h
are all human, sometimes ren
tion. They have the natura
ambitions of men, in many
sanctified. They represent bo
Christian family and different
Thou h

In a new work on the Supernatural Factor in Revivals, the author thus discourses:

The Tabernacle preacher but reiterates the faith of such men as Tertullian, Cyprian, Athanasius, Gregory Nazianzen, Chrysostom, and Augustine, among "the Church fathers;" he but repeats the creed of Anselm, Abelard, Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis, Eckart, and Tauler, of the scholastic and mystic periods; he but adopts and declares the belief of such renowned Germans as Mosheim, Euler, Haller, Zollikofer, Bengel, Zinzendorf, Herder, Schleiermacher, Schlegel, Neander, Olshausen, Dörner, Rothe, Hengstenberg, Stahl, Krummacher, Hagenbach, Tholuck, Langé, Lucke, Ullmann, Stier, Gieseler, Kurtz, Guericke, Von Muller, Bünsen, and later divines, scholars, and scientists.

The Tabernacle preacher but proclaims the faith of such distinguished Frenchmen as Calvin, Pascal, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénélon, La Rue, Massillon, Saurin, Vinet, D'Aubigne, Gaussen, the two Monods, Cuvier, M. Guizot, and of many others whose names are famous in science and literature; he but repeats the views of such renowned Englishmen as Cromwell, Locke, Milton, De Quincy, Isaac Newton, Brewster, Faraday, and the entire list of English Christian poets and brilliant divines, and of those who renounced infidelity, embracing Christianity—Count Brandt, Lord Littleton, Boyle, Bateman, John Newton, and John Bunyan. The Tabernacle preacher has for his allies, among Americans, the most honored of her rulers, her statesmen, judges, divines, reformers, teachers, men of letters, and men of science.

These men, possessed of clear intelligence and unquestioned virtue, whose grasp of intellect and lofty character make their biographies the pride of humanity,—these men, in whose presence modern scoffers appear to the most signal disadvantage, and in striking insignificance,—yes, these men, and the grand list of reformers and evangelists, history through, present towers of strength about the Christian faith, which are no more disturbed by New England infidelity than if it existed not. It is hard to scratch granite. . . .



no throb of mortal anguish.

Evangelical Christianity
pared to the priest and Le
the missions which radicalis
asylums it has built? Whe
founded? How many are
poor and distressed which i
shall be glad of correction; l
the assertion that the Boston
fasts and dinners to poor pec
calism has given for eighteen
shall know them!

Messrs. Moody and Sankey
"two peripatetic peddlers o
nents;" they are said to be "
peals to ignorance;" they h
sters," "wretched ravers," wh
grovelling grammar and rabic
heathenish holiness, at one an

It has been said that "Ne
ernacle nothing but a gigantic
and flatulent bubble," "a Mc
chine which

its first notes were sounded by Theodore Parker; indeed, more than has any form of radicalism since the first scoffer said, "There is no God," or, "Christianity is false." "For which of these do ye stone me?" . . .

Is it replied that the evangelical patient is constantly taken sick again? True; but the trouble is with the patient, not with the physician nor with the remedies employed. A given patient sickens, applies to the doctor; the prescription is ordered, and the patient recovers. But owing to wilful irregularities, he again sickens; the same remedy is successfully administered, and he recovers; again and again does it thus result. Now, shall the physician and the remedy be cast aside, or give place to a prescription which, whenever employed, has not only not cured sick men, but has repeatedly made well men sick?

"What would the great hives of our various industries in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Cornwall have been," asks an English correspondent, "but for revivals? It is all very well to howl 'against spasmodic and hysterical religion,' but the fact is that the mighty moral renovations which the populations of those countries have undergone is due chiefly to the things to which such ugly epithets are attached."

A country pastor at the Tabernacle for the first time, went out from one of the minister's meetings, and, in a private conversation, expressed amazement at seeing such numbers of highly-cultured city pastors of large and highly-cultured churches, sitting at the feet of a man like Mr. Moody, with little pretension to learning, without theological training, with nothing tangible which should endow him with wisdom and authority to command.

Meanwhile, the closest scrutiny fails to find in Mr. Moody anything either assuming or apologetic; he simply accepts the situation and wrestles with all it involves. Leaving others to theorize as to the secret of his power, he is about his Father's business; and while evidently believing in his mission, an individual less conscious, more absorbed, would with difficulty



by the Holy Ghost for I
supposed elements are mer

In finishing the record o
increase of efficiency in the
markably preserved, and w
with the hope that their
its results multiply, till the
the King.

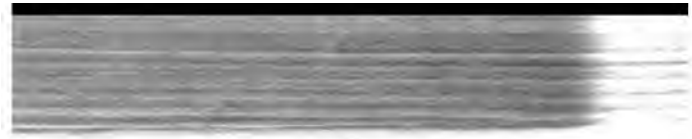
In no city have the evang
associates been more abund
no city have these workmei
much pride, prejudice, self-ri
conceit. If ever the good se
the sowers went forth to sc
abundance of good ground a
not choke the word. Some
through the journals, intimati
ment. It was stated that th
the word was preached by a l
plainly that means of grace, v
benighted capitals as Edinbu
rude and childish for the cultu
England. Scarcely were the
of their absurdity was before t
of an evangelist.

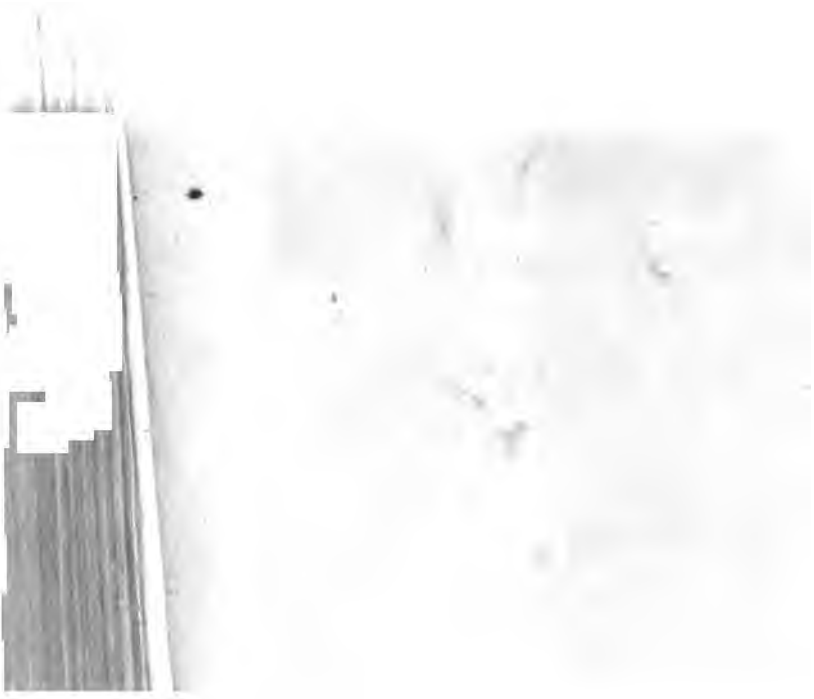
A story concerning the opinion of him held by Prof. Park of Andover, runs as follows: "A clerical simpleton, referring to Mr. Moody, asked Prof. Park if it was not strange that God effected so much through inferior and weak instruments." The Professor replied: "I wish to be reverent in speaking of the Lord, but Mr. Moody is a great man."

The value of the great evangelist's labor to the church and the world even cavillers are growing tired of questioning. What he has done and what he is doing are a noble record of Gospel achievement. The common people hear him gladly, and never mistake his meaning when he speaks. His sound sense, unpretentious manners, and earnest devotion, win to him the confidence and coöperation alike of plain men and of the best Christian minds. His practical wisdom has called around him fellow-laborers whom God delights to honor. The work he has organized and leads, reclaims lost men and women, quickens the consciences of the good as well as the evil, testifies against iniquity in places high and low, saves souls, builds up Zion's wastes, and strengthens the hands of the ministers of Christ. With its increase will come increased obligation; but the strength of the God of Israel is his right arm, and the weight of care will have a heavenly sustainer. To Mr. Sankey, the singing Silas and companion of our apostle, much of what we have said of Mr. Moody equally applies. We believe his well-known lines breathe the real spirit of both himself and the preacher,—

"O to be nothing, nothing—
Only to lie at His feet;
A broken and empty vessel
For the Master's use made meet!"

This was the spirit of the consecrated Phineas Stowe, whose sense of responsibility used to roll in upon him (as he phrased it) "like a continent of thought," and who died exclaiming that he had "a mighty work to do." May the Master spare long ere the final breaking, His chosen vessels Moody and Sankey, and still as richly as hitherto furnish them to serve and endure.









Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 124 445 649

BV
3785
M7G6

Stanford University Libraries
Stanford, California

Return this book on or before date due.

NOV 2 5 '97

JUN 1993

AUG 19 1984

